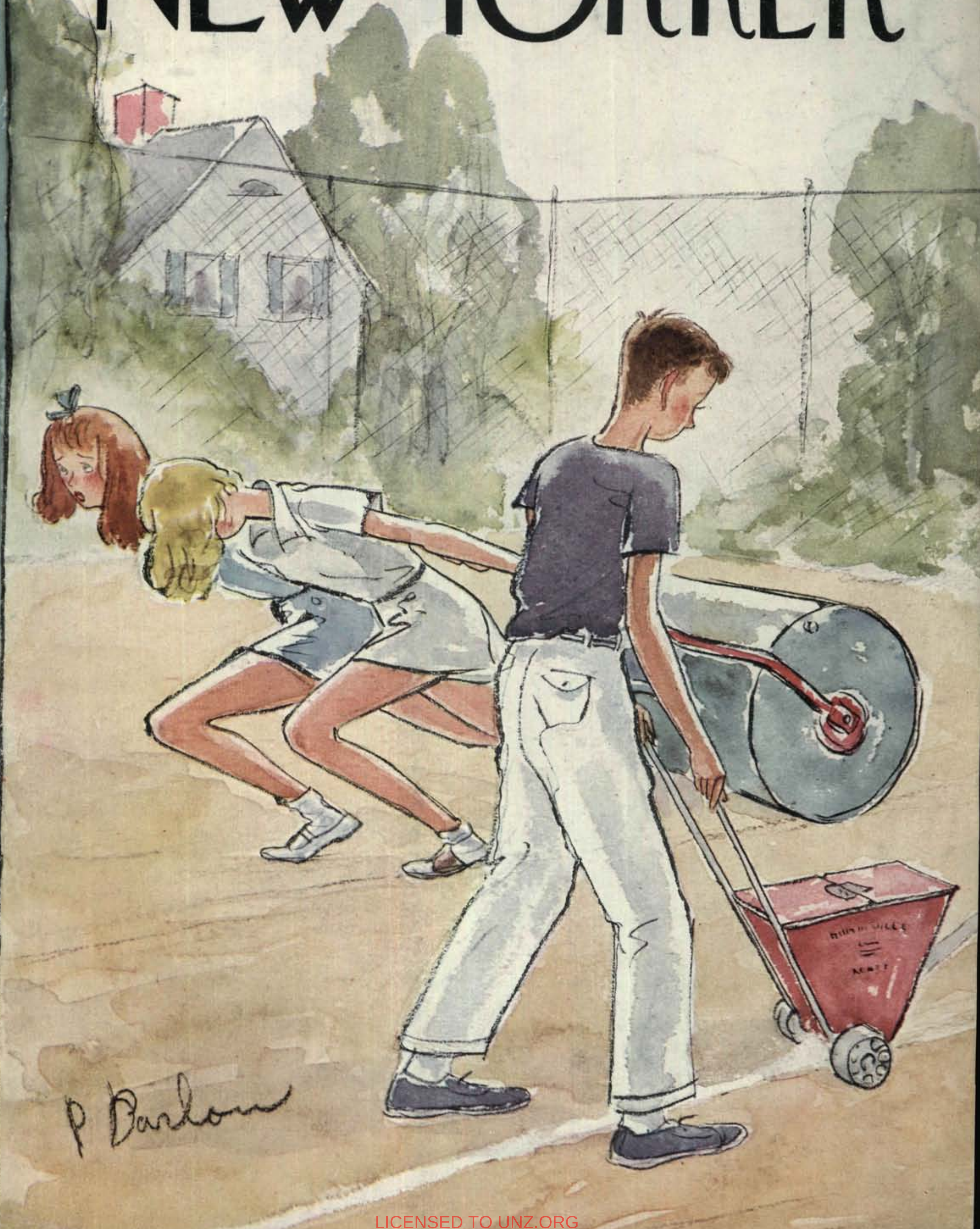
★ June 19, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



What whiskey is so
supremely fine that it has
come to be associated with
Nature's loveliest flower...
the Gardenia?

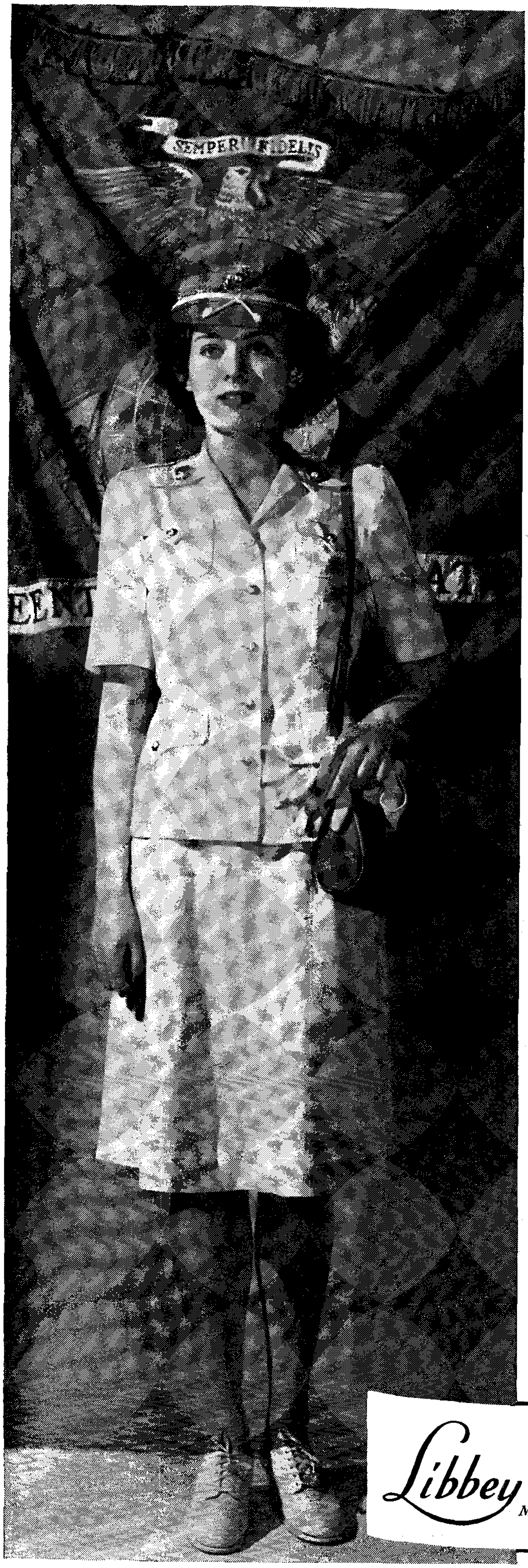
PM
DE LUXE
BRAND
Blended Rye
Whiskey

ANSWER: PM DE LUXE

RYE OR BOURBON

Always remember that PM means in whiskies what the gardenia means in flowers . . . *perfection!*

Copr. 1943, National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. Blended Rye or Bourbon Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.



> *"WE of the Corps invite you to join us, to wear our uniform, to share our trials and triumphs, to march with us to victory."*
>
> *—Lt. Gen. T. Holcomb, Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps*

BE A MARINE...

Free a Marine to fight

FACTS ABOUT THE MARINE CORPS WOMEN'S RESERVE

The Need Is Urgent: At Marine Posts there are important jobs handled now by men who are *trained and ready for combat*. Marines of the Women's Reserve are needed to take over these jobs, freeing fellow Marines to fight!

What Women Marines Do: Marines of the Women's Reserve perform varied duties; for example, as aerographers, radio operators, Link trainers, stenographers. About 9,000 are needed for the aviation ground force. You will work with both men and women Marines.

Ranks and Pay: Women Marines hold the same rank as men—privates to sergeants and lieutenants to majors. Base pay is $50 to $138 for enlisted personnel, $150 to $250 for officers. Enlisted women are allowed $200 and officers $250 for complete Marine uniforms. Food, lodging and medical care are free.

Training: For 6 weeks, you train at a college—enlisted women at Hunter College, New York City; officer candidates at Smith College or Mount Holyoke College. Final technical training is given at Marine and Naval schools. Pay starts the day you are ordered to report, and transportation is free.

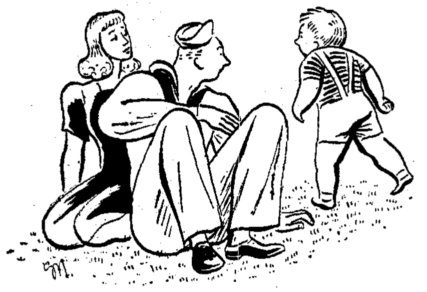
Who Can Join: You must be a citizen, in good health, height at least 5 feet, weight at least 95 pounds, single or married (except to a Marine) and with no children under 18. Enlisted women, 20 to 36 years, 2 years of high school or business school; officers, 20 to 50, with college degree or 2 years college plus 2 years of acceptable business or professional experience.

Join Now! The Marine Corps Women's Reserve is growing. You will have good opportunities for advances in rank and pay. Many officers will come from the ranks. For full information, call at any Marine Recruiting Office or write to: Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Libbey

This page is published in the interest of
Marine recruiting and the cause of Victory by
LIBBEY GLASS COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio **Established 1818**
Makers of Libbey Safedge Glassware and Libbey Modern American Crystal

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore back in Emlyn Williams' prize play about the education of a Welsh coal miner. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 19.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. Tamara Geva and Elena Miramova play a large part in all the excitement. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson's handling of the tragedy of Bataan makes an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 26.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes for five weeks on Sat., June 26.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon plays a demon little girl, and the adults include Barbara Robbins, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A lucid if not very inspiring account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast that includes Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, Cecil Humphreys, and Madge Evans. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 26.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Miriam Hopkins, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne have replaced Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize winner. *Not quite as exciting as it was before, but still well worth your while.* (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober though somewhat elementary attempt to deal with the problem of how the children of Nazi Germany are to be reëducated. Skippy Homeier is remarkable as the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Those Endearing Young Charms—A four-character comedy by Edward Chodorov, with Virginia Gilmore, Zachary Scott, Blanche Sweet, and Dean Harens. Staged by Mr. Chodorov and produced by Max Gordon. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and the cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—An Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
BOOKS 69
THE CURRENT CINEMA 40
LETTER FROM LONDON 56
MUSICAL EVENTS:
  CONCERT RECORDS 67
NOTES ON SPORTS 65
OF ALL THINGS 59
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  ABOUT THE HOUSE 52
  SPORTS, GAMES, ETC. 54
THE RACE TRACK 50
A REPORTER AT LARGE 42
THE THEATRE 38

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The Student Prince—Revival of an operetta that has some of the nicest music and one of the silliest plots you're likely to find on the same stage. With Everett Marshall, Barbara Scully, Frank Hornaday, and Ann Pennington. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle leads a cast that includes Arthur Treacher and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Early to Bed—A musical comedy by Fats Waller and George Marion, Jr., with Muriel Angelus and Richard Kollmar. Produced by Mr. Kollmar. Opens Thurs., June 17. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Stock Company—Joey Faye and Lila Lee in "The Milky Way," through Sun., June 20. Joey Faye in "Boy Meets Girl," starting Tues., June 22. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Spangles—A one-ring circus put on by the Ringling Brothers, with several performers from the big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. Opens Thurs., June 24. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a refreshing greenwood air just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A new ice revue surrounded by ferns and fountains. Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has settled down here, and there's also the Golden Gate Quartet and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A fairly elaborate show against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A handsome spot with a small show, Nye Mayhew's orchestra, and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is packing them into the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this charming room.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is back again on the Starlight Roof, where Tito Guizar helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent performers. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 18, June 19, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Another Fortress Is Hatched

A mammoth door is raised. Without fanfare, another Boeing Fortress is rolled out — ready to fly!

Looming huge and mysterious in the half-twilight, the Fortress beneath its trim, classic lines sheathes interior structures and installations that are both durable and complex.

Despite the many difficulties entailed in building so complicated a weapon, Boeing is able to hatch out Flying Fortresses* in constantly accelerating volume, because it has reduced even the most involved procedures to simple, accurate operations which can be learned quickly. This means manufacturing planning of the highest order.

Each part, each function, each assembly (and they total thousands) had to be arranged and tooled. Boeing, for example, developed more than 100,000 *special* tools to do the job.

One result is that Boeing's output is the greatest of any aircraft manufacturer —per man, per machine, per unit of floor space. Today, Boeing is building Flying Fortresses at a rate *eight times greater* than the month before Pearl Harbor.

Further, the results of Boeing's planning are, in turn, helping other companies to speed up America's aircraft production. For, under the BDV agreement, Boeing has made its plans and specifications available to both Douglas and Vega which also build Boeing Flying Fortresses.

• • •

Once peace is won, you can look to Boeing's research, design, engineering and manufacturing genius to bring you many a new and interesting product . . . with the sure knowledge that if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

55 (PL 3-0626): the Revuers are among those who keep things going in this attractive spot.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well.... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's a small show, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, pleasant room.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

MISCELLANEOUS—The **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra.... **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Don Maya's orchestra and a not-too-large show.... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. ... **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings, white palm trees, and a show; Roy Fox's orchestra and Nora Morales' rumba band. ... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian atmosphere and entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra will be replaced by Will Osborne's on Thurs., June 24.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs.... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's other entertainment, too.... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner.... **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that.... **FOLIES BERGÈRE**, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): a big show, with girls galore.... **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and some entertainers.... **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Frankie Newton's orchestra and dances by Pearl Primus.... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon.... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holliday and the Cozy Cole Trio are the attractions here.... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio.

AL-FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evenings.... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden.... **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

MILTON AVERY—Recent oils by this modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 26.

LOVIS CORINTH—A retrospective show of paintings, drawings, water colors, and lithographs by this German Expressionist, who died in 1925: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through July 3.

EAST AND WEST—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 30.

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS—Twelve landscapes and figure paintings from this artist's work: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30.

MODERN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: paintings by eight moderns, including André de Segonzac, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and André Derain. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 3.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31.... **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: twentieth-century landscapes and flower paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31. .. **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings by modern artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN—First one-man show of his oils in this country: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Thurs. and Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 19.

GRECO-AMERICAN—Paintings and sculptures by Jean Xceron, George Constant, Michael Lekakis, and other artists of Greek descent; a benefit for the Greek War Relief Association: Marquié, 16 W. 57. *Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30.*

GROUPS—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 26.... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by a number of established artists in a show sponsored by several leading galleries. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 25.... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 5 Ave., at 89: small paintings and sculptures by members of the Academy. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 26.... **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: paintings and sculptures by artists associated with this gallery. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 25.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by about fifty contemporary artists, mostly American. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 9.

ALFRED H. MAURER—Paintings by an American who, eleven years after his death, is just receiving his due recognition: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 25.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 27.

OLD AND MODERN MASTERS—Paintings by English, European, and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

YOUNG AMERICANS—Abstract works by painters and sculptors under thirty-five: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 26.

HERE AND THERE—At the **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: carvings of animals, people, and insects by Cleo Hartwig. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 26.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and paintings by Grant Reynard. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 19.... **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Stephen Csoka, Harry Dix, Briggs Dyer, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve. 8:30 to 10:30); through July 15.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: Patsy Santo, Joseph De Martini, and others showing paintings and water colors. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.... **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: the Artists League of America showing works by members who are now in defense industries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 3.... **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: paintings by F. M. Breydert. Tues. 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 30.

Bridal Shop

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening concerts of the season. Fritz Reiner conducting, Thurs. through Mon., June 17-21; Alexander Smallens conducting, Tues. and Wed., June 22-23; Antal Dorati conducting, Thurs. through Sat., June 24-26. Soloists: Artur Rubinstein, June 17; Albert Spalding, June 19; Marjorie Lawrence, June 21; Joan Field, June 23.... The Ballet Theatre in "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "Aurora's Wedding," June 24; in "Swan Lake," "Aleko," and "Blue Beard," June 25; and in "Capriccio Espagnol," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Giselle," June 26. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

GOLDMAN BAND—*Central Park Mall, four times weekly*, on Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE MERRY DUCHESS—The New York Light Opera Guild presenting a Johann Strauss operetta: Wed. and Thurs., June 23-24, at 8:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call RI 9-1322.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Thurs., June 17, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Boston, Fri., June 25, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 26, at 2:30 P.M.... **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri., June 18, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 19, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Sun., June 20 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., Tues., June 22, at 3 P.M., and Wed., June 23 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 18, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 19, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Giants, Sun., June 20, at 2:30 P.M., Mon., June 21, at 6 P.M., Tues. and Thurs., June 22 and 24, at 3 P.M., and Wed., June 23 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.

BOXING—Bob Montgomery vs. Johnny Greco, lightweights, 10 rounds, Sat., June 26. Yankee Stadium. Starting times to be announced.

FENCING—National Championships—Foils: men's individual, Thurs., June 17, at 6:30 P.M.; women's individual, Fri., June 18, at 6:30 P.M., Salle Santelli, 24 University Pl., at 9th St.... Sabres: individual, semifinals, Sat., June 19, at 2 P.M., Salle Santelli, and finals, Sat., June 19, at 8 P.M., Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61.

GOLF—Invitation Tournament, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Fri. through Sun., June 18-20. ... Invitation Tournament, Greenwich Country Club, Greenwich, Conn., Sat. and Sun., June 19-20.... Long Island G.A. Partner's Best Ball; a Red Cross Benefit, Garden City Golf Club, Garden City, L.I., Thurs., June 24.... New Jersey G.A. Amateur-Open, Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J., Thurs. and Fri., June 24-25.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 26. (The Dwyer, Sat., June 19; Brooklyn Handicap, Sat., June 26.)

TRACK AND FIELD—National A.A.U. championships; a benefit for the Army Air Forces Aid Society: Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Sat. and Sun., June 19-20, at 2 P.M.

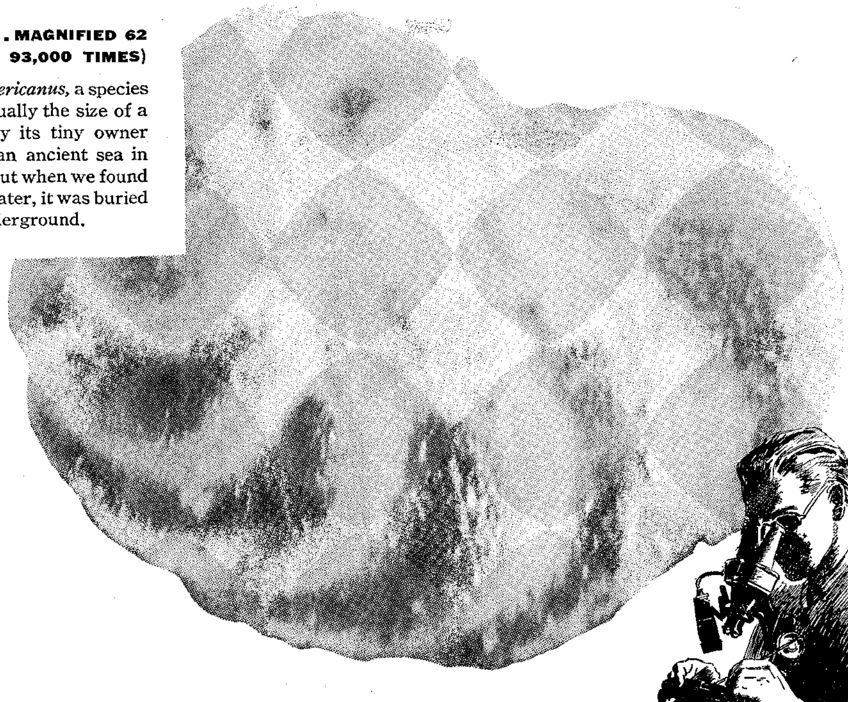
YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound: Knickerbocker Y.C., Sun., June 20, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

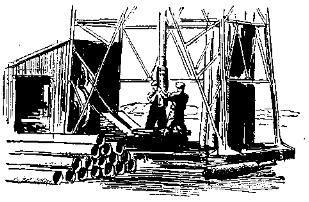
WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through June 27. ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: photographs by Eliot Elisofon of the American invasion of

PHOTOMICROGRAPH . . . MAGNIFIED 62 DIAMETERS (APPROX. 93,000 TIMES)

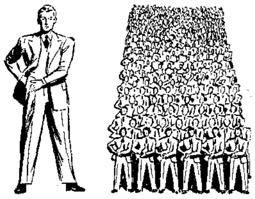
This shell . . . *Cibicides americanus,* a species of *Foraminifera* . . . is actually the size of a speck of dust. Originally its tiny owner lived on the bottom of an ancient sea in the San Joaquin Valley. But when we found it, 35 or 40 million years later, it was buried more than two miles underground.



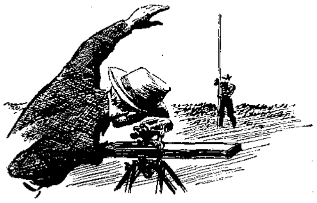
It cost us $146,610 to look at this *Cibicides americanus*



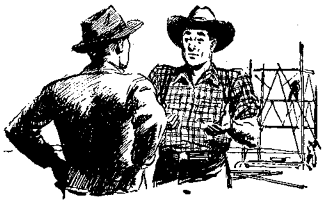
1. On March 1, 1941, a Union Oil crew in the San Joaquin Valley began drilling Kernco #31-3. Four months later, when they abandoned the hole without finding oil, they had reached a depth of 12,396 ft. and spent $146,610. All they had for their efforts was a number of shells like the one above.



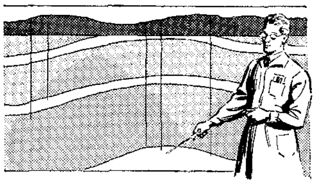
2. If Union had been a one-man company, Kernco #31-3 might have finished us. But since it is owned by 31,652 people, the average loss to each was only $4.63. It is this capacity to distribute losses, as well as profits, *among a lot of people* that has made America's oil development possible.



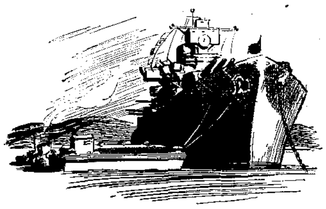
3. For finding and producing oil is no penny ante game. Out of 169 exploratory wells drilled by the industry in California last year, *only 5 proved of any importance.* They didn't all cost $146,000, of course, and the 5 good ones paid for a lot of dry holes.



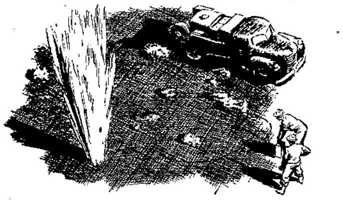
4. But if you're going to stay in the oil business, you have to be big enough to absorb the losses with the gains. It is true that scientific methods, developed by the oil companies, have taken *half* the gamble out of finding oil.



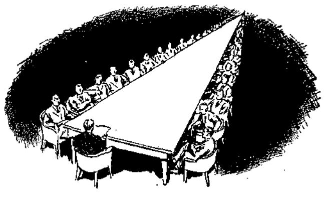
5. For 18 years, Union Oil Paleontologists have been studying shells, like the one above, taken from thousands of wells. By combining this data with core analysis and geophysical findings, we can plot the underground formations where oil *could* occur.



6. But unfortunately, oil *doesn't* occur where it *could* even 1 time in 10. So we still get plenty of dry holes. Yet in spite of these odds, American oil companies have discovered more oil than the rest of the world combined. Why? Because they were big enough to do the job.



7. Big enough to spend thousands of dollars *every month,* as Union does, just looking for promising formations. Big enough to drill several dry wildcats *every year* without going broke. Individual Americans, operating on their own, could never have done this.



8. But groups of Americans, pooling their money in corporations, could. In this principle of *multiple ownership* you have the secret of America's amazing industrial progress. Without it our standard of peacetime living, *and war-time production,* could never have been.

UNION OIL COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA

AMERICA'S *FIFTH* FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

This series, sponsored by the people of the Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles, California.

For your Play Hours

You can pack sixty seconds of fun, exercise, relaxation or excitement into every minute of your play hours.

There are games for indoors, for the porch, lawn, beach or water. For most of these, equipment, clothing and footwear are available.

Write to us regarding anything you need for your play hours. Perhaps we can suggest alternatives for unobtainable articles.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

When writing, use the new postal district No. 17, as above

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

North Africa, from the landing to the fall of Cap Bon. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through July 17. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an exhibit, sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, of photomurals of both countries, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through July 16. . . . **FREEDOM HOUSE**, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 31.

BENEFIT—A street fair and carnival, with dancing, entertainment by theatrical people, and auctions of paintings by modern artists; for the Music Box Canteen: Washington Mews, 5 Ave. at 8, Sat. and Sun., June 19-20, from 3 P.M. to midnight.

ON THE AIR—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., June 20, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., June 20, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Racing: from Aqueduct, the Dwyer, Sat., June 19; Brooklyn Handicap, Sat., June 26; at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow, Sun. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon., through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer (from London), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—This story of how lend-lease goes through, with Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, Alan Hale, and Ruth Gordon, has been given spectacular production. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

AIR FORCE—Across the Pacific in a B-17. The cast, which performs in a pleasantly unglamorized fashion, includes John Garfield and Harry Carey. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., June 19. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Tues., June 22. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., June 20-22.)

BATAAN—Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, George Murphy, and others carry out a realistic delaying action in the Philippines. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., June 23.)

DESERT VICTORY—A great British documentary, showing the pursuit of Rommel across a good portion of North Africa. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., June 23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 18-19. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 22-24.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Inside Norway, with Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson, Walter Huston, and Ruth Gordon, and also many lesser lights who turn in some fine acting jobs. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., June 23.)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—A rather fabulous plot, about the Eighth Army's Egyptian campaign, is helped immeasurably by Erich von Stroheim as Rommel and somewhat by Franchot Tone and Anne Baxter. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., June 22.)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE—Excitement following the assassination of a German official in Czechoslovakia. Kept especially exciting by the direction of Fritz Lang. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., June 17. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., June 19. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., June 22-24. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Tues., June 22. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., June 23-26.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—A screen play by Saroyan, based on the usual rosy Saroyan point of view but also pleasantly fresh. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and a small boy named Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Story of pretty epic proportions concerning a reporter who finds out the ugly political truth about a dead hero. Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., June 22-24.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—You'll have to see it before you can argue about it. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka have the main jobs in portraying the international figures in ex-Ambassador Davies' book. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—The Steinbeck novel-play adapted for the screen with some telling improvements. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden are in the cast. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., June 18. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., June 21. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Tues., June 18-22. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., June 20-21. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Wed., June 20-23.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER—A funny, if not exactly definitive, treatment of the Washington housing problem, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., June 23.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—A long, erratic Disney about South America, in which the good bits outweigh the bad. Donald Duck and others. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., June 23.)

REVIVALS

BAMBI (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 22-24.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., June 19-22.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Mon., June 19-21.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies, with Henry Fonda. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., June 18.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., June 23-25.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 22-24.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 22-23.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

STAND-IN (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., June 18.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scottish village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 17.)

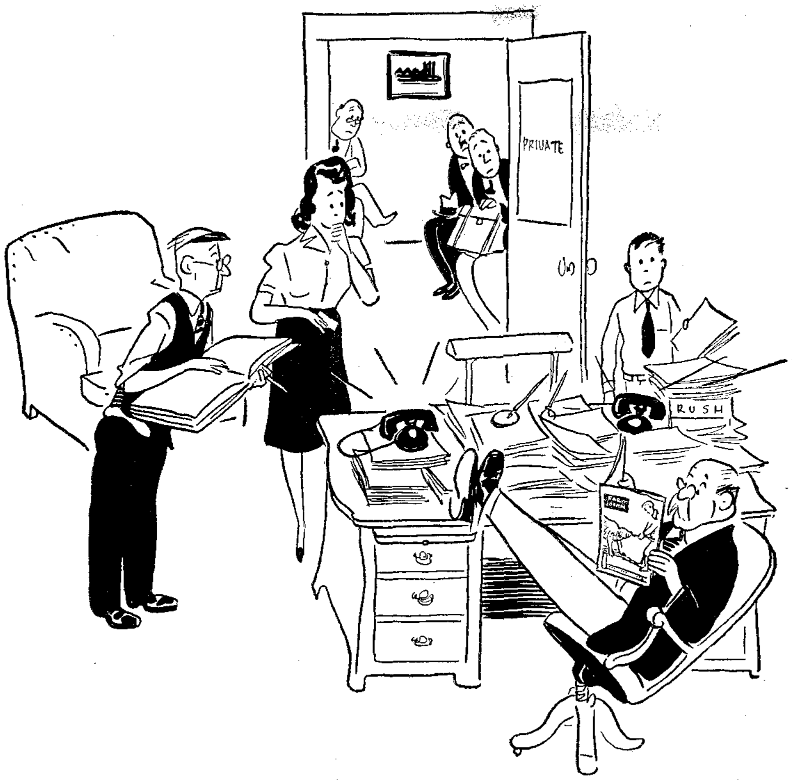
SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 17.)

SUSAN AND GOD (1940)—Joan Crawford as Rachel Crothers' upper-crust lady who gets religion. With Fredric March. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., June 20-21. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., June 23-24.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., June 17.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Mon., June 19-21. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 22-23.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the



The City Farmer discovers the FARM JOURNAL

Sorry, Mr. Gotrocks, but we can't accept your subscription. We can print only 2,700,000 copies a month now—paper restriction, you know—and we need all those for our rural subscribers. But we appreciate your interest in the FARM JOURNAL. It shows you are a keen business man with the right farming instinct.

• •

By all means, read the June FARM JOURNAL. You can learn more in twenty minutes about the food situation in the United States than by reading city newspapers for six months. You will get an idea, at the same time, why the FARM JOURNAL has advanced steadily to undisputed farm leadership—it truly represents the interests of the 57 million rural population. It is the largest rural magazine in the world.

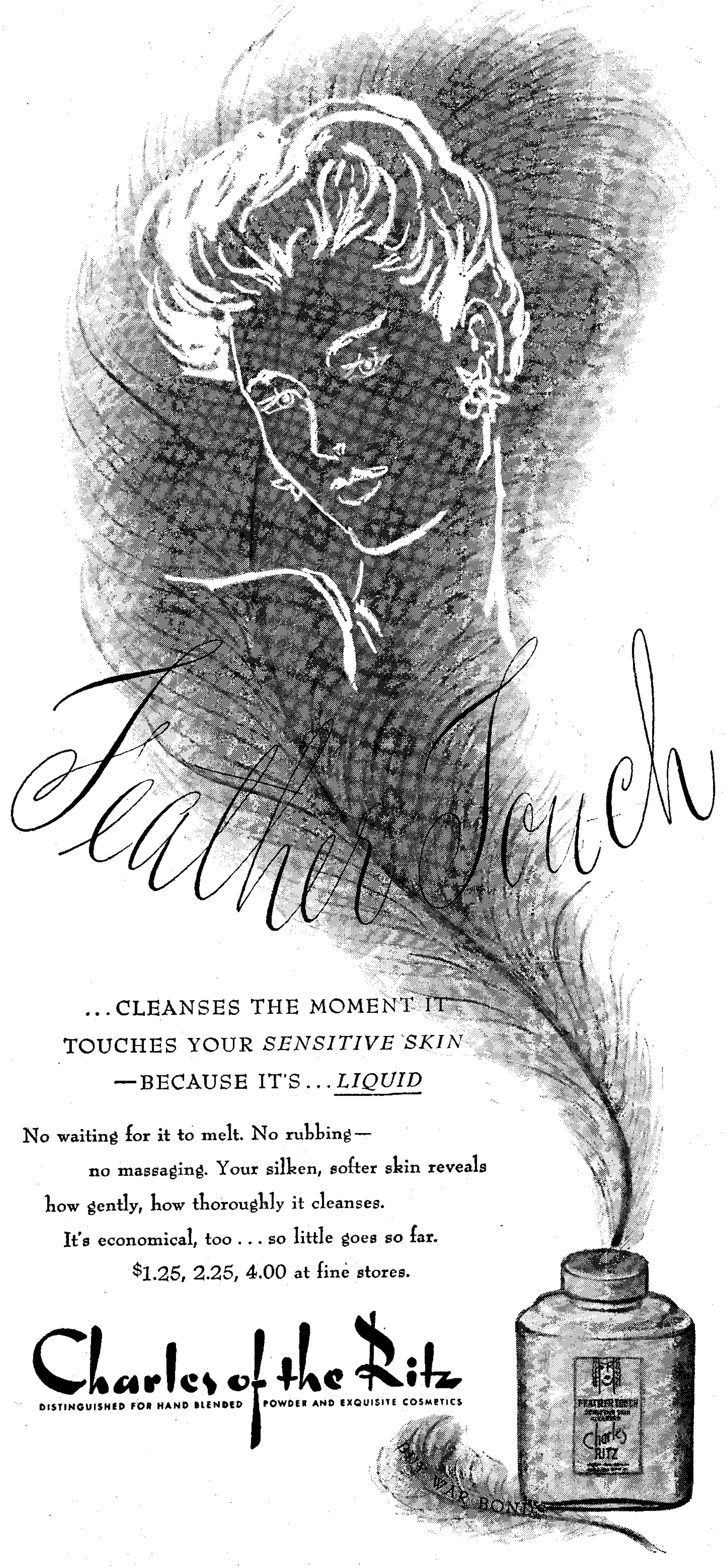
POST
LIFE
Collier's
HOW WE CAN HELP CHINA FIGHT
FARM JOURNAL

GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher*

FARM JOURNAL
AND *Farmer's Wife*

Washington Square, PHILADELPHIA

Of the FIRST FOUR *general magazines*
ONE *covers the rural market*



...CLEANSES THE MOMENT IT TOUCHES YOUR *SENSITIVE SKIN* —BECAUSE IT'S... LIQUID

No waiting for it to melt. No rubbing—no massaging. Your silken, softer skin reveals how gently, how thoroughly it cleanses. It's economical, too . . . so little goes so far. $1.25, 2.25, 4.00 at fine stores.

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

following schedule—**THROUGH SAT., JUNE 19:** four German propaganda films (1934-1940). **SUN. THROUGH SAT., JUNE 20-26:** "The Forgotten Village" (1941), Mexican semi-documentary film.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Although thousands of volunteer workers signed up with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office during its recent recruiting campaign, there is still an urgent need for many more men and women to fill emergency jobs. The Manhattan headquarters of the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), is prepared to assign residents of this borough to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross and the American Women's Voluntary Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week or more as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs.

Salvage—Rubber is no longer wanted for salvage, but the government is still asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of explosives. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . The government urges that you continue flattening tin cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels. Your building superintendent will see that they reach the proper authorities.

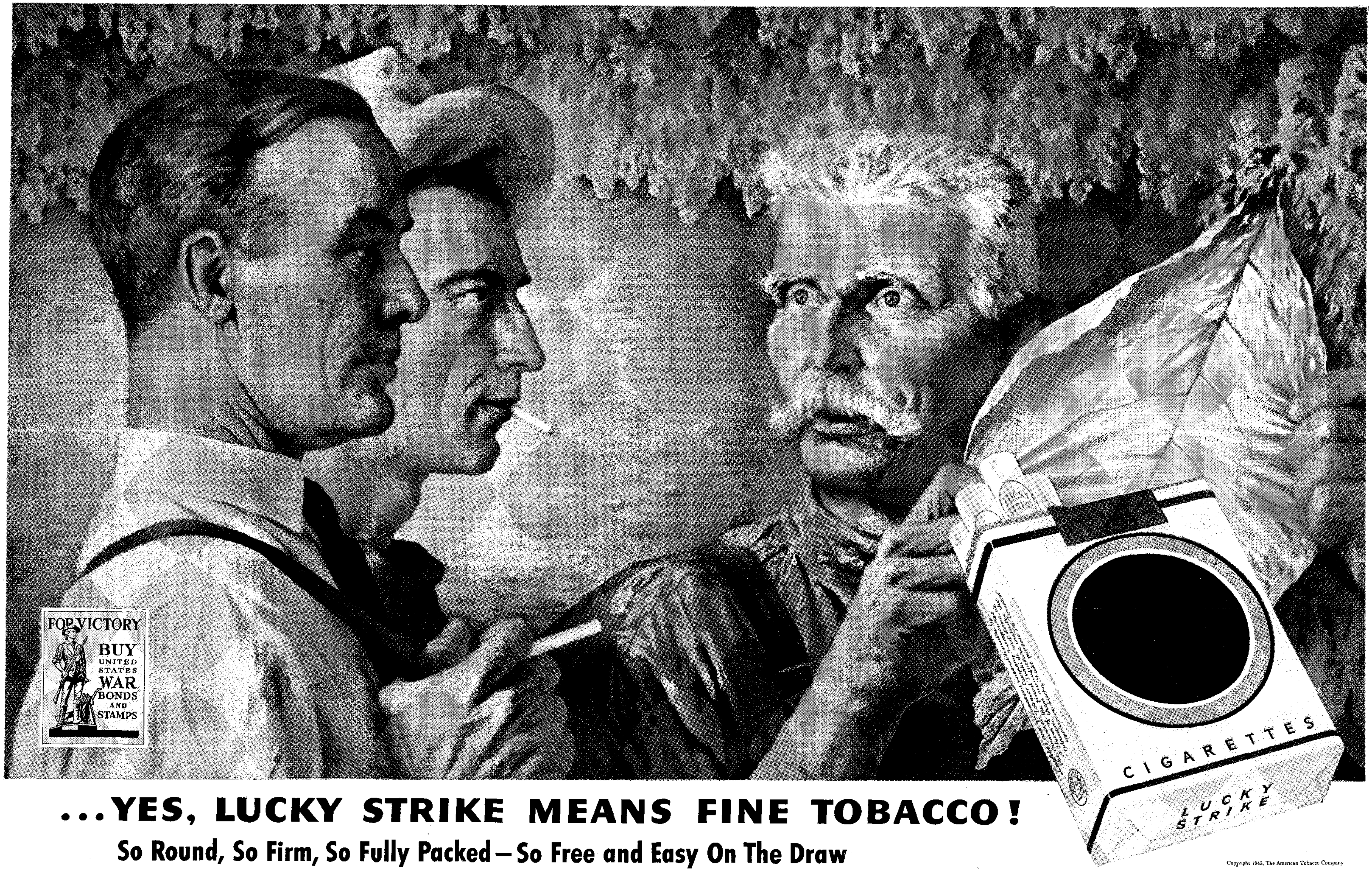
Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

Suburbs and Country—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. Rural defense units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any at all. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar *f*2.8 lens. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (CH 4-7100, Ext. 195). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will call for and distribute any phonographs and records, radios, playing cards, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, can always be used. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

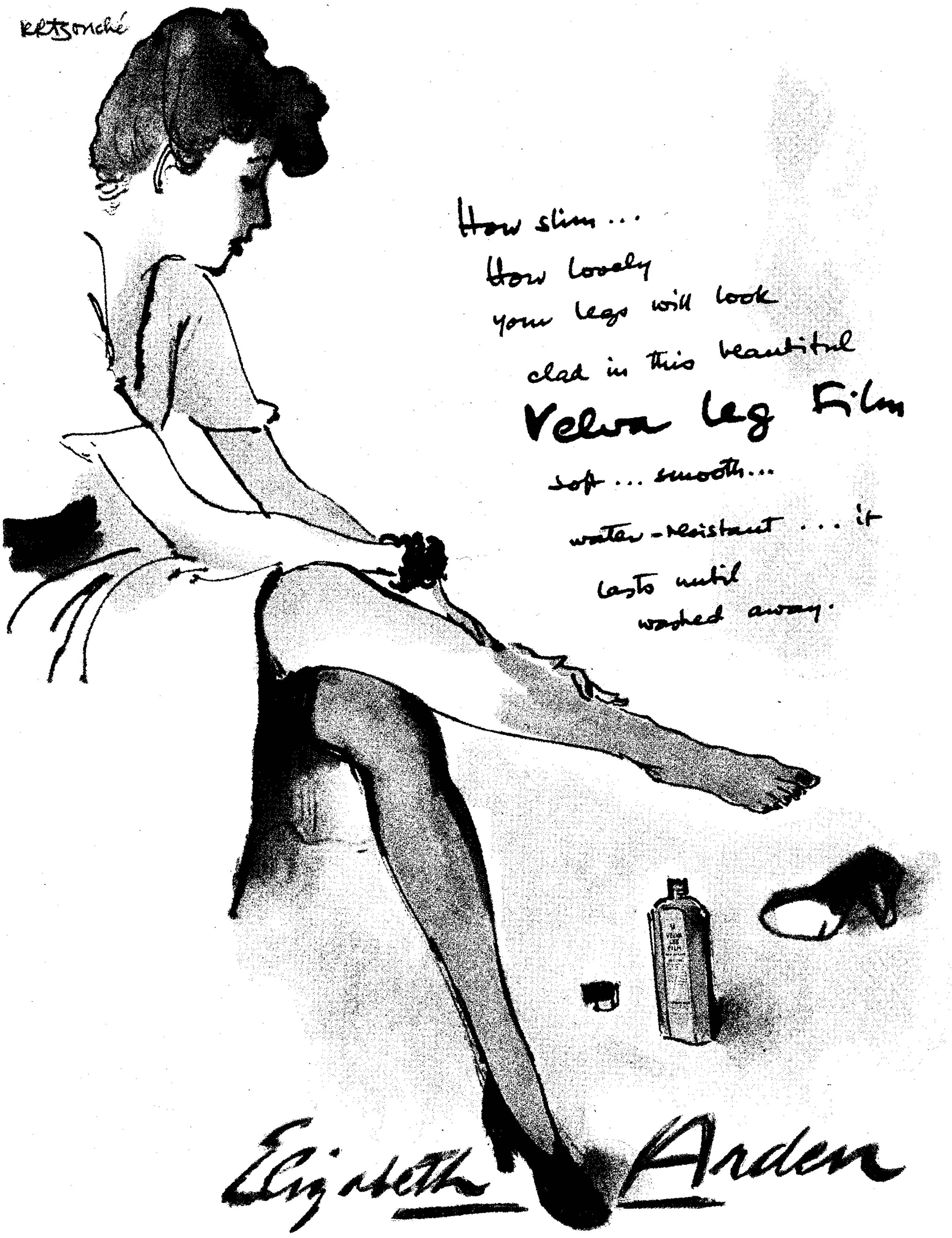
"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
CIGARETTES
LUCKY
STRIKE

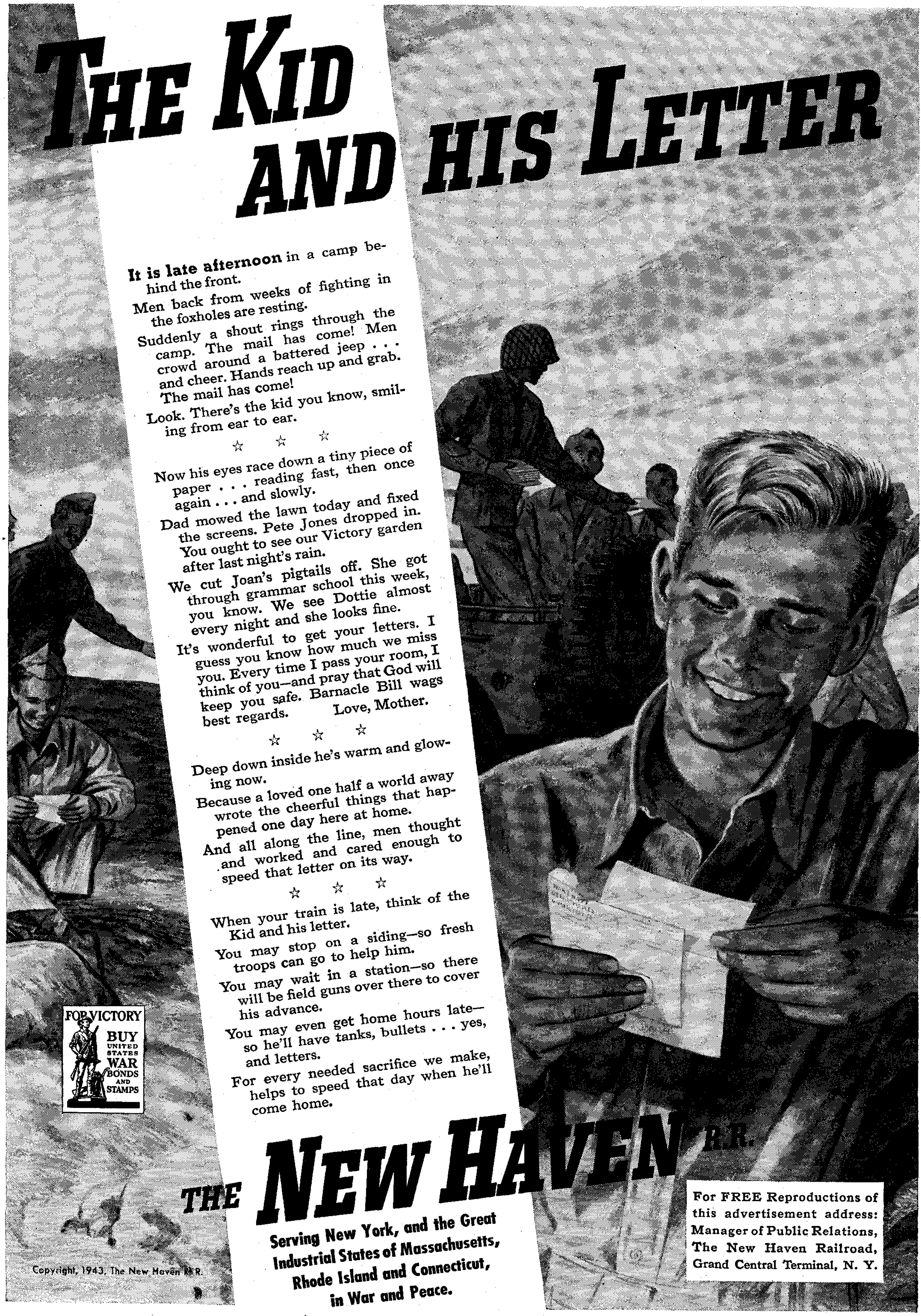
...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company


How slim...
How lovely
your legs will look
clad in this beautiful
Velva Leg Film
soft... smooth...
water-resistant... it
lasts until
washed away.
Elizabeth Arden

THE KID AND HIS LETTER



It is late afternoon in a camp behind the front.

Men back from weeks of fighting in the foxholes are resting.

Suddenly a shout rings through the camp. The mail has come! Men crowd around a battered jeep . . . and cheer. Hands reach up and grab. The mail has come!

Look. There's the kid you know, smiling from ear to ear.

☆ ☆ ☆

Now his eyes race down a tiny piece of paper . . . reading fast, then once again . . . and slowly.

Dad mowed the lawn today and fixed the screens. Pete Jones dropped in. You ought to see our Victory garden after last night's rain.

We cut Joan's pigtails off. She got through grammar school this week, you know. We see Dottie almost every night and she looks fine.

It's wonderful to get your letters. I guess you know how much we miss you. Every time I pass your room, I think of you—and pray that God will keep you safe. Barnacle Bill wags best regards. Love, Mother.

☆ ☆ ☆

Deep down inside he's warm and glowing now.

Because a loved one half a world away wrote the cheerful things that happened one day here at home.

And all along the line, men thought and worked and cared enough to speed that letter on its way.

☆ ☆ ☆

When your train is late, think of the Kid and his letter.

You may stop on a siding—so fresh troops can go to help him.

You may wait in a station—so there will be field guns over there to cover his advance.

You may even get home hours late—so he'll have tanks, bullets . . . yes, and letters.

For every needed sacrifice we make, helps to speed that day when he'll come home.

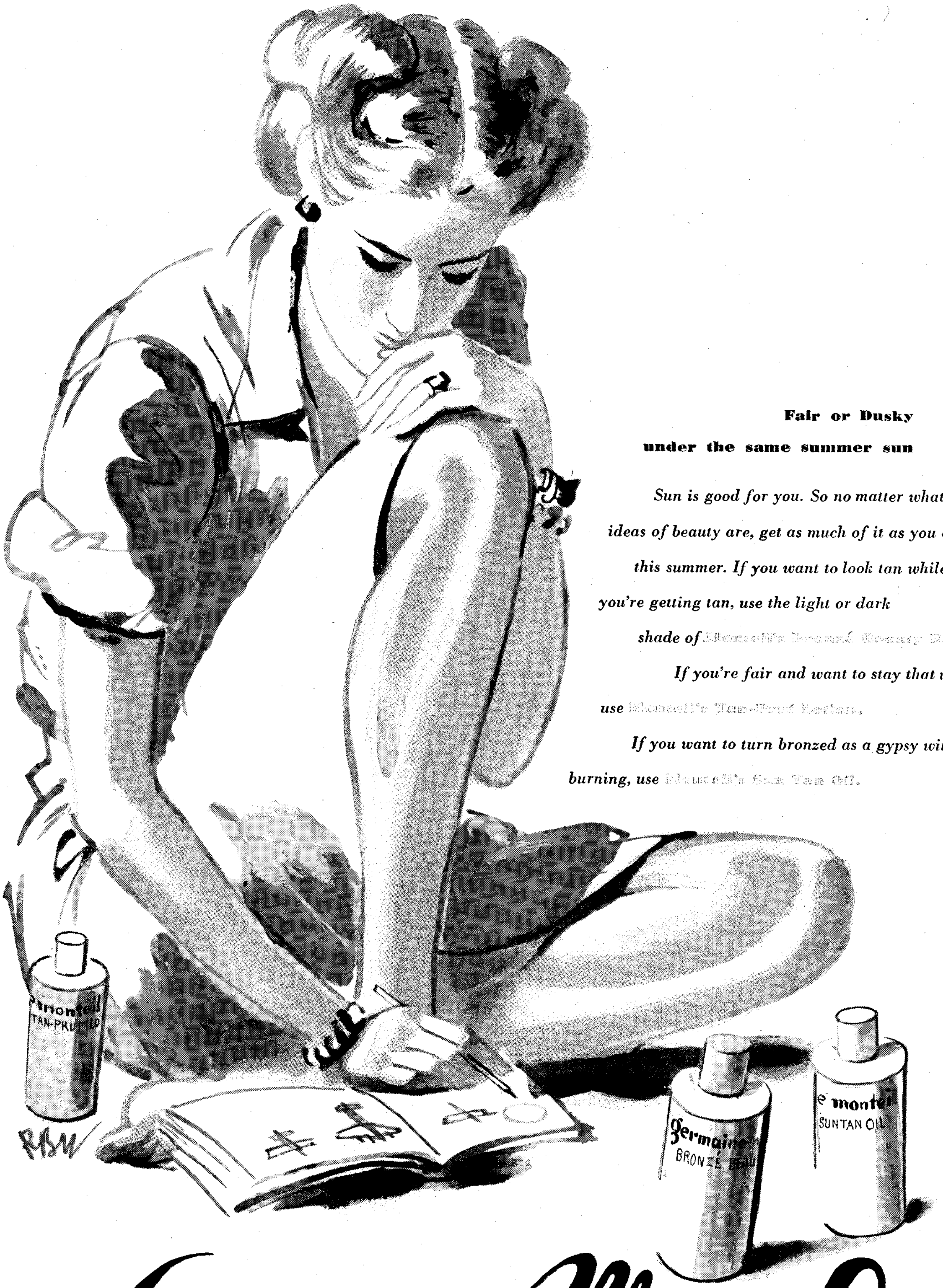
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THE NEW HAVEN R.R.

Serving New York, and the Great
Industrial States of Massachusetts,
Rhode Island and Connecticut,
in War and Peace.

For FREE Reproductions of this advertisement address:
Manager of Public Relations,
The New Haven Railroad,
Grand Central Terminal, N. Y.

Copyright, 1943, The New Haven R.R.


monteil
TAN-PRUF LO
Germaine M
BRONZE BEAU
e monteil
SUNTAN OIL

Fair or Dusky

under the same summer sun

Sun is good for you. So no matter what your ideas of beauty are, get as much of it as you can this summer. If you want to look tan while you're getting tan, use the light or dark shade of Monteil's Bronze Beauty Balm.

If you're fair and want to stay that way, use Monteil's Tan-Pruf Lotion.

If you want to turn bronzed as a gypsy without burning, use Monteil's Sun Tan Oil.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

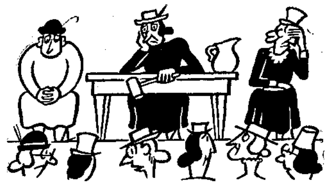
Notes and Comment

Age of Innocence Note: Riding on a Fifth Avenue bus the other day, we overheard the conductor making conversation with a mother and her young daughter. "And what are you going to be when you grow up?" he asked the child, a self-possessed little thing of about nine or ten. "Well," she said, "when I was a baby I wanted to be an actress, but now I want to go into politics."

Inflation Note: Covici, Friede, Inc., has increased the price of a biography by David Karsner, "Silver Dollar," from $1 to $1.49.

Fag End of the Radio Season Note: One of our friends who listen to the radio has described to us the rather moving ceremonies which took place on a program called "The Author Meets the Critics" when it came to an end a week or so ago after a successful season over WGY, in Schenectady. We will just give you the highest point. To one of the participants in the ceremonies the gentleman in charge of the hour said, "In your estimation, has this program made its audience Schenectady-conscious?"

SOMETHING dreadful is always happening to the W.C.T.U., like the emergence of a national hero with whiskey on his breath. Here we have Joe Foss, the South Dakota boy who gets his Jap, victor in a score of dogfights, idol of a million youngsters, who shoots straight, dives hard, and then comes in for another quick one with the boys. The story of his career, as recently presented in *Life*, sounds like the story of Alcohol Triumphant: Joe haunting the Sioux Falls beer parlors with his suds and his dreams, Joe trying vainly to spike the punch at his own wedding, Joe in a Guadalcanal tent with whiskey that cost a hundred dollars a quart. These are the times that try the ladies' souls, these are the dark hours in the antechambers of a Temperance Union. How the mind yearns for the golden yesterdays of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, whose habits were clean, whose course was a great circle with nobody on his tail, and whose reward at the end of the journey was a long, refreshing draught of chlorinated water from the nearest reservoir.



ANOTHER matter which must be driving the ladies nuts is the coming of age of California wines, which didn't use to be much of a threat but which are getting drier and are insinuating themselves into the American scene. There was a time when winemakers must have almost despaired of educating the American drinking public in the lore of the grape. Imported wines had labels that simply frightened a businessman, and the wine card in a restaurant was something that a man approached, if he approached it at all, with an inner panic. All this has been corrected by the sly program of education lately undertaken by the California vintners, who hit upon the ridiculously simple idea of describing the wine right on the bottle, building up the consumer's confidence and giving him a safe little glimpse into the world of the gourmet. "This excellent wine, produced in California from a white Pinot grape, is not unlike the fine dry wines of Southern Burgundy and the upper Loire Valley." How deliciously instructive, how tantalizing! "A full-flavored California claret made from the true Cabernet grape of Bordeaux, long considered to produce America's finest red wine." What solid fun, what masterly grasp of the subject! "A pleasant, medium-dry table wine well suited to daily use." How gay, how provocative! Daily use, by God. Hear that, ladies? Every damn day, year in, year out. Wowie!

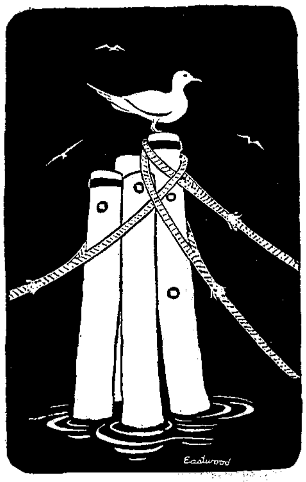
QUIETLY, without fuss or feathers, Mayor LaGuardia's reform administration has laid its shining armor away in mothballs, put on a derby hat, and set up in business as The Machine. The Machine is operated at the moment by an impeccably honest man, interested only in the enforcement of his highly subjective notions of law and order, but that's immaterial. What lately happened to a citizen named Frank Siclari just couldn't have happened under a reform administration. Siclari runs a movie house on Second Avenue. A couple of weeks ago he put out on the sidewalk a sign announcing "Trump Bingo," apparently a prosecutor-proof form of the outlawed game. The Mayor happened along in his car and saw the sign. The very same day a genial bevy of police, laughing fit to kill, thronged into Siclari's theatre, inspected it as it had never, obviously, been inspected before, and served him with summonses for five violations of the administrative code. It cost Siclari upward of five hundred dollars in fines. This will teach him to play any game, however legal, the Mayor doesn't like. Maybe Siclari *had* been violating the administrative code, in which case a good question would be why hadn't the cops been around to check up before he announced the bingo game. And what about all the other theatres in town—have they all been

inspected by a committee of cops and the managers served with summonses if, for instance, their permit number wasn't painted on their marquee? If we must have a mayor who enforces the administrative code according to his whims, let's get a man whose whims are a little more entertaining—Jimmy Walker, say, or even Judge O'Brien. That's how we feel this week about Mayor LaGuardia.

Pathfinder

THE only woman who served as a delegate at the recent United Nations Conference on Food and Agriculture was an alert and white-haired lady named Josephine Schain, as good a choice as the State Department could have made, it seems to us. She has a long history as a feminist and supporter of international amity, and attending conferences is naturally an old story to her. She says that it was a highly successful conference, mainly, as she points out, because the responsibilities of the delegates were confined to making recommendations. In answer to questions about how much the Hot Springs conference really accomplished, she likes to say, "We just made a little path down which people can walk till the road is built."

The question of the delegates' own food and drink came up in our interview with Miss Schain, one of the barbershop magazines having broadly hinted that the delegates to Hot Springs had all wined and dined like Henry VIII. She told us that the hotel menu, like all hotel menus these days, had leaned heavily on chicken and turkey in various guises and that the meatless days were meatless. A great number of the delegates drank nothing stronger than a coke, and Miss Schain, in all her three weeks at Hot Springs, saw nobody who could be described as drunk. By way of gaiety, the younger clerical-and-secretarial set danced in the evening to music played by the hotel orchestra, and some of the delegates played tennis. One of the best players was an Indian Trade Commissioner, who played in a turban and wore a hairnet over his beard, which was parted in the middle.



One of the factors that speeded up the conference was an unwritten law against prepared speeches; if a delegate had something he wanted to get on the record, it was mimeographed and handed around; the mimeographing staff sometimes stayed up all night keeping abreast of such documents. Everybody was up by eight in the morning, even though some of the sessions lasted until after midnight. The language of the conference was English, which most of the delegates understood well enough for all practical purposes. The Russians, who apparently didn't even hope to understand it, brought seven interpreters. The English delegation, which arrived huddled up in a bomber, were conspicuously the worst dressed (because of shortages) and the first to make jokes about it. Comedy relief was supplied by two Middle Western congressmen, who showed up to snoop around. One of them cornered Dr. Quo Ping-Wen, the Chinese Vice-Minister of Finance, for a long talk, in the course of which Dr. Quo said that he intended to return to Chungking after the conference. "To Chungking? Why, I thought you were Japanese," the congressman said, radiating astonishment. Dr. Quo explained gently that this country was at war with Japan and that there was therefore no way for a Jap delegate to get to Hot Springs, and the congressman walked away, shaking his head in bewilderment. Having heard this story at second hand, Miss Schain, who just couldn't believe it, checked with Dr. Quo. He said it was true, every word of it, but begged her not to feel distressed about it. "We have them at home, too," he said.

Progress

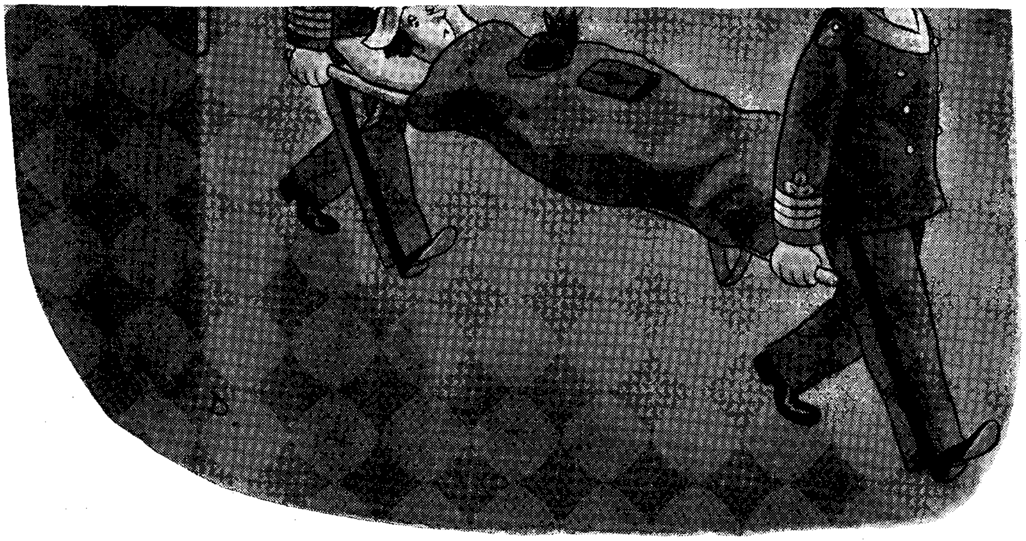
WE were recently privileged to see a letter written by a newly recruited Waac to her mother, in which she announced that she now considered herself a seasoned soldier. "It used to be that whenever I slept in the lower half of a double bunk, I'd wake up with the idea I was sleeping on the floor, but I don't any more," she said.

Zoot Lore

LAST week practically everybody with any pretensions to journalism was ferreting out the origins of the zoot suit, and we ourself were not idle. With some friendly coöperation from the editors of the *Amsterdam News*, an uptown newspaper published by and for colored people, we got in touch with Lew Eisenstein, proprietor of Lew's Pants Store, on 125th Street. Lew, a small, kindly, middle-aged man, proved to our satisfaction that the pants of the typical zoot ensemble came originally from his atelier. Back in 1934, Lew, who is white, had a lot of about five hundred pairs of pants that he couldn't seem to move. While Lew was away on a business trip, his wife and one of the salesmen decided to see what would happen if they took in the bottoms of several pairs. What happened was that the pants were no sooner in the window than they were snapped up by style-conscious colored boys. "If I'd been there, I wouldn't have let them done it," Lew said of his wife's and salesman's innovation. By the time he got home, though, the style was sweeping along as irresistibly as a tidal wave and he couldn't have done anything to stop it. Overnight, "pegs" replaced the "high-rise" trouser, which had bell bottoms and in extreme cases rose as high as the wearer's armpits. A couple of years ago, Lew, who does a big mail-order business, began sending a watch chain along with every suit, purely as a good-will measure; the chain caught on among the stylish set, suffered the usual megalomaniac exaggeration, and there's your zoot-suit watch-chain, which dangles to the knees.

Another white haberdasher, who does business on Lenox Avenue under the name of Charlie Kelly, claims credit for designing the first drape-shape coat and for the pork-pie hat which most of the zoot-suit boys affect. He offered to sell us pictures and documents which he said would authenticate his claim, but his price was $2,500 in cash, more than we had with us. A colored lad whom we met at Lew's Pants Store backed up Charlie's claim. He told us that he had bought his first complete zoot suit from Charlie back in 1937, when peg-top pants had already been in vogue for several years. Both Lew and Charlie are now concentrating on cloth-saving Victory models, as ordered by the WPB; there are a few zoot models left on their shelves, but we got the impression that Harlem is about ready for something new anyway. Right now Lew is experimenting with highly ornamental pocket flaps on his pants. Who knows where this may lead, who knows?

As for the word "zoot," it is simply a corrupt form of "suit." A zoot suit would be a suit worn by the sort



"One single."

• •

reunions, at several Lambs Club Gambols, at Macy's, and in most of the OWI movie shorts. Since 1934, it has been necessary to get permission from the White House to imitate the President in a movie or over the radio. It's Mr. Adams' opinion that this restriction was aimed not at serious programs but at comedians, almost every one of whom then had a "my friends" routine. Adams points out, by the way, that the President now tends to favor "my fellow-Americans" over "my friends."

Adams did not do Roosevelt's voice in the film version of "Mission to Moscow." Matter of fact, he is somewhat

r
d
ys
l-
or-
nt,
nto
ind,
and what Republican likes to do that? Not Adams, certainly.

The American Way

WHEN Brigadier General Patrick J. Hurley, who used to be Secretary of War, was in Russia last winter, he was allowed to go up to the front lines—a privilege few Americans have been able to wangle. He arrived just as an ambush had been sprung on several thousand Germans, all of whom were being polished off by the Russians in their usual businesslike manner. General Hurley, inspecting the scene of this triumph in the company of the commanding general, who spoke English, remarked philosophically, "I suppose war has to be fought this way. There's *no alternative* to blood and cruelty." "Not necessarily," the Russian general said politely. "There's this way, and then there's the American way." "The American way?" General Hurley asked. "The of lad who would pronounce it "zoot." The term might have been born of some such incident as a lad going into a store and saying, in all innocence, "I want a zoot." Salesman says, "What?" "A zoot," says the customer, pointing to a rack of peg-topped, drape-shape suits. "Oh, a zoot suit," the salesman says. As for reat pleat, stuff cuff, and the other assonant expressions that go with zoot suit, they're simply the outgrowth of the Harlem trick of slang rhymes. A reat pleat, according to one philologist we met up there, is a right pleat, i.e., a good pleat; and that comes from "all reat," which is the rug-cutter's way of saying "all right." That's as far as we're going into the subject.

Incredible

A SMALL boy we know climaxed Nanny's afternoon off by toppling over an indirect-lighting lamp and smashing the bowl. His mother called in the apartment building's handyman to clear away the wreckage. He viewed the damage with some concern, and remarked, "My, my! Broken glass releases arsenic. Did you know that?" Having other things on her mind, the mother decided just to let that one pass. There was a long pause. Finally the handyman said doggedly, "First time I heard it, I didn't believe it either."

Bel Canto

WE have talked with Bill Adams, the dean of professional imitators of President Roosevelt's public-speaking voice, and can now reveal a secret hitherto known only to Roosevelt-voice imitators and (of course) Roosevelt himself: the President's entire vocal technique is based on singing. "Roosevelt can't possibly talk; he sings," Mr. Adams told us. "His tones are so sustained that whenever he pauses for emphasis it's like a rest in music." This peculiarity came to Mr. Adams' attention back in 1932, during the Presidential campaign. He was sitting in his apartment listening to a Roosevelt broadcast when he realized that, as regards pitch and tone, he was hearing a musical performance. "I went over to the piano and struck the pitch right off—C above middle C, which is pretty high," Adams recalls. "But the amazing thing was the style. It was regular *bel canto*. Every word flowed right into the next." Adams then sang us a phrase from a recent Roosevelt speech: "The-American-people-have-accomplished-a-miracle." "Incredible," he added. "He doesn't slur the words, just sustains the tone."

Adams, a gray-haired man who in appearance is a thin version of Roosevelt, first imitated him on a "March of Time" program in 1932. He had an advantage over all the other radio actors who applied for the job not only because of his momentous discovery of the Roosevelt technique but because he had studied singing himself, a profession he abandoned only after a disastrous audition before Gatti-Casazza at the Met. At that time, of course, neither Adams nor any of the other actors knew that imitating Roosevelt would still be profitable eleven years later. Adams has doubled for Roosevelt more times and in more places than he cares to remember—on radio programs, at countless public dinners, at Harvard and Princeton

I was waiting outside his apartment, all done up in tissue and quivering with excitement. Through the cardboard box I heard a doorbell and guttural voices.

" 'Who's that for, the lush in forty-two?'

" 'Yeah, is he home?'

" 'He's home all right. They brung him back in a pail from the Copacabana. That's him groanin' now.' Soon fingers started fumbling with my wrappings and I was face to face with him. He seemed less boisterous, more mature; in fact, he had aged fifteen years during the night. His hands were trembling, his forehead burned with fever, and a tracery of delicate purple veins stood out in bas-relief on his nose. He goggled at me for a moment and then, with a bestial oath, flung me across the room, demolishing a piece of bric-a-brac. Humiliated, stung by his contempt, I cried out in pain. His face slowly turned ashen and his sparse hairs rose *en brosse* with fright.

" 'Who said that?' he quavered, his eyes shifting about fearfully. 'There's somebody in this room!'

" 'You rotter,' I choked. 'You *thing*.' His jaw dropped and his tongue clacked against his teeth like castanets.

" 'Help!' he screamed suddenly. 'It talked! A talking shirt!' He struck out blindly at me, went off balance, and rolled over me, kicking and gouging. One of the pins in my tail caught in his pajamas and his frenzy redoubled. 'Get it off me!' he squealed. 'I'm stabbed. Call a priest!' The door opened and a woman in a dressing gown entered, leisurely sipping a cup of coffee. She stood coldly surveying the poor wretch clawing the carpet.

" 'Well, Buster,' she said tonelessly, 'are you ready for bed or are you going to play bean bag under the radiator all day?' After a short, unequal tussle with his wife and the maid, he was borne off whimpering to his couch. As the maid threw me into the hamper with an obscure West Indian malediction, his ululations were just beginning to subside.

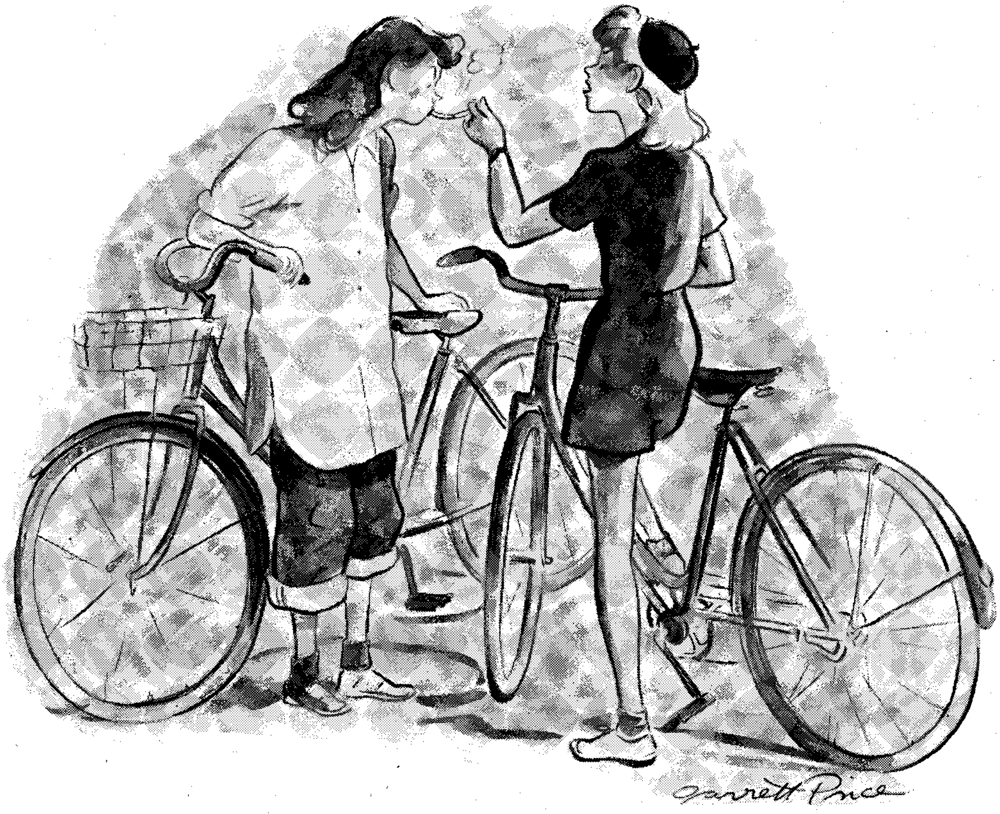
"He wore me only once, several months afterward, when he was tricked into lunching with a soiled dove in a sordid *boîte* in the East Sixties. Toward the end of the afternoon, his vis-à-vis, overcome by his magnetism, seized him in a grip of steel and began smothering his face with kisses. In all justice to him, he fought off the dastardly attack with every fibre of his being, but a smear of lipstick on my collar proved to be his undoing. In the post-mortem which ensued at home, his wife drew first claret and I was banished to the country. I occasionally see him down there, whenever the furnace needs cleaning or he tries to simulate poverty in order to get an extension at the bank. He still thinks he's a playboy, although his chins have outgrown my neckband twice over and his paunch flutters like a custard if he merely laces his shoes. I'm as young as I ever was. That's a hell of a lot more than I can say for him."

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

"THIS IS A TOTAL WAR, A WORLD WAR—A WOMAN'S WAR AS WELL AS A MAN'S," THE GOVERNOR SAID. "WISCONSIN HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND SHIRKING ITS PATRIOTIC CUTIES."—*A. P. dispatch received by the Milwaukee Journal.*

Neither has Delaware or Idaho, to name two others.



"Draw in, draw in—like on a soda."

creatures, pushing their noses into the swell, rhythmically lifting and sinking their broad, buttocky sterns. The weather was surprisingly good for a winter Atlantic.

Down in Ford's cabin he and the other public-relations officers kept up a light barrage of *Unterseeboot* jokes. They had been ordered to sleep in their clothes, but the rough cloth of their battle-dress trousers was scratchy, so they didn't. Ford felt a little guilty about this, especially one night when he had gone up on deck just before going to bed. It was a beautiful, mild, clear night. A half moon shone through broken clouds onto the water. It was remarkably light. Ford could see the silhouette of each of the fat transports against the horizon, and so, presumably, could an eye at a periscope. He got into bed in his trousers, but they tickled and he took them off.

The next afternoon, at a quarter to three, Ford went to the lavatory. In a minute or so he heard the siren for action stations. There was a bulletin up to say that it would never be sounded for practice purposes without notice. By the time he got back to the cabin he found his five colleagues throwing on their coats, equipment, and lifejackets. The siren went on blaring. They felt both exhilarated and scared, and at the same time skeptical. Ford knew exactly where his equipment was and had it on as quick as the rest of them; they all went out to their action stations in a bunch. When they got there the crews were ripping the covers off the guns. There was nothing to be seen on the sea or in the sky, nor had any of the escort left their stations. After some minutes the gun crews got word that the alarm was on account of an unidentified aircraft, now recognized as friendly. So Ford and the other P.R.O.'s went back to their cabin.

Later that evening their commanding officer was informed by an Intelligence officer, who was doing watches on the ship, that the action stations had been caused not by an aircraft but by two subs, which had been spotted on the tail of the convoy. They had submerged, he said, and contact with them had been lost. This meant that the enemy now knew the position of the convoy and would be signalling to every sub in the ocean.

Ford lay on his bunk wondering about the Nazis in those U-boats which were shadowing the convoy. No doubt the ones off duty were lying about on their bunks, sleepily talking or reading. Were they very much the same sort of men as the Englishmen (four ex-newspapermen and a young doctor) in the cabin with him? Undeniably the young Nazis had been very highly conditioned. Their responses to stimuli were visibly different from other people's. But to what extent, how irrevocably, and in what numbers, had the Germans been turned into Nazis? Had the fellows out there in the pressure hulls been fundamentally and irredeemably dehumanized? Or were those submarine crews still made up of average humanity suffering temporarily from the Nazi mind controls? Would they, if they got the chance that night, fire their torpedoes *as Nazis* or simply as no doubt pretty tough but basically run-of-the-mill North European sailors, rather reluctantly earning their "danger money" by taking on this shaky U-boat job? Ford hoped very hard that they were the latter. But he wasn't at all sure. That was the worst of it. He didn't know, and he very much doubted if anyone else did either.

By the next day they had reached southern waters. The wind carried a sense of easy excitement. Ford spent the day on a platform, above the bridge, to which the P.R.O.'s had managed to get access. Every hour or so a rain storm swept up to the convoy, over the now dead-calm sea. First the escort screen would be shrouded by it. Then a rainbow put one foot on a destroyer and the other on a corvette. A circling Catalina flew low over the water to avoid the cloud. Then the liners, on their never-ending zigzag, reached the fringe of the rain. Line by line they went into it. The warm, unserious, splashy rain of the south came down on them, wetting them, but only in fun. In ten minutes the storm had passed and they were sailing through bright, mild sunshine again.

Toward midday Ford noticed that a part of the escort screen ahead had begun to converge on a central destroyer which was winking its Aldis signalling lamp. It looked exactly as if the escorts were putting their heads together about something which they couldn't quite make out. The destroyer furthest to port turned on her heel. She had run a few hundred yards back past the convoy when up went a high, white fountain sixty yards or so from her stern. Ford watched it through his glasses as it slowly subsided. The destroyer went quietly on and dropped nothing more. "She must have had a tickle, but not much," said a naval officer. After a bit the destroyer turned through one hundred and eighty degrees and slipped back to her place. The confabulation of corvettes and destroyers ahead began to loosen out. The incident was closed.

That evening the convoy sailed past Gibraltar. It was after dark, but the moon was full. Ford could see the dark

'ow?"

up. It was the first lighted town he had seen for over three years.

THE convoy steamed due east through the Mediterranean, through several warm, rather cloudy days and clear nights of bright moonlight. The convoy and her now larger escort made a lovely sight, in a picture-postcardish way. Your first glimpse of it was breath-taking, but you did not really want to look at it for long. The seascape, as always, lacked the humanity of landscape.

Action stations sounded again. This time Ford was not otherwise engaged, but Cole, one of the other members of their cabin, had just got into a nice hot salt bath. He came out swearing and dripping, struggling to pull on his shirt over his sticky skin. When the P.R.O.'s got on deck they found that

ıd
v-
ɔf
d

to be the cause of the trouble: an aircraft which they couldn't identify was flying high and distant to port. It flew away east, toward enemy territory. One of the destroyers ahead turned round and steamed straight through the convoy, fast. She passed within fifty yards of the Illyria. Then she began patiently to weave from side to side, covering every inch of water behind the convoy. The sun dropped below the horizon. The moment the sun was gone Ford became conscious of the moon, and within ten minutes it was a moonlight night. The authorities evidently thought that there was still enough light for an attack to develop, because they kept the men at their stations for a long time.

When Ford got up the next morning he found that they were in sight of their destination. In half an hour they began to turn in toward the harbor. They steamed on only a little further and then stopped. When you sailed in convoy, coming into harbor was not, it turned out, something you could do just any time you arrived. The Illyria lay all that day, anchored in the bay, and it became known that she, and the rest of the convoy, would be there for at least that night also.

A twin-engined aircraft flew over them, rather high. Ford couldn't identify, but two young pilots standing next to him spoke decisively. "One of ours," one of them said. "A Mosquito," the other one said. "Didn't know we had them out here." As they spoke, A.A. fire from the port opened up on the plane. Ford was always pleased when the experts failed to identify. The enemy aircraft flew away without dropping anything. "A recco" (a reconnaissance aircraft), said the experts.

THE performance began that evening. Ford was in the middle of his dinner. Action stations sounded, and

American way," the Russian said, deadpan. He went on to explain that most of his information about America came from a valuable little magazine called *Reader's Digest*, the current issue of which carried this fierce exhortation: "Help defeat Hitler by calling him by his right name, Schickelgruber."

Woodyard

THE Charity Organization Society's woodyard, over at 516 West Twenty-eighth Street, closed up for good a little while ago, and we were on hand to pay our respects to the memory of a fifty-nine-year-old New York institution. "It was born sociologically, and that's the way it's dying," we were told by Mr. Charles W. Keefer, the retiring superintendent. The woodyard was started back in 1884 at the suggestion of civic leaders, welfare workers, and the clergy, to provide a handy means of testing the sincerity of a man's willingness to work. Men who had been, in the then current phrase, "struck down by the hand of God" could get a little cash by chopping an eighth of a cord of wood; the married applicants also had to split what they cut without extra pay, probably to teach them that that honorable estate was not to be regarded lightly. In those days it was considered a serious matter if an unemployed man was permitted to exist at all, we gathered. Mr. Keefer showed us a tract issued by the Society in 1882, under the title "Cold Victuals." In it we found this alarming statement: "... the cold food so freely given at house doors goes very largely to the maintenance of the vilest sinks of vice in the city, and to the support, in criminal idleness, of thousands who otherwise would be forced to work for their bread. It is safe to say that in every case where food is given to persons whose homes and circumstances *the givers have not personally visited and examined, positive and cruel harm is done.*"

Mr. Keefer, a philosophic fellow of sixty-nine who bears a superficial resemblance to Secretary Ickes, has never worked anywhere but at the woodyard; took an administrative job there when he left school. He still seemed, on the eve of his retirement on pension, a little surprised at the setup. "Don't know why we made 'em chop wood, exactly," he told us. "Maybe because farmers have always made fellows who want a free meal chop wood." He showed us the woodyard, which was about fifty feet square. As many as a hundred down-and-outers often used to be working there at one time, he said. "Now we're just waiting for one of the wood dealers to pick up our delivery trucks and a couple of cords of wood we have left, and we'll close up. Last delivery to a customer went out two days ago, to Mrs. Carnegie." Mr. Keefer added that the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Harknesses, and other foes of indiscriminate charity always constituted the majority of the woodyard's customers. A few English sparrows were hopping around in the empty woodbins. Mr. Keefer explained that they were looking for woodworms. "Twenty years ago I bought a dozen hens to take care of that," he said, "but the hens disappeared in no time. Fellows stole them as soon as they got paid off." Fellows used to steal axe blades and saws, too, and one daring bum got away with a delivery horse. Another common trick was to fill the wood baskets loosely, so that on casual inspection they would look full. Mr. Keefer's inspection, however, was never casual; he always kicked the baskets.

Mr. Keefer, in his long years at the woodyard, has seen a wide variety of unemployed men—the honest unemployed, Bowery bums, small-time criminals, alcohol and dope addicts, men who had grievances against the world. Of course, 1929 brought the victims of the depression, including Harvard, Yale, and Princeton men. Practically all the men who applied to the woodyard then used an assumed name, Mr. Keefer says; if they absent-mindedly signed their real name to a pay receipt, they'd quickly scratch it out. A handful of untroubled souls had of late been doing woodchopping in lieu of gymnastic workouts. These were preliminary-bout prizefighters, mostly, but four Columbia professors made a regular thing of it, too, and there was an informal club of six businessmen who would show up occasionally, even in the middle of the winter, strip to the waist, and pitch in at the cordwood. "Most coöperative workers I ever had," Mr. Keefer says. There was also a highly successful professional man who went on periodic binges and used the woodyard as a place to work off the effects. When the closing of the woodyard was announced, he called up Mr. Keefer and asked what he'd do after the next binge. "Sir, you're on your own," Mr. Keefer told him.

Desperation

A HOUSEWIFELY-LOOKING woman strode into an A. & P. one hot morning last week, planked down her ration book, and asked for a pound of dried lima beans. The clerk scanned his shelves and found that he was fresh out. "Would some dried kidney beans do?" he asked. The woman recoiled in stunned silence. Then she spoke, quietly and bitterly. "If there aren't any dried lima beans, I might as well be dead," she muttered.

WELL, ROLL ME IN A TURKISH TOWEL!

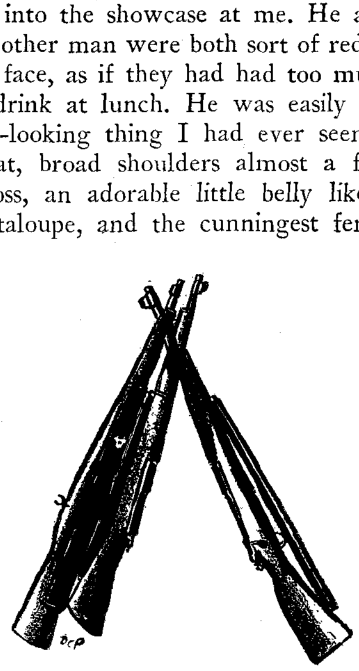
IF the gentlemen in the upper half of the amphitheatre will be so good as to move down—there, that's better. The patient is a well-developed white male of thirty-nine in moderate shock. His skin is moist and cool, temperature 99.1 F., pulse 130, blood pressure 78/60. The complaint is localized in the head and ears, the general conformation of which is that of an early Greek amphora. Note that the eyeballs are rolling skyward and that the lips are puckered as though they had bitten into a quince. A routine pocket analysis performed upon admission, however, yielded no quinces, which suggests that the trouble is seated elsewhere. The abdomen is noticeably spastic and when percussed reacts with a series of delicious little tremors. The case history, while scanty, reveals that the subject was recently exposed to a hang tag packed by the Irwill Knitwear Corporation in one of its ladies' sweaters. A mild psychic trauma is indicated, with increasing pressure, and syncope around the corner as sure as God made little green apples.

Now don't get me wrong, men. I'm perfectly willing to lie here under this sheet and be tickled by a pretty probationer if it's going to advance the cause of science, but confidentially, you're barking up the wrong tree. There's nothing the matter with me; I'm just suffering from a little sweater tag, and if you could let me rest here a second I'll be tiptop in no time. I still can't understand how it happened. Yesterday I was hunting through the guest closet for a paper box when I ran across one containing a pink-and-gray card, on the order of a dance program, suspended from a loop of fuchsia-colored twine. It showed a young woman attired in a sweater bearing the words "Jane Irwill" across her *poitrine* and a quaint biography of the garment, as follows: "Years ago I was just a little jacket for babies. In the Gay Nineties I went to school and college, growing rough and tough and developing a turtle neck. The women adopted me for sports next, but soon I was appearing everywhere all day long. Now I am quite grown up and go out in the evening, too." Sponging a bead of moisture from my upper lip with a delicate wisp of cambric, I turned the card over, preparatory to grinding it under my heel. On the flap was a dainty mandate entitled "Order of the Bath": "Please wash me in lukewarm water with Ivory Flakes. Squeeze the suds through me carefully—never scrub or twist me—rinse me carefully, and roll me in a Turkish towel. Then lay me flat, stretch me to my original shape and dry me in the shade away from all heat. Thank you. Jane Irwill."

You're welcome, sweetheart. I had always supposed that merchandising reached its apogee in the Lux advertisement which portrayed two articles of lingerie discussing their wearers' effluvia, for all the world like rival stamp collectors, but this latest conceit deserves some special decoration, like the Croix de Mal-de-Mer, second class, with moist palms.

THE implication that only feminine apparel is vocal, however, is pure sexual chauvinism and eminently unfair. The next speaker, an elderly button-down, or polo, shirt, has been known to me personally for a number of years. It is currently retired to the country, from which it emerges periodically in a succession of farewell tours, like the late Adelina Patti, but between you and me and the compost, its race is well-nigh run. Frankly, I can think of a number of better things to do than to sit here and listen to a frayed old shirt shoot off its face, but since we've come this far there's no turning back.

"Well, folks, I am duss an old Brooks Brothers shirt and to look at me you would never dweam of all the sights I've seen. I dess I will dwop this confounded prattle and slip into something more comfy. Well, folks, it just seems like yesterday that I first saw him staring into the showcase at me. He and the other man were both sort of red in the face, as if they had had too much to drink at lunch. He was easily the best-looking thing I had ever seen—great, broad shoulders almost a foot across, an adorable little belly like a cantaloupe, and the cunningest ferret eyes, which kept darting around on watch for the credit manager.



" 'Hot zeugma!' I heard him murmur to his friend, motioning toward me. 'How'd you like to go home with *that?*' His friend whispered something back and they both burst into a coarse guffaw. Naturally, I made out I hadn't overheard, but my heart was going like a trip hammer and all I could think of was 'Please, Lord, please, make him take me. I'll work and I'll slave for him, only don't let him get away.' Then I suddenly realized how hopeless the whole thing was. We were worlds apart; I was just a common little domestic oxford weave from the wrong side of the Garment Centre and he had everything —position and money and breeding. I found out later that he had nothing but a rusty old charge account, but at that moment it wouldn't have mattered. A second later I almost fainted dead away; he was saying something to the salesman and pointing in at me. He had the most provocative, blurry way of speaking—not exactly a lisp, more of a harelip effect. You felt that half the time he didn't know what he was going to say next, and it gave him a kind of a loose-leaf air that was utterly charming.

" 'Now for crisakes remember to shorten the sleeves this time,' he was barking at the salesman. 'Every goddam shirt you send me, the cuffs hang down to the knees. What do you think I am, an orangutan?'

" 'Yes, sir,' the salesman said hastily, making a note on his pad.

" 'Oh, I am, am I?' he shouted. 'Did you hear that, Leo? This four-eyed bastard called me an orangutan. Here, help me over the counter. Put up your dukes, there! I'm going to start swinging in a minute!'

" 'Now take it easy, *tovarisch*,' his friend pleaded, edging him toward the door. 'It's pretty warm in here. Maybe that last brandy and soda—'

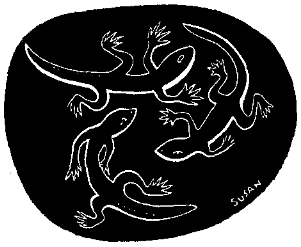
" 'Oh, so I'm drunk, eh?' he snarled, flinging aside his friend's arm. 'Just an old broken-down barfly, hah? But I'm good enough to sponge drinks off, aren't I? Thass a fair-weather friend for you. All right for you, Jocko.' With that he collapsed on the floor and burst into tears. 'I never got the breaks,' he sobbed. 'Every man's hand is against me. Beat me. Stone me.' It finally took the floorwalker and two clerks from the glove section to get him into a cab. The last I saw of him, his head was pillowed on his friend's shoulder and he was yodelling 'Auprès de Ma Blonde.'

"Bright and early the next morning,

while the siren was still going, the ship shook and seemed to jump forward. But somehow the P.R.O.'s guessed that she hadn't been hit. They heard a burst of gunfire above them, but by the time they got to their stations it had died down.

Ford found the gun crews aft rather shaken. A bomb, they told him, had burst on the water about twenty yards off the stern and they had got a lot of blast. While they were telling him about it they heard the next enemy aircraft coming in. Ford had always found that the noise of air raids on land was greatly exaggerated. But this was a different matter. The orchestra of the barrage was led by a cruiser which had been converted to an anti-aircraft vessel. She was lying a few hundred yards to port. A moment after they heard the enemy aircraft, the cruiser appeared to burst into flames along her whole length. Ford thought she had been hit, but then he saw that it was simply the effect of her opening up with her whole armament. Above this preliminary din Ford heard the plane diving. All the convoy except the Illyria, which was the outside ship to starboard, opened up. Each ship mounted a remarkable assortment of weapons, the most spectacular being the various types of small automatic cannon firing streams of red tracer. These "hose-piped," swinging their barrels gently through a short arc. The tracer flashed out of the guns almost too fast to see, but as it mounted the sky the impression of speed was lost and the little red balls seemed to hang hazily before they went out. The swing of the gun muzzles distributed the half-spent tracer shells, at the end of their flight, in sweeping arcs and semicircles.

Suddenly Ford's ears were startled by a far sharper sound. It was the Illyria's own two rows of automatic cannon coming into action. He turned to watch them. They were firing almost directly into the moon. It was the first time that Ford had known war to live up to its reputation for noise. Scared by the existing din rather than by the apprehension of bombs to come, he huddled closer under the cover provided by the towerlike turret on which the upper A.A. gun was mounted. The noise was really painful. The engine note of the enemy plane grew louder and louder and began to dominate the barrage. Ford looked back at the Illyria's light automatic cannon and saw the gunners leaning back like gymnasts on the straps with which they swung their guns, till they were lying on their backs and the muzzles of the guns were pointing vertically upward. The slender streams of tracer shot up. The engine noise ceased to grow and a second later it was far less; the enemy pilot had pulled out of his dive. He evidently hadn't liked the top end of the barrage any better than Ford had liked the bottom end. Ford heard him swing over to starboard, the barrage rather uncertainly following him. This apparently wild firing into the blackness performed the indispensable function of preventing the enemy aircraft's coming near enough to hit its targets.



There was a pause. Ford had time to look round. It was only now that he realized how deplorably bright the moon was. He could not see the harbor at all; it was completely covered by a smoke screen. An excellent idea, but why wasn't it round *him?* He saw the ships of the convoy riding there like so many fat ducks on a pond. Couldn't something be done to cover their nakedness. Sure enough, destroyers began to steam out in an arc round them, pouring out smoke. They started on the other side of the convoy. Ford watched their progress with eager interest. They had a long way to go before they could draw their nice dark blanket round the Illyria, the "outside right" ship. Ford looked up at the moon with increasing distaste. The glittering track of its rays led along the water and straight up to the Illyria.

The destroyers seemed a long time; even now, while they were crossing the Illyria's bows, it would be a little while, Ford thought, before the smoke billowed down over her. He heard another plane. Then he saw two lights in the sky, and then three more. The plane had begun dropping flares. The tracer began going up. As the first smelly wreaths of smoke reached Ford the barrage broke out in full strength. He crouched closer under the mounting of the aftermost gun. The sky filled with tracer-shell bursts and gun flashes. He was looking along the length of the ship down the parallel rows of her automatic cannon when there was a violent flash somewhere over the bows. He found afterward that it was a bomb. It had struck so near that the men in the bows were drenched by the splash, but Ford didn't hear the burst at all. The enemy pilot must have pulled out of his dive as he bombed, for the barrage swung away to starboard after the retreating sound

---

THIS WAS THE WAY THE WINDS WENT

I saw his face lit up as by the sun,
But it was a foggy day and there was none;
The fisherman's face burned with his own lifeblood.
His energy poured out in a red flood
Of licking flames that ate themselves up fast.
He stood and watched his fire as I passed:
Three hundred lobster traps, two winters of work,
Lacework of slender wood turned into murk,
Arches of spruce and cobwebs of tarred twine
Funnelled to let dark lobsters in to dine
But never out again. The man stood there
Watching his life go back to earth and air.

The man had ceased to fight. It was too late.
The fire lit his face and showed the great
Seams the north and south wind had laid wide.
Anger and grief had gone, and only pride
Was left upon his forehead and hard chin.
This was not misfortune. This was not sin.
This was the way the winds went, this the weather,
Only a day, an hour, good things hung together,
A net of meshes of moments. The ruin came,
If not by teeth of ledges then by teeth of flame.
But a man has many nets in him
Before he lies down old and cold and dim.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

• •

of the engines. There was evidently more than one Jerry about, because the barrage kept going for a few minutes more. Just at the end Ford saw the splash of a stick of bombs dropped at least a mile away over on the other side of the bay. In a minute the barrage died away. There was no sound of engines. The first attack was over.

After a quarter of an hour or so action stations were dismissed and the P.R.O.'s went to bed. They got some sleep before they were wakened by the siren calling them back. They were expecting it. They got into their gear and headed for their action stations on deck. They had been a good five minutes on deck before the first enemy plane came in to attack. From then on for several hours the second attack went on. The planes came in singly, so far as Ford could see, one about every quarter of an hour. Each time the now familiar sequence began, Ford felt reluctant to face it. But his curiosity was far too strong to allow him to go below, so he crouched and squeezed with the spare members of the gun crew under the gun's tall steel turret. It gave them quite good cover.

About the fifth or sixth plane something different began to develop. There was a distant engine note, as before, but this time the tracers played horizontally along the surface of the water instead of up into the air. The engine noise grew and so did the barrage. The convoy began firing a variety of weapons along the water. It dawned on Ford that if enemy planes were coming in at sea level, they obviously weren't bombing. They must be torpedo-carrying craft.

ABOUT this time Ford found himself standing next to a helmeted figure in khaki. He could not see anything of the face under the helmet, but he could imagine the face from the suburban London voice which rather surprisingly emerged from the figure. The voice said, "A lot of destruction."

Ford said, "There's been nothing but noise, so far as I know."

"I was thinking of what caused it all," said the voice. "It's all caused by money, the misuse of money."

"Well, this *is* rather an expensive way of staging a fireworks display, if that's what you mean," Ford said.

"I don't mean that at all," the voice said. "I mean the way the nations have been misusing their money in international trade. They've been using money as a commodity instead of using it as money. Don't you see? That's been the cause of the whole war."

"Oh, I think there's a lot more to it than that, you know," Ford said.

"No, there isn't." The voice was peevishly firm. "The misuse of money—treating it as a commodity—that's the root of all this trouble."

Ford was astonished. Monetary theory happened to be one of his principal interests in life. He held views almost exactly opposite to those which the voice was expressing. There was nothing he liked better than an argument on the theory of the uses and misuses of money by the governments of the world. He was just beginning "Oh, but . . ." when a wave of weariness came over him; he really *didn't* feel he could explain his views on a controlled economy and its external relations, plus the changes currently taking place in the nature of money, just then. He moved a step or so from under the gun mounting. Now the moon shone upon the face under the helmet. It was thin, sensitive, rather harried-looking.

"It's all the way they used *money*," the man repeated.

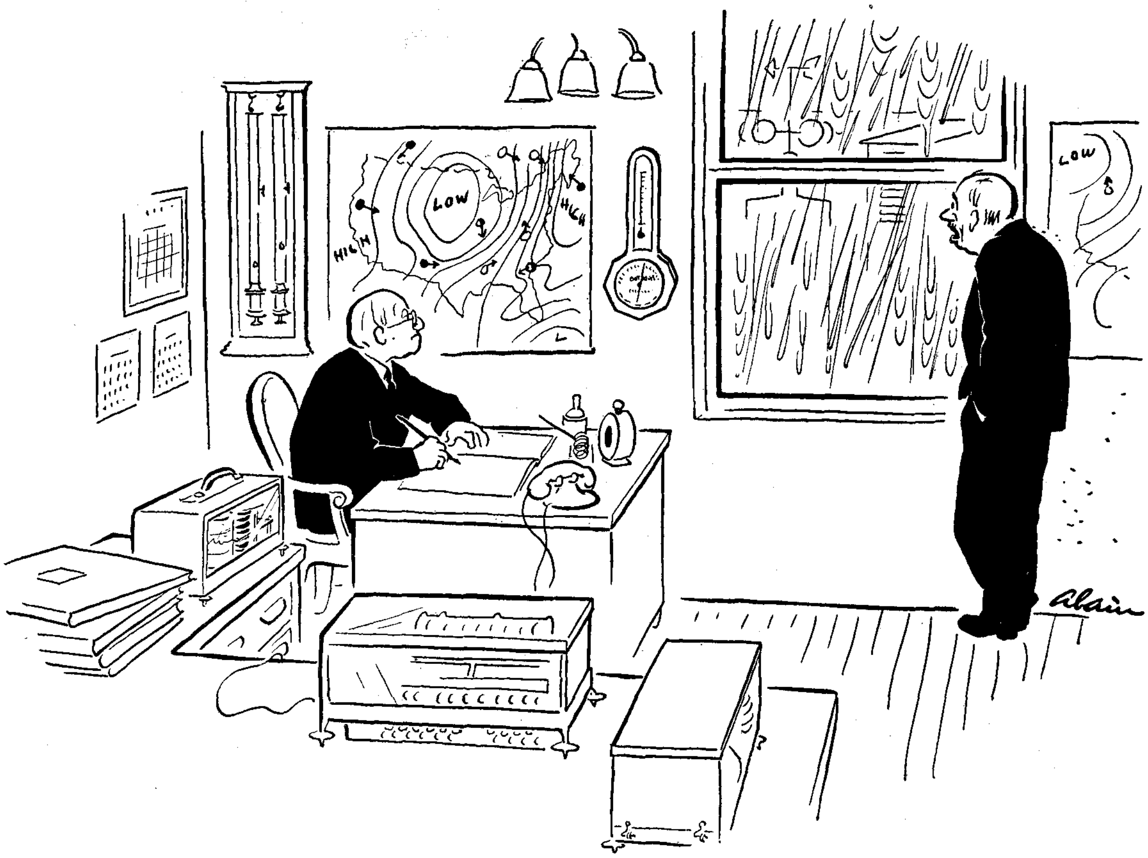
"But, you know, you couldn't go on trading in the old way," Ford said. "It had broken down. The money trouble is only a symptom of a far deeper breakup, of a whole economic, social, polit—"

The barrage began again. The guns were firing low along the surface of the water. Ford had heard no engine note this time. Perhaps the money man's conversation had distracted him. The tracer began to swing to starboard across the Illyria's bows. The ships to port had to cease fire. But guns on the anti-aircraft vessel still seemed to bear, because she went on pumping out the tracer. A quite new noise came from her. *Tam, tam, tam, tam, tam, tam,* with rapid persistence. Ford recognized it immediately. It was her multiple pompoms, or Chicago pianos. The barrage was more intense than ever before. Ford pushed his way back under the tall gun mounting. He found that by getting behind a largish sort of box he could get more cover. He felt the money man pushing in behind him. The box presumably was full of ammunition, but Ford couldn't move now.

There had still been no sound of aircraft engines. Ford heard a strong, silky swish and woosh immediately to starboard; the sound rushed past fairly close to them, from bow to stern. A second later there was a roar of engines to stern. From the sound he knew that an enemy aircraft had dived past them with her engines cut and switched on a few hundred yards to stern. Now the barrage was seeing her off the premises. Ford was startled by an enemy plane having come by him so close. It was strange that he had not been able to see it. The moon was still bright, but there was a good deal of smoke at that particular moment. As the barrage abated, Ford heard the money man grumbling away about all the destruction.

For a while nothing seemed to come close to the Illyria. The intervals between the arrival of the torpedo planes got longer. The attack was dying away. Finally nothing had happened for forty minutes or so. It was then that Ford, and, as he found, several others of the public-relations officers, began to feel chilly, bored, and, in Ford's case at least, hungry. They began to trickle down to the cabin. Soon they were sitting down to a pleasant discussion of the night. Harry Cole got out the picnic packet of sandwiches with which the thoughtful authorities had provided them. He tried a sandwich but didn't like it, fished in his packet again, and produced a hard-boiled egg. He looked at it with distaste and offered it to Ford. Ford had a packet of his own, but it was put away somewhere and he felt too tired to rummage for it. Ford took the egg with pleasure. As he was peeling it the barrage began again. They started getting into their equipment, which they had half taken off. Ford took a bite. The egg tasted exceptionally good. He couldn't think why Harry hadn't wanted it. They felt the torpedo strike the ship.

AS the P.R.O.'s cabin was amidships, they didn't feel any overwhelming shock from the explosion. Still, they



"Don't you sometimes wonder where all the rain comes from?"

• •

all knew that the ship had been seriously hit. "She's had it," Cole said. They lurched to their feet. The ship didn't heel over much—she had often gone further over in a heavy sea.

The emergency-stations siren blew before the ship had steadied. Ford crammed the rest of the egg into his mouth and struggled into his equipment. As they got out of the cabin, Harry said, "You'll always have associations with hard-boiled eggs."

When Ford got on deck he ran over to the port side, where the ship had been hit. There wasn't much to see—only a few dark things in the water—but there was that acrid smell of explosive. As the troops began to assemble, he looked down the long rail of the ship. She was beginning to settle by the head. Until now he had not known he was scared.

As they had been each day at the practices, Ford and the other P.R.O.'s found themselves jammed together in the solid pack of bodies which soon covered the deck. They stood facing the rail in the approved manner, leaving a foot-wide gangway along its length. Ford's height enabled him to see over the heads of the ranks behind them. The men stood still and rather passive. In the moonlight they lacked detail; they became an undifferentiated mass of human forms.

Ford noticed the classicism of the scene. It was exactly as preparations for abandoning ship are always described. Nothing happened for some minutes. He had time to wonder what the effect would be if another enemy plane came in and the barrage started up again. How would the men take it, for, since they had been below, they had neither seen nor even properly heard the barrage all night. And what would be the effect of shell fragments, such as he had heard from time to time, clattering down on the decks and splashing into the water, on these thousands of men standing pressed against each other shoulder to shoulder and back to chest? Still, his main preoccupation was whether the ship would sink or not.

Someone said, "Well, if we take as long as this," evidently supposing that the order to abandon ship would be given as soon as everybody was ready.

Ford said, "But, good Lord, she isn't going to sink. They've only had us up here as a precaution." He did not know whether his words reassured anyone else, but they undoubtedly reassured him. He stopped watching the preparation of the lifeboats, which was steadily going forward, and noticed that the Illyria seemed no more down by the head than before.

They waited. The ship's always ineffective loudspeaker system began to function, and as usual they didn't understand what it said. They heard a call being passed down the ship from bow to stern: "Ship's carpenter to come to the bridge."

There was another pause. Then another call was passed down: "Ship's electrician to come to the bridge." The ship's principal consultant physicians were being called in to report on the extent of her injuries.

Ford thought of the various things which he had not brought up from the cabin, including a pair of field glasses. Then he heard the sound of aircraft engines. A moment or so later the barrage opened up again. Ford looked at the dark human mass behind him. At the crash of the first shots they let out a rather pleased sound. Perhaps they liked the sight of the pretty red tracer bounding up in the distance. The barrage swung nearer. The engine note grew loud. The plane seemed to be diving, from just about above them. The anti-aircraft vessel, the two nearest liners, and the Illyria opened up simultaneously. The barrage was at full blast again. Rockets banged and rooshed up from the Illyria. The Chicago pianos began their formidably insistent *tam, tam, tam, tam, tam, tam.* The barrage was completely new to the troops and they had no head cover. Ford felt a ripple go through the jammed men behind him, but that was all that happened. The ranks stood in calmness and order. It was pleasant and reassuring to feel that one's fellow-countrymen actually did behave as they are popularly supposed to do.

A ship's officer came up and shouted, "Those who can, get under cover; the others get down."

The men nearest any sort of head cover pressed toward it and a few got under. The circular area of men standing within sound of the officer's voice got down onto the deck, crouching or kneeling. But just what was the practical point of the order Ford could not imagine. He would have thought that, if anything, this crouching down made the men even more vulnerable to falling fragments than they had been standing. He felt acute apprehension about what would happen in a few moments when the steel that was being pumped up into the sky began to come down again.

As usual, after a minute or two the raider's engines receded, the barrage abated, and the attack was over. But no fragments came down on them. The barrage had evidently never come exactly in their direction. It was, Ford thought, one of the biggest bits of luck they had had that night. He looked along the rail to see whether the ship was any further down by the head; she was not. He began to feel confident that she would not sink. Nothing happened. Ford hoped that they had had the last attack. The moonlight grew paler. Harry Cole said, "Look at that," and pointed to the east. There, sure enough, was the other kind of light.

AFTER an hour or so more, emergency stations were dismissed. No official announcement was made about there being no more danger of the ship's sinking, but the dismissal of emergency stations was a direct intimation that this was so. The P.R.O.'s went to their cabin.

Several airmen with their clothes torn, soaked, and covered with horrible black stains came up the passage and were shown into the officers' bathrooms. Ford recognized them as some of the ground crews of a light bomber squadron. He knew that they had been on the lowest mess deck forward on the starboard side. The P.R.O.'s took their nailbrushes along to help the airmen scrub the filthy black oil out of their skins. Ford got a word with one of them in the bathroom. The torpedo had hit the ship abreast of their mess deck, where they also slept. Earlier in the night, when the attack seemed to have died down, they had gone back to bed, like the P.R.O.'s. When the torpedo hit they had been flung out of their hammocks by the explosion. The first thing that most of them had known was the bang of falling onto the deck, and then the black water rushing in. Ford had been down to those lower mess decks several times. The sight of human beings packed as unnaturally close as that had been painful at the best of times. He found it hard to imagine what it must have been like when the ninety-eight airmen who were on that deck had had to make their way out with the sea flooding in on them from the broken side of the ship. But they had managed. Only two men had lost their lives; three others had been injured.

Much sooner than Ford had expected—indeed, he hadn't really expected it at all—word came up that breakfast was ready.

On the way down to the dining saloon he stepped out onto the deck to see if anything more was happening, and heard a public-school voice. "Illyria," it said, "do you require any assistance?" It was a young naval officer hailing them from the bridge of a tiny corvette which, far below, was coming alongside. Ford heard the Illyria's bridge answer in the heartier tones of the merchant service: "No, thank you—everything under control now." Fortified by this official announcement that all was well, Ford went down to breakfast.

Everything in the first-class dining saloon was aggressively normal. The stewards served the porridge, coffee (so-called), bacon and eggs, rolls, butter, and marmalade which the printed menu cards announced.

When he had finished breakfast, Ford went on deck again. He was told that in view of their damaged condition they were to go into harbor first. So the torpedo had done them some good, at any rate. In fact, they were under way. Ford decided to see if he could get a look at the damage. He went first onto the upper bridge, above the bridge proper whence the captain controlled the ship. When he got there a signaller was just flashing an Aldis-lamp acknowledgment to the anti-aircraft vessel. Then he handed his message pad to a ship's officer. Ford looked over his shoulder. The message read: "Sorry you got it. But the Hun paid the price. He went in the moment after he dropped his fish." Which was nice, if true.

From where Ford was, he could see some débris piled up on the deck near the bows. He went down. There was a rope barrier to keep people back, but by saying "Public-relations officer" very loud to the sentry he got by. There wasn't much to see on deck—just some splintered wood and bits of twisted steel. The real damage was all far below. The hatch was off the forward hold. Ford went and looked down. There was the sea. It was uncomfortable to see the rush of the waves right in the middle of the ship. But there they were, surging and foaming, cascading off one partly flooded deck onto the one below. Crates, sodden baggage, cabbages, and broken woodwork were being banged about by the water.

SOME time afterward the ship's broadcasting system, for some reason, became fully audible and announced that they would be called to emergency stations again, but merely in order to balance the ship. It was, the announcer implied, a somewhat delicate operation to maneuver the ship in her present condition. A sudden movement of several thousand men to one side or the other might make "anything happen." So the troops all stood at their stations again while the dipped bows of the Illyria were edged toward the entrance to the port.

The loudspeaker came on again. The announcer said, "The master of the ship wishes to speak to you." A North Country voice, which they had not heard before, said, "I wanted to thank you all for your behavior during the night. It is, of course, very unfortunate that we cannot bring the ship in undamaged. But, considering that we were struck by an aerial torpedo, we have done very well. I consider that everyone, ship's officers and crew, and the troops and their officers, showed great steadiness. Thank you."

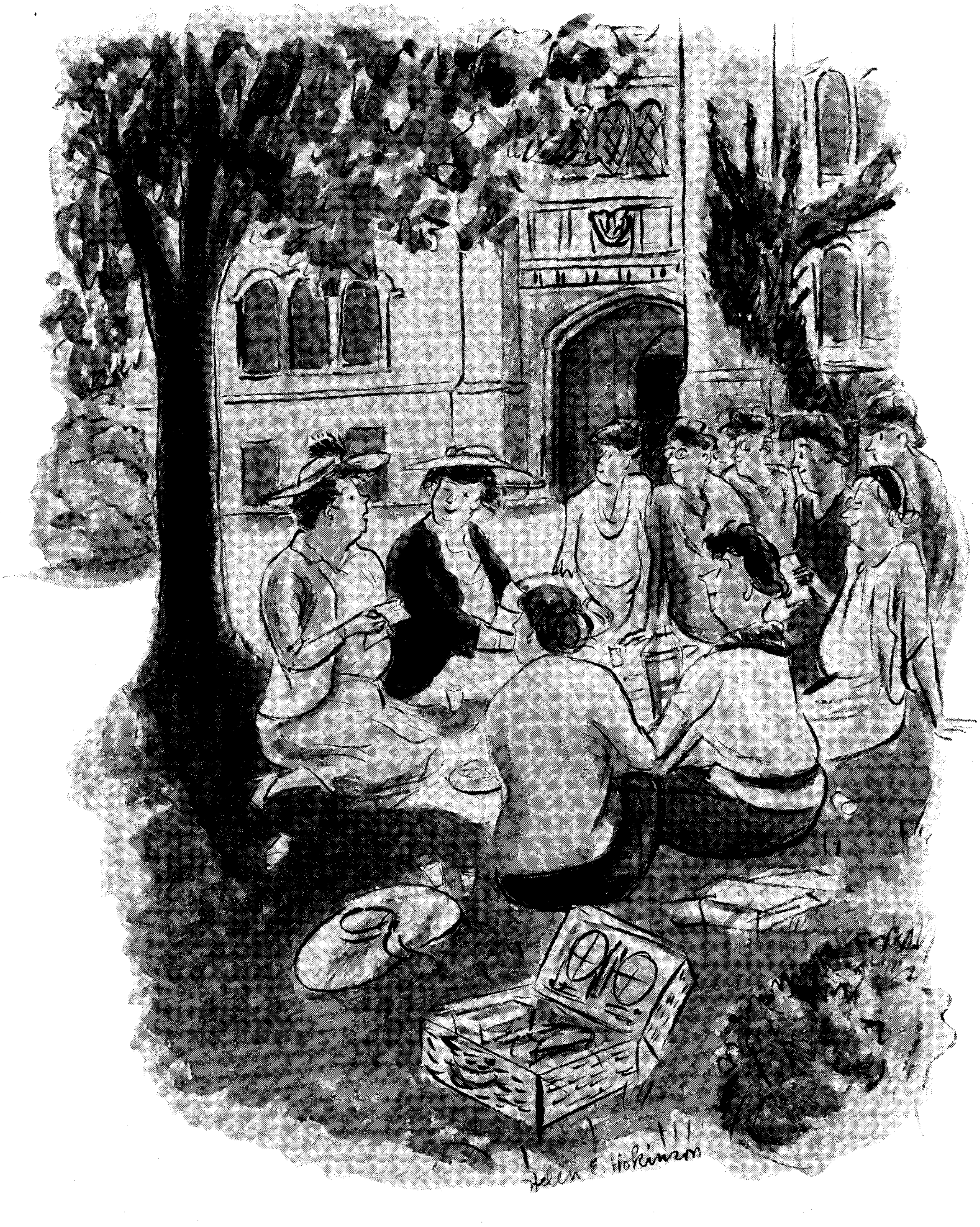
Ford derived great satisfaction from hearing the captain's official pronouncement that they had been struck by a torpedo. He knew that they had been. Still, the event was not wholly real until he heard the captain's words. In the confusion of modern war, he realized, there ought always to be an official commentator to tell not merely those who had not been there but also, and above all, those who had been there what had happened.

—SQUADRON LEADER JOHN STRACHEY

•

Chaplain Byron L. Lovelady will lead the "Call to Worship." Ethelbert Nevin will then sing "The Rosary."—*MacDill Field (Tampa) Fly Leaf.*

In a faraway voice.

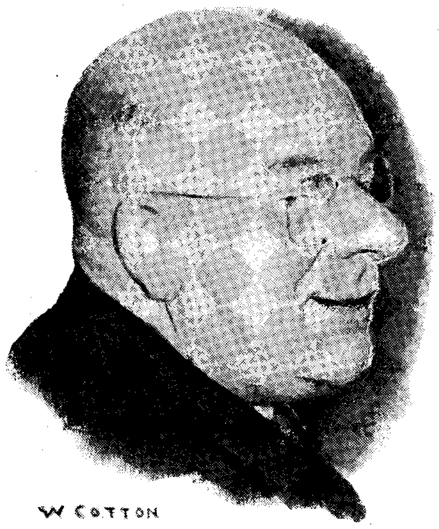


"Elizabeth Conner McMeekin, '15?"

"Present. After graduation, I started to take an M.A. at Teachers College, but gave it up to marry Roy McMeekin, Cornell, '12. My husband was only a plant engineer with the telephone company at the time and had not yet become an executive. We lived in Columbus, Ohio, until 1927, when Mr. McMeekin was called to New York, and we built a home in Westchester. I have two children, a girl, Elsie, aged nineteen, and a boy, Donald, aged seventeen. I want to say that I think this Alpha Delta Alpha alumnae picnic is a wonderful idea and that Penny Trowbridge should be congratulated on getting it up. I hope we can get together next summer and repeat it with all the same people."

PROFILES

MR. PUBLIC PRINTER—II



Augustus E. Giegengack

AS production manager, during the last war, of the *Stars and Stripes*, the A.E.F. weekly newspaper, Augustus E. Giegengack, now head of the Government Printing Office, was thrown in with a group of men of extensive culture and refinement. The *Stars and Stripes*, which in 1918 had a circulation among American soldiers of five hundred and fifty thousand and would have had more if there had been enough paper to print more copies, became the repository of the talents of a military staff which included Alexander Woollcott; John T. Winterich, now a lieutenant colonel in the censorship division of the War Department; Egbert White, the lieutenant colonel in charge of the North African edition of the current war's *Stars and Stripes*; Grantland Rice, Franklin P. Adams, and one or two others who later rose high in the nation's cultural life. Among the officers in charge of the paper at one time or another were Stephen Early and Mark Watson, now of the White House and the Baltimore *Sun*, respectively. Giegengack, who was promoted from sergeant to regimental sergeant major a few months after going to Paris to take his *Stars and Stripes* job in the spring of 1918, shared an apartment there with two assistant circulation managers, Melvin Ryder and Richard S. Jones, now respectively editor of the *Army Times* and public-relations director at American Legion headquarters in Washington. The apartment, which had been sublet from a French officer, was an elaborate one, suitable for entertaining. "It was near the Ecool Militaire," says Giegengack, a Brooklyn boy who picked up a certain amount of French while he was abroad.

Giegengack also picked up a stylish Parisian following. A practicing Catholic, he attended Mass in a fashionable church in the French capital and was made much of by a group of well-born Catholic girls whose families owned châteaux. He constantly moved in château society and when he returned to his apartment he would fascinate his colleagues with accounts of elegant soirées. In addition to being responsible for the printing of the *Stars and Stripes*, which started early in 1918 and continued until the June after the armistice, he put himself in charge of the paper's distribution and appointed himself field agent for the district of Paris. For this duty he was given several cars, including a Ford truck in which he would officially visit distribution points and from which he would unofficially ogle girls. "The boldness of a Brooklyn boy," another *Stars and Stripes* man has said, summing up this aspect of Giegengack's war record. Next to châteaux, Giegengack's favorite rendezvous were Métro stations, and on May Day of 1919, when a strike closed the subway, he was disconsolate. "Damn it," he said. "I had dates with four girls in the Métro today." Giegengack has belonged to a printers' union since 1908, when he was eighteen, but as Public Printer of the United States he has to deal with the demands of some twenty unions and he has never had much sympathy for strikes since this occasion.

Giegengack was an efficient printer of the *Stars and Stripes*, which was turned out in the Paris plant of the London *Daily Mail*. He had two hundred soldier printers under him. He soon became a sort of office manager as well, taking over problems not only of distribution but of mailing and recordkeeping. "He handled any amount of detail and never got rattled," a former colleague and current friend, given to baseball imagery, has said. "He can't throw 'em too fast, but he can field 'em all." Giegengack's ability was more or less immortalized in a satirical edition of the *Stars and Stripes*, published on its first anniversary, which carried a poetic tribute to him by Richard S. Jones. This ran, in part:

The Officer-in-Charge, in haste, requests an errand done
And Miller gets an orderly, who takes it on the run;
"From O-in-C to Business Man," the memorandum reads,
"For action most appropriate." The B.M. quickly heeds,
Grabs a pencil—bing! bang! whack!
"Referred to Sergeant Giegengack."

The Officer of Personnel must have a car tout sweet
To carry to the hospital a man with weary feet;
The Circulation Manager's demanding details three
To dump some cars at Champs de Mars or at Rue Gallilee;
"Who'll get 'em out, who'll get 'em back?"
Leave it to Sergeant Giegengack.

Mail, wrapping, typing, couriers—his duties are a score,
Whenever we can think of it we'll give him twenty more;
I often wonder how one man can handle such a batch—
When does this great executive get time to stop and scratch?
Nothing neglected, nothing slack
In the department Giegengack.

GIEGENGACK was ordered home from France in May, 1919, a few weeks before the *Stars and Stripes* wound up for the first World War. Shortly before sailing from Marseilles, he was transferred to a reclassification camp at St.-Aignan, one of the wettest and most dismal mud holes inhabited by the A.E.F. and one of the first places Giegengack had been stationed after arriving in France. Fresh from the lordly life of Paris, he ran into an old acquaintance there, a drill sergeant who had been training green soldiers at this post throughout the war. Giegengack patronizingly asked him how he had been making out. "Fine, Gieg, fine," said the sergeant, pulling one foot out of the mud. "Sitting on top of the world. Got a floor in my tent."

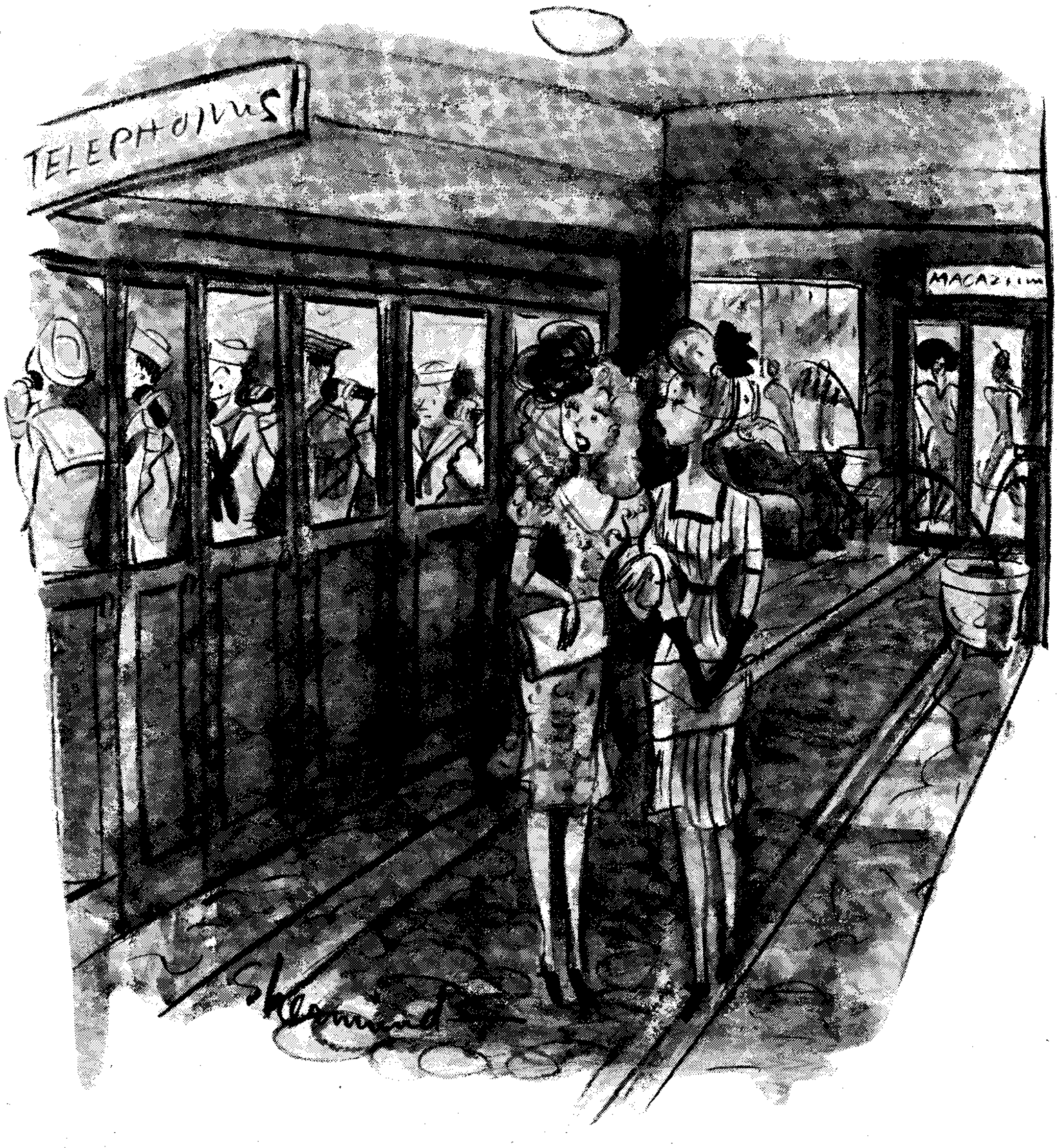
At Marseilles, Giegengack boarded the Canada for New York. Woollcott, Winterich, and one or two other *Stars and Stripes* writers and editors, who had got themselves demobilized and were travelling as civilians, were also on board. They nodded condescendingly to their former colleague, who was still a soldier, as he came aboard in uniform with a pack on his back. Giegengack quickly reinstated himself in their esteem. As the ranking noncommissioned officer on the boat, which was half troop-transport, half civilian-passenger, he became a sort of secretary to the colonel in charge. He organized the ship's hospital and the boat and fire drills, and he did his best to rout out his sack-suited friends for various roll calls.

When the ship stopped at Oran to coal up and a strike of native stevedores kept her there for four or five days, Giegengack persuaded the colonel to let the troops ashore, promising that he would maintain order with the help of some noncom M.P.'s. "It didn't work," the Public Printer said recently. "You could drink absinthe legally there. My first M.P. got drunk and broke his arm. In fact, all the M.P.'s got drunk. There were terrible fights in town, with broken glass and women's veils torn to shreds. The mayor raised hell on the boat the next day and presented a bill for damages. The colonel passed the hat and there was no more shore leave."

Giegengack and his colonel collaborated in another undertaking which was not an unqualified success. The Canada had a number of rather mature Red Cross nurses on board, and Giegengack called the colonel's attention to an Army regulation requiring that a prophylaxis station be set up for soldiers who had been exposed to women. The colonel read it thoughtfully and instructed Giegengack to have a station established and to have notices posted on the ship's bulletin boards. The ladies were mortified. They held a mortified meeting, at which they denounced this step. Around three o'clock one morning, the Giegengack station had a customer. Shudders ran around the ship when the fact, inevitably, became known, and the nurses began to eye one another with considerable interest. A morning or two later, at the same hour, the station was again patronized by the same client. Government records of prophylactic treatments are ordinarily kept secret, but this was so amazing a case that the colonel finally called a meeting of officers, at which he announced the name of the man who had had treatment. He was a lieutenant, it turned out, and he presently confessed that he had applied for treatment merely to make the medical officer in charge of the station look upon him as an unusually persuasive and intrepid type.

BACK in this country, Giegengack received an honorable discharge from the Army in June, 1919. He had sent his mother, to whom he was devoted, every issue of the *Stars and Stripes* while he was in France. Last fall, at the request of President Roosevelt, Stephen Early, the President's secretary, set out to get a complete file of the paper for Roosevelt's Hyde Park Library and sounded out the Public Printer as to whether Mrs. Giegengack, Sr., would be willing to present her collection to the President. She gladly agreed, but her death, in October, occurred before the gift could be made. Her son has since made it. "I am assuming the privilege of asking you to accept this bound file of original copies of the *Stars and Stripes* in memory of my mother, who was your consistent admirer, and to whom the writer is indebted beyond capacity to repay," he wrote in a letter to the President, a copy of which was bound in the book. Giegengack, though he is a busy man these days, took the volume over to the White House himself recently and had a brief interview with the President, who is, of course, his boss. "I had to catch a train for a printers' convention and just rushed in and rushed out," his account goes. "The President said, 'Sit down.' I said, 'I'm awfully sorry, I can't give you another minute.' I just made the train, and then I thought to myself, 'My God, I told the President of the United States I couldn't give him another minute.' Imagine!"

Roosevelt appointed Giegengack Public Printer in 1934, fifteen years after his return from France. Giegengack had spent these fifteen years in a



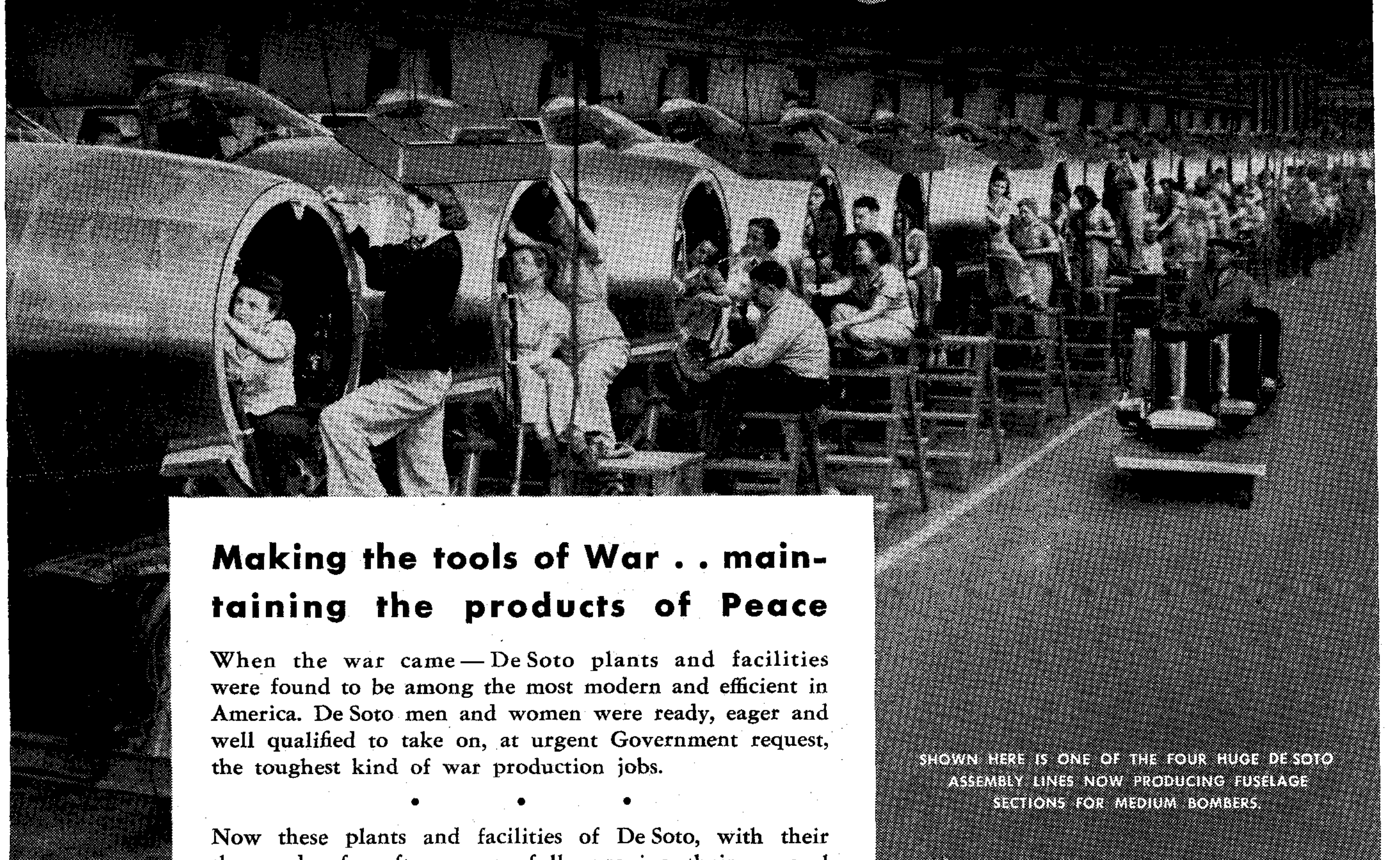
"Heavens! I'd better rush home. My phone may be ringing."

thriving career of commercial printing and in dreaming about becoming Public Printer. During this period he was, successively, foreman of the composing room of the DeVinne Press, a local firm which printed the old *Century* and *St. Nicholas* magazines, as well as many books; half owner of the Burkhardt Linotype Company; and a partner in Whittaker-Giegengack-Trapp, later Giegengack-Trapp, which printed technical publications for McGraw-Hill and did some work for Funk & Wagnalls, including the *Literary Digest* circulars for Presidential straw-vote polls. In 1920, Giegengack was married to Miss Margaret Morrison, a young Brooklyn schoolteacher. He bought a house in Rockville Centre, commuted to work in Manhattan, and became a commanding figure in his profession. He was elected to the presidencies of such important trade organizations as the Typographers Association of New York and the International Association of Printing House Craftsmen, a group of six thousand key men in the printing industry in this country and Canada. "He's the Farley type of fellow, big and bluff," a friend has said. "The type who succeeds instinctively in organization politics."

In 1932, Giegengack, who had taken no part in politics except to vote the Democratic ticket, enlarged his sphere of political operations. Public printers, like ambassadors, are chosen by Presidents, and Giegengack, figuring that a change in administration might lead to a change in printers, decided to seek the job. He ingratiated himself with the Rockville Centre Democratic Club, and in January, 1933, this organization wrote President-Elect Roosevelt a letter urging the selection of Giegengack as Public Printer, calling him "a faithful worker of this club," and misspelling his name. This error got back to Giegengack, who had long been irritated by people who misspelled and mispronounced his name. He decided to overlook the error in this instance, but he could not overlook the fact that the Rockville Centre Club didn't stand in well with Postmaster General James A. Farley, upon whose patronage, he knew, the success of his ambition largely depended. He improved the Rockville Centre organization's relations with Farley by arranging for it to invite Farley to a testimonial dinner of which Giegengack was chairman. Giegengack sold a great many tickets to this affair and headed a delegation which met Farley at the Rockville Centre station. This gave the Postmaster General the impression that Giegengack was an outstanding politician and an influential Democrat in his community.

Giegengack proceeded to found an organization known as A. E. Giegengack for Public Printer, which, on letterheads reading "A. E. Giegengack for Public Printer, Graphic Arts Committee. Organized to secure the appointment of A. E. Giegengack as Public Printer of the United States," solicited endorsements from various printing groups and dignitaries. In this way Giegengack gathered together encomiums from some two hundred organizations and individuals, including the Typographers Association of New York, the International Association of Printing House Craftsmen, and Typographical Union No. 6, the most powerful union in the printing trade. Giegengack had his printing plant bind these tributes in a red-and-gold volume which he entitled "A. E. Giegengack for Public Printer. Endorsements." He presented this, on behalf of the organization known as A. E. Giegengack for Public Printer, to Farley, who brought it to Roosevelt's attention. It was a fat and impressive book, fatter than it might otherwise have been because of the inclusion of several endorsements which were not precisely unqualified. "It is hardly necessary for us to tell you," one of these ran, perhaps out of consideration for the Republican Public Printer whom Giegengack hoped to supplant, "that we have a high regard for Mr. Giegengack's ability, and undoubtedly he could conduct the office of Public Printer in an efficient and distinguished manner. Insomuch as we are suppliers to the Government Printing Office, we do not believe it would be proper for

De Soto at war



SHOWN HERE IS ONE OF THE FOUR HUGE DE SOTO ASSEMBLY LINES NOW PRODUCING FUSELAGE SECTIONS FOR MEDIUM BOMBERS.

Making the tools of War . . maintaining the products of Peace

When the war came — De Soto plants and facilities were found to be among the most modern and efficient in America. De Soto men and women were ready, eager and well qualified to take on, at urgent Government request, the toughest kind of war production jobs.

• • •

Now these plants and facilities of De Soto, with their thousands of craftsmen, are fully proving their unusual qualities. Their wartime output appears now in all the battle zones on land, and in the air, as American aircraft, artillery and mechanized battle equipment take the field.

• • •

Here at home, De Soto qualities are further demonstrated as owners of De Soto cars now fully experience the endurance, economy and comfort which De Soto has given them, year after year. And this De Soto strength clearly shows itself again as De Soto dealers everywhere are able to supply unrestricted parts and service for all these vehicles.

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

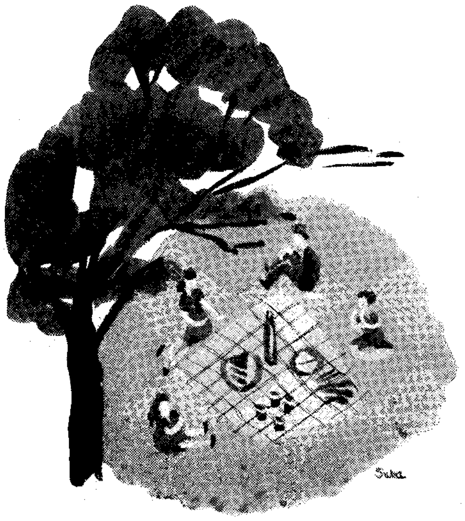
WAR BONDS
They are Your, and Our, Personal Investment in Victory.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for Bofors anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

our company to offer any recommendation with respect to the appointment of any particular individual to the office." Giegengack believes that the favorable impression which this collection of endorsements made on Farley was largely responsible for his appointment. He was sworn into office on July 2, 1934, wearing a Palm Beach suit and the pleased expression of a man with a difficult name who would henceforth have the right to be called Mr. Public Printer.

Giegengack found that he had taken over an office that showed signs of what he considered neglect. For one thing, it had no adequate system of cost accounting. The Government Printing Office had concentrated on production and didn't know how much a given job cost to produce. Sometimes, toward the end of the year, in order to come out even, it charged too much for jobs in order to make up for others for which it had charged too little. Giegengack, unfamiliar with federal accounting procedure himself, called up the Comptroller General of the United States, whose office looks over all government accounts, and asked him to recommend a man who could put the Printing Office on a firm financial basis. The Comptroller General recommended one of his chief investigators of federal agencies, Russell H. Herrell. Herrell is now Administrative Assistant to the Public Printer and Director of Personnel. He set up a cost-accounting system by which the Printing Office can foretell almost exactly how much any piece of work will cost. The Office charges all of its clients, some of the biggest of which are the OPA, the OWI, and the War and Navy Departments, on a cost basis, adding one half of one per cent to the bills to take care of any errors in estimating. Giegengack always looks into his customers' federal appropriations before undertaking a job; if the money isn't there, he reprovingly declines the order. He has found it necessary to issue a number of reproofs, since new governmental agencies often try to place requisitions with the Printing Office before funds are available and other agencies sometimes attempt to overdraw their accounts toward the end of a fiscal year.

The Printing Office makes a profit on the government publications sold to the public by its Division of Public Documents. This division offers its wares at a profit of fifty per cent, a figure set by law. It has on hand some seventy thousand titles, including "Maternal, Fetal and Neonatal Mortality Among 1,815 Hospitalized American Indians," "Caviar, What It Is and How to Prepare It," "Preventing Cracks in New Wood Floors," "Reindeer Recipes," "The Bituminous Coal Act of 1937," "Eliminating Bats from Buildings," "Canaries, Their Care and Management," "Mole Control," "Giant New Species of Fairy Shrimp of Genus Branchinecta from State of Washington," "Hints on Bobcat Trapping," "What to Do in an Air Raid," "House Ants," "Melon Aphid and Its Control," "Asiatic Beetle, Serious Pest in Lawns," "Comparative Study of Dusting by Means of Airplane and Ground Machine for Control of Blueberry Maggot," "Comparative Attractiveness of Various Small Grains to the Chinch Bug," and "Economic Status of the Green Stinkbug with Reference to Succession of its Wild Hosts" (all of them five cents); "Questions and Answers for the Home Fireman" and "Control of Moths in Upholstered Furniture" (ten cents); "How to Read the News," "Economic Status of the English Sparrow in the U.S.," and "Aunt Sammy's Radio Recipes" (fifteen cents); as well as "Description of U.S. Postage Stamps Issued by the Post Office Dept., July 1, 1847-June 30, 1939" (paper, twenty-five cents; cloth, seventy-five cents), "American Armies and Battlefields in Europe" ($2.75), and "The Writings of George Washington," a thirty-nine-volume set, which was sponsored by Sol Bloom at the time of the Washington Bicentennial and which sells for $50 to libraries and for $75 to the public. The Printing Office was ordered by Congress to print two thousand sets of the Washington volumes. It has disposed of only eight hundred, which includes the two hundred and fifty sets the Congressional Library presented to various libraries abroad. Hopeless remainders are ordinarily sold as waste paper, but Giegengack thinks that the twelve hundred remaining sets, which aren't moving at all, may eventually be given to selected schools all over the country.

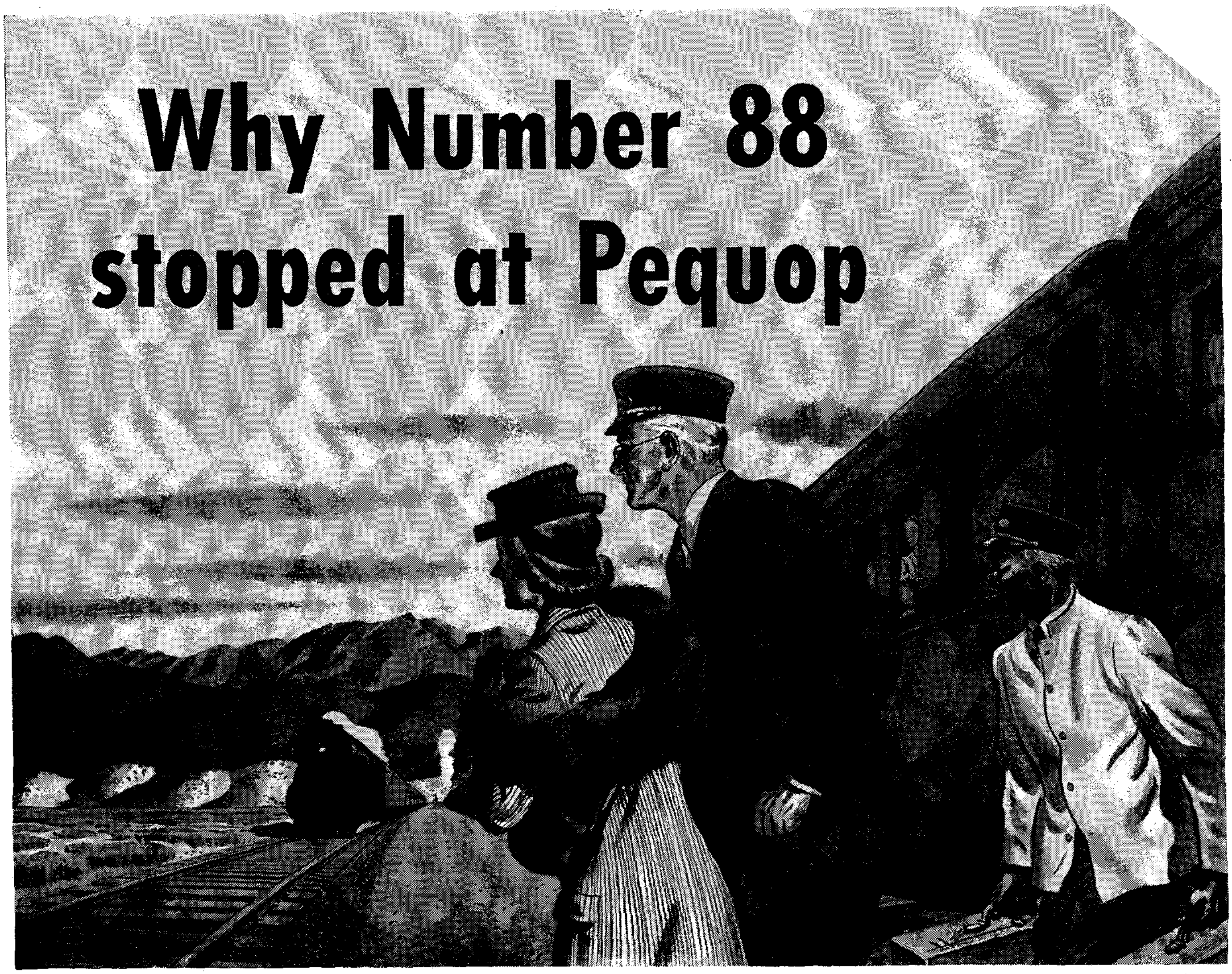


Despite this outstanding lemon and the fact that many of its other publications *have no market* whatever, the Division of Public Documents, in disposing of 36,492,359 documents last year, showed a profit of $675,000. The Printing Office proper showed a profit of $53,000 on its work. These two sums were, according to law, turned into the general fund of the United States Treasury.

The present Public Printer is neither a home fireman, a stamp collector, a canary fancier, nor a bobcat trapper, and he has not bothered to read most of the things his Office prints. He is, however, an appreciative man, and, aware that Congress annually lends him a revolving fund of $3,000,000 to use as working capital, he faithfully reads the *Congressional Record*, the only publication of which the Government Printing Office is editor as well as printer. The syntax of the congressmen is not always impeccable and their classical allusions are at times faulty; all this is cleaned up by Giegengack's editors, men who think nothing of changing "Bancroft's ghost" to "Banquo's ghost" in the line of duty. According to Maury Maverick, the former congressman from Texas and the beneficiary of some rather exhaustive corrections at the hands of the Printing Office, the Public Printer's organization is a life-saver to congressmen. "Some congressmen make an illiterate speech full of Biblical misquotations and erroneous references to Helen of Troy," he recently told one of his friends. "It gets sent down to old Giggenjack's office, where a corps of old smart sons-of-guns correct all the errors, and the next day his constituents can see he's a scholarly gentleman. He reads his own speech and he thinks he made it that way."

Maverick, who is now in the WPB, admires Giegengack more intensely today than he did in the period between 1934 and 1939, when he was in Congress. One day then he rushed into the Public Printer's office, waving a copy of the *Congressional Record*, which the Printing Office prints every night when Congress is in session and for which Congress pays the Office about $500,000 a year. "God damn it," he said, "I made a speech yesterday referring to David's coat of many colors and here you've got it Joseph's." "It *was*

Why Number 88 stopped at Pequop



We'll bet you never heard of Pequop, Nevada. But we know Mrs. Charles Moore of San Francisco has.

Mrs. Moore is the mother of Private Eugene Moore of the U. S. Marines—the man who was beaten, stabbed and mauled by a small army of Japs in the Solomons—and lived.

Eastbound on Southern Pacific's Train No. 88 from San Francisco to Chicago, Mrs. Moore had given up hope of seeing her son again, when a telegram from her husband was delivered to her on the train at Wells, Nevada. It said:

"GENE IS HOME. COME BACK."

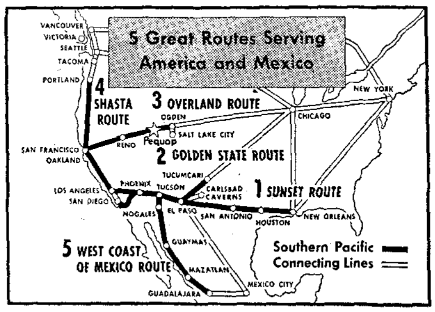
Mrs. Moore ran frantically through the train, found the conductor and cried, "I've got to get back—my son is home safe!"

Now conductors are used to emergencies, and they try to be as helpful as they can. But when Conductor Fred C. Snooks found out that the son was indestructible Moore of the U. S. Marines, he really went into action.

Quickly comparing his train orders, Snooks saw he would meet the first westbound train at Icarus, Nevada, but he knew he wouldn't be able to get his flagman far enough ahead to stop the other train in time. So he decided to take the siding at Pequop, a small station west of Icarus, and make the transfer there. It would delay two trains, but what of it? The important thing was to get Mrs. Moore back to her son.

Approaching Pequop, Snooks signalled his engineer to stop and take the siding. His head brakeman ran forward a quarter of a mile and flagged down the westbound train. Conductor Snooks transferred Mrs. Moore to the care of Conductor Linton and sent her speeding westward, back to her son.

This incident has nothing to do with our part in the war effort. It simply shows that a railroad is more than trains and tracks—it is *people.* And no matter how busy or hard-pressed railroad people are, they are still human beings, and their hearts are in the right place.


5 Great Routes Serving America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
Pequop
RENO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
TUCUMCARI
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
GUAYMAS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
MEXICO CITY
GUADALAJARA
Southern Pacific
Connecting Lines

S·P

The Friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: 65 Market St., San Francisco, California

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL TOTALLY MOBILIZED FOR WAR

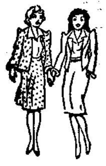
SICAL HITS!
SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
SHOWS SUNDAY
at 3:00 and 8:40
STAR AND GARTER
with
GYPSY ROSE LEE
BOBBY CLARK
PROF. LAMBERTI
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 ST.
Mats. Sat. and Sun.
BOTH THEATRES AIR-CONDITIONED
Staged by HASSARD SHORT

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
Kiss and TELL
by F. HUGH HERBERT with
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS
Robert KEITH
Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE Thea., 47th W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

ONLY 2 MORE WEEKS
Prior to summer recess
Performances Resume Aug. 2
HELEN HAYES
in "HARRIET"
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, W. 43
Eves. 8:40, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Scientifically Air-Conditioned

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
MICHAEL MYERBERG presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
THORNTON WILDER'S Comedy
The Skin of Our Teeth
FLORENCE REED CONRAD NAGEL
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED



"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

"NEWEST SURE-FIRE HIT." Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY
SHIRLEY BOOTH
AIR-COND.
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47th. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A RARE AND LOVELY PRODUCTION" —Morehouse, Sun
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Air Cond.

Joseph's," said Giegengack, who had been wised up by one of his editors. Maverick brooded over this insult and continued to badger Giegengack. In 1938 his opinion of the Public Printer reached its lowest point. Congressmen are permitted to insert in the *Record* what are called "extensions of remarks." These are written speeches which they didn't actually make in Congress but which, subject to approval by a congressional committee, they may have printed in the *Record*. Extensions of remarks are often voluminous and irrelevant affairs made for window-dressing purposes when congressmen are about to run for reëlection; candidates, at their own expense, then have them reprinted in pamphlet form in large numbers and send copies to constituents, hoping to win them by sheer wordage. Giegengack had attempted to curtail this abuse by persuading the Joint Committee on Printing, a group of six senators and representatives who act as a board of directors for the Government Printing Office, to obligate authors of extensions of remarks to estimate the length of their extensions before asking for congressional approval of the printing expense. Maverick was an enthusiastic extender of remarks, and Giegengack's move increased his distaste for the Public Printer. One day Maverick sent Giegengack an extension of remarks and ordered several hundred reprints to mail to voters in his constituency in Texas, stipulating that an American eagle be printed on the front page. Giegengack, who knows federal printing law better than almost any man in the country, pointed out that reprints thus embellished couldn't be mailed under Maverick's franking privilege, since only an exact reproduction of material in the *Congressional Record*, which had never had an eagle on the front page, was frankable. "God damn you, I'll have you removed," said Maverick, a fiery type. "You've done everything to me except throw me out of your office." Giegengack got up and opened the door. "There you are," he said.

A day or two later, in another extension of remarks, Maverick wrote a violent attack on Giegengack, which he sent down to the Printing Office. One of Giegengack's editors brought it to the Public Printer and asked his advice. "Set it up," said Giegengack. "I'll get another congressman to write a reply, and we'll print that as an extension of *his* remarks."

Word of this scheme got back to Maverick, and he called Giegengack

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
MILTON BERLE
Sue RYAN Dean MURPHY Christine AYRES
SARA ANN McCABE NADINE GAE TOMMY WONDER JACK McCAULEY
and ARTHUR TREACHER
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. Air-Cond.
2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Mon.

2nd YEAR
OLSEN & JOHNSON'S
Screamlined Musical
SONS O'FUN
46th ST. THEATRE, WEST OF B'WAY
Air-Conditioned
Evgs. 8:20 • 2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN. (No Perf. Mon.)

The PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S Greatest Success
The EVE. of ST. MARK
"INSPIRED THEATRE"
—BARNES, Herald Tribune
CORT Theatre, W. 48th Evgs. inc. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40. No Mon. Perf.
SCIENTIFICALLY AIR-CONDITIONED

Dark Eyes
with
Tamara GEVA
Elena MIRAMOVA
Ludmilla TORETZKA
PRODUCTION BY JED HARRIS
BELASCO 44th East of B'way. Air-Conditioned.
Eves. incl. Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat. No Mon. Perf.

A smart way to
HELP SHORTEN THE WAR!
Fifty full-color powerful miniatures of war posters entered in the recent National War Poster Contest have been reproduced in a perforated sheet, each gummed poster stamp the exact size of the one shown.
This first offer of them at a special price is made solely to produce funds with which Artists for Victory, Inc. can help get these important messages into the hands of every person in the United States, on correspondence, as prizes or otherwise.
Three sheets to distribute, plus one to keep as a treasured collection. Send One Dollar (regular price of one sheet) and we will send you FOUR SHEETS.
PLEASE WRITE NOW!
ARTISTS FOR VICTORY, INC.
Mr. Arthur Crisp, Treasurer
99-101 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

up. "Never mind about printing my speech," he said.

"All right," said Giegengack.

"I'm going home to Texas to campaign for reëlection," said Maverick. "Want to wish me luck?" There was a long silence. "Have you hung up?" asked Maverick.

"No," said Giegengack.

"Don't you want to wish me luck?" repeated Maverick plaintively.

"Have a good trip," said Giegengack.

Maverick went back to Texas and was defeated.

Giegengack is no man to harbor ill will. After overruling Maverick on the eagle, he came to the conclusion that the Texan's idea might, after all, have some aesthetic virtue. In 1939 he set up a sample title page of the *Congressional Record* with an American eagle on it and asked the Joint Committee on Printing to approve this. The committee hemmed and hawed. One day Giegengack, on his own initiative, brought the *Record* out with an eagle on the first page. He kept this up, but for a long while the novelty attracted no notice. By the time Congress finally did become aware of it, it had been established as a tradition and was permitted to continue. A year or two later Giegengack changed the format of the *Record* from two columns a page to three, and in the first issue the eagle was inadvertently omitted. Several members of Congress indignantly got Giegengack on the phone. "The American eagle has been on the front page of the *Congressional Record* for eighty years," they said. "How dare you leave it out?"

Giegengack gives all the credit for the innovation to Maverick, and the Texan's opinion of the Public Printer is at present favorable. "Old Giggenjack's got a bunch of old fogies down there who know *everything*," he said the other day. "It's the greatest goddam outfit in the world. Old Giggo's probably the best printer the U. S. Government ever had."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

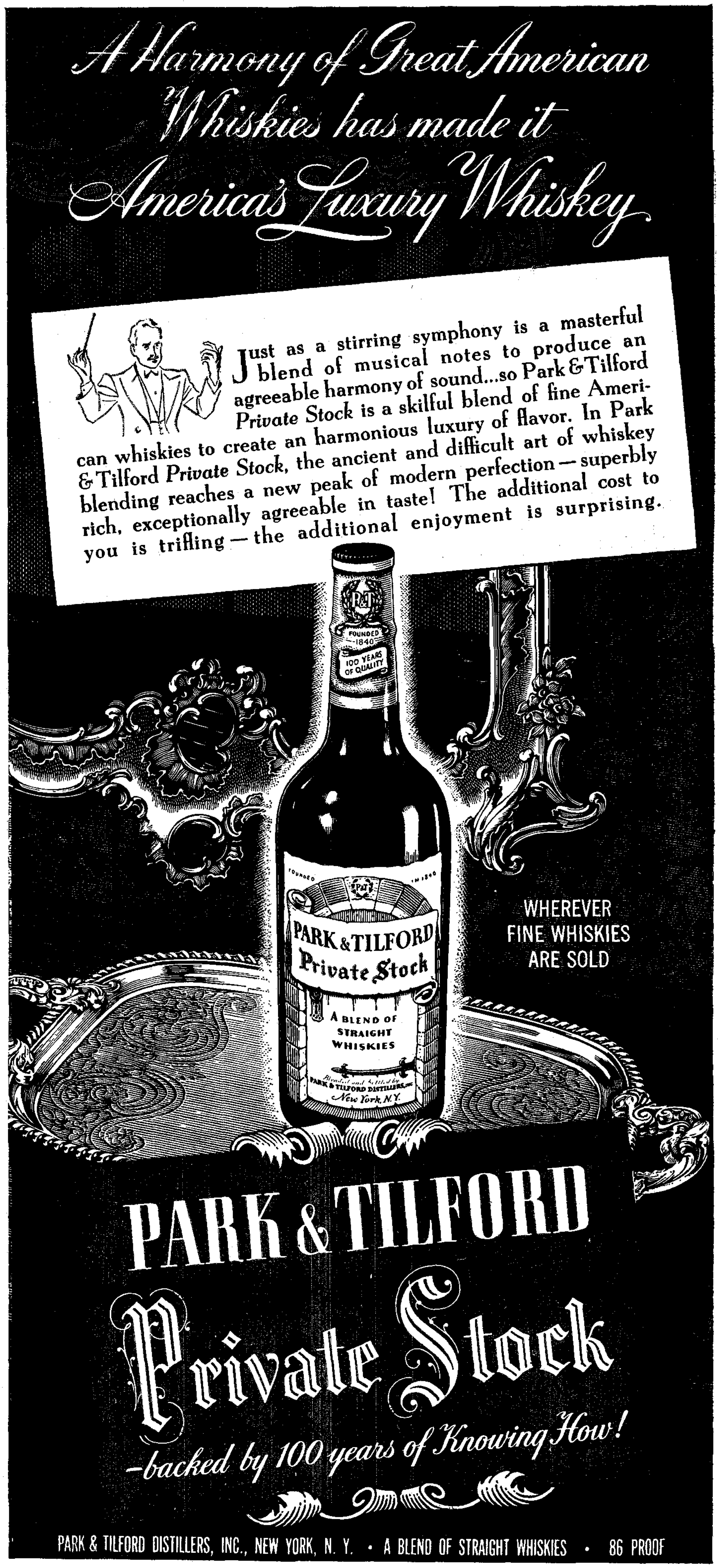
(*This is the second of three articles on Mr. Giegengack.*)

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

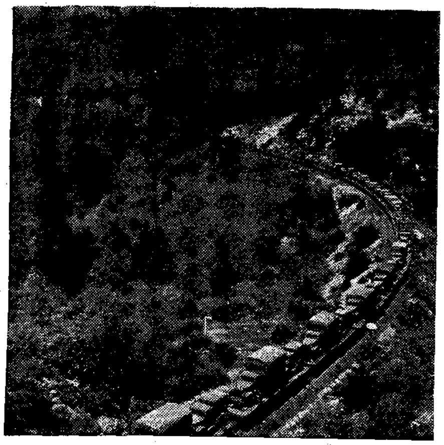
Hideki Tojo, July 27, 1942:

Our forces have occupied important bases in the Aleutians, and thus our forces have established strategic positions of solid rock foundation. . . . In regard to the North African front, the Axis forces have established a secure structure. . . . Both America and Britain now are heading toward destruction day by day.


A Harmony of Great American Whiskies has made it America's Luxury Whiskey
FOUNDED 1840
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
PARK & TILFORD Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
New York, N.Y.
WHEREVER FINE WHISKIES ARE SOLD
PARK & TILFORD Private Stock
-backed by 100 years of Knowing How!

Just as a stirring symphony is a masterful blend of musical notes to produce an agreeable harmony of sound...so Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a skilful blend of fine American whiskies to create an harmonious luxury of flavor. In Park & Tilford *Private Stock*, the ancient and difficult art of whiskey blending reaches a new peak of modern perfection—superbly rich, exceptionally agreeable in taste! The additional cost to you is trifling—the additional enjoyment is surprising.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF



1. This picture of a Southern Pacific railroad train, its flat cars loaded with army trucks, was one of many taken by LIFE Photographer *Peter Stackpole* to show LIFE readers the job the railroads are doing in wartime. Readers were taken into troop trains, signal towers, repair shops, were shown how America's railroads are efficiently handling the toughest job in their history.

RATION BOARD

2. In this picture, LIFE Photographer *Herbert Gehr* portrays a typical Ration Board. The faces of its members indicate that they are friendly but firm, and are intent only on giving everyone a square deal. They are the Ration Board at Bristol, Connecticut, and like all members of the 5500 other local boards in the U.S., are doing a tough job for which they get no pay. LIFE's story accompanying Gehr's picture showed the 23,000,000 Americans who read LIFE each week that success of wartime rationing depends on the decisions of boards like this, and that on the whole, local ration boards all over America are doing a good job under trying circumstances. The Bristol Board reports that gasoline and fuel oil give them the most headaches. They worked out their own effective plan for car-pooling by defense workers.

Americans see themselves at war

3. Most Americans have never been in North Dakota, but in pictures like this, LIFE Photographer *Eric Schaal* took LIFE readers on a tour of that horizonless state where crops are planted by the quarter section and farms average 463 acres. Scale of farm operations is indicated in this photo of a sugar-beet drill planting six rows at once. Picture was one of many illustrating LIFE article on spring planting in the U. S.

4. "Boomtown," formerly known as Washington, D.C., is "busting right out of its pants" according to LIFE Photographer *John Phillips*, who showed LIFE readers pictures to prove his contention. Sidewalks, restaurants, movies, hotels, buses, and everything else in Boomtown were revealed as hopelessly overcrowded. Phillips' portrayal of wartime life in Washington made readers thankful they live elsewhere.

5. All over war-hurried U. S., fires increase in everything from oil refineries to magnesium plants. LIFE Photographer *Gjon Mili* showed how fires start, how science devises ways to fight them. Here Professor A. R. Davis of M.I.T. demonstrates that anything burns by blowing corn meal into a flame. Mili's pictures helped readers to understand why fire control was never more important in America than it is today.

6. The poignant spectacle of soldiers saying good-by to families may be commonplace, but always dramatic. LIFE Photographer *Alfred Eisenstaedt* took LIFE readers into New York's Pennsylvania Station, jammed with service men. Here, he caught a soldier spending last few minutes with wife and baby, a scene that is the same in Penn. Station or at a tank-town depot.

7. Speaking of crowds, the railroads have more than their share, as LIFE Photographer *Ed Clark* showed in a series of pictures revealing crowded, uncomfortable travel conditions. The article urged people to stay home, to avoid travelling unless on war or business bound, showed why trains are overcrowded, pointed out that at least 35% of today's travel is unnecessary.

8. Not all is war and work in America today, as this picture by LIFE Photographer *Walter Sanders* shows. Sanders was one of many LIFE cameramen who scattered all over America to film a wartime Sunday. They found Americans setting aside the day of rest to drop back into normal activities. This photo shows youngsters singing hymns in a church near Plymouth, Mich.

Because Americans today have an ever-growing stake and interest in what is going on here in the U.S., LIFE's home-front photographers are helping them see themselves at war.

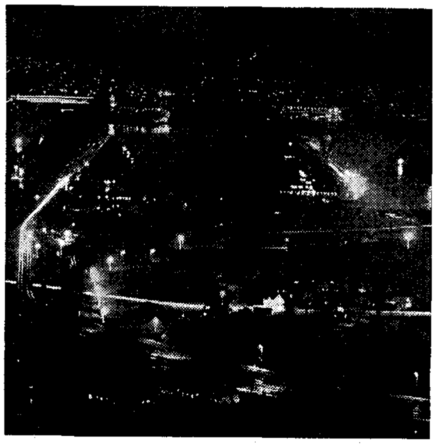
Eleven of these photographers are pictured on this page together with examples of their work.

Each week some 23 million people find their desire to learn about home-front happenings really satisfied on LIFE's pages. Each week they gain new understanding . . . new appreciation of America at war through the clear, revealing stories in LIFE.

Readers are able to see each subject in a vital, vigorous, and realistic light, and to get the proper perspective of the wartime doings of Americans in every nook and cranny of the Union through the efforts of LIFE's editors, writers, and home-front photographers like those shown here.

LIFE

9. LIFE Photographer *Marie Hansen* recently conducted LIFE readers on an inspection of the WAAC training center at Fort Des Moines, showed in photos like this one how America's first women soldiers train, how they live, and how the jobs they are being taught vary from meat inspection, driving trucks, Post Exchange and office work, to teaching. LIFE readers learned that girls make smart and willing soldiers.



10. All Americans know the vital importance to war of metals, but not many have seen ore mines in operation. Down into the pits and shafts went LIFE readers recently with LIFE Photographer *Charles Steinheimer*, whose pictures detailed miners at work, using drag buckets, bringing ore cars to the docks. Above shows ore docks at Duluth, Minn. Docks are built high above ships so ore will slide easily into holds.

11. The 23,000,000 Americans who read LIFE each week came home recently with North Dakota men of the 164th Infantry, fresh from fighting on Guadalcanal. LIFE Photographer *Otto Hagel* showed what it is like for a soldier to see relatives again, go out with girls, and tell grieving parents all they know of a buddy's death. Here one soldier tries to comfort a mother by telling her how her son met death bravely.

Want to own a new home by 1953?

LIKE TO OWN a new home by 1953? With land enough for a garden and a back yard for the kids? And money coming in every month to pay off the mortgage?

Sure you would. But you never will if you let the good money you're making now slip through your fingers. So start saving. Invest every cent you can spare (at least 10% of your pay) in U. S. War Savings Bonds. Regularly!

War Bonds are the best all-around investment the world has ever seen. They can't go down in price. Ten years from now, you get back $4 for every $3 you invest now. AND . . . money invested in War Bonds is *safe*, even if the bond itself is lost or stolen!

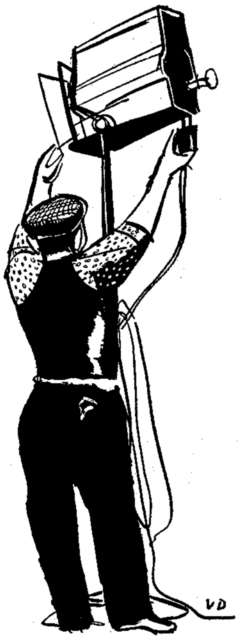
YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT, NOW DO YOUR BEST!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

THE THEATRE

RUN, DO NOT WALK

I DON'T suppose that the Shuberts actually arranged a test blackout for the opening of their revival of "The Student Prince," thereby fixing things so that nobody could leave the theatre until three of its four interminable acts were over. There was, however, just such a blackout and there were clearly suspicious characters in the audience who saw in this more than simple coincidence. There was certainly at least one customer who will always associate Mr. Romberg's pretty little operetta with the sensation of being trapped in a coal mine, or, more accurately perhaps, of going down for the last time in an ocean of molasses, since "The Student Prince" is principally composed of goo rather than gloom.



As a persistent victim of claustrophobia, I may have been somewhat handicapped in my judgment, but in general it seems to me that the version now appearing at the Broadway is pretty much the same old valentine that was mysteriously performed six hundred and eight times here back in the twenties—a little faded, but still guaranteed to charm its special public. With the exception of Everett Marshall, as the tutor, the singers haven't quite the authority of their predecessors, and the war has had its inevitable effect on the gentlemen of the ensemble. Everything else, however, is just about the same—the prince making his rueful, melodious choice between love and duty; the comedians remaining remarkably unfunny, even for an operetta; the students still waving their pewter mugs and singing about love, alcohol, Old Heidelberg, and more or less related matters. If it was the Shuberts' amiable purpose to dig up something that would make their customers forget the war, they have been brilliantly successful. If they had anything else on their minds, I can't imagine what it was.

In addition to Mr. Marshall, the cast at the Broadway includes Barbara Scully, Frank Hornaday, Detmar Poppen, Helene Arthur, and, of all the girls in the world, Ann Pennington, who brought back memories of the days when she was "the girl with the dimpled knees" and I was a barefoot boy.

THE *other opening of the week* was also a revival—this time of "The Milky Way," a 1934 farce, by Lynn Root and Harry Clork. This piece, at the Windsor, is theoretically the first of a series of similar offerings by an organization called the New York Stock Company and the reasons for its selection are at least as obscure as those responsible for "The Student Prince." The plot—a word used here in its loosest possible sense—has something to do with an innocent milkman who is cunningly maneuvered into fighting for the middleweight (I *think* it was middleweight) championship of the world and then accidentally wins it. The dialogue is broad and rather skittish. The performers, including Joey Faye, Lila Lee, Stanley Phillips, and Helen Gillette, show symptoms both of amnesia and desperation. It's quite possible that "The Milky Way" seemed funny enough the first time it turned up. Today, I'm afraid, it's just a tiresome variation on a formula that the great George Abbott has long since made his own, and I wouldn't worry too much about missing it, if I were you.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Others decorated were:
Capt. John F. Truite, Oakland, Calif.; Capt. William E. Hael, Richard City, Tenn.; Lt. George H. Van Deusen, Battle Creek, Mich.; Lt. George H. Hag, Oshkosh, Wis.; Lt. Francis J. Fitzpatrick, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sergt. James C. Marshall, Casper, Wyo.; Sergt. Donald G. Short, address unbelievable.—*Washington Evening Star*.

Never mind about that, let's have it.

They're setting 'em up for Smiling Billy, tonight!

SURE and there are those who'd punch the nose of the man who wouldn't lift one to Billy, tonight — in a dignified fight, of course.

For we've turned back the timeclock to March 7, 1903, when Smiling Billy had a hand in the destiny of a great American industry. . . . He fought a battle with a giant turbine, while history hung in the balance.

He was a shop foreman in one of the early plants of General Electric. His company had pioneered research in turbine engineering, and had staked its reputation on the plans of the first commercial steam turbine generator. It was to be a gigantic machine, and the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago had courageously designed their entire new Fiske Street generating station around the plans for this unborn behemoth. . . . The date they had set for the official test was March 7, 1903.

By February, the turbine was still months from completion. A meeting of foremen was called. "Who among our general foremen is 100 per cent qualified to complete the building of the turbine *on time*?" they were asked. A single name had the vote of every man there.

The story of Billy's battle with the turbine is a minor classic of one man's knowledge of machinery, tools and men. Around him lay thousands of unfinished parts. Ahead of him lay the task of assembling a machine as big as a two-story house and as delicate as a lady's watch — that could shatter itself to pieces from a microscopic error in tolerance.

He won. On March 7, less than three weeks from taking over, Smiling Billy waved a grimy hand, and the first big turbine generator began to whine a brand new song of power.

History is made that way. It's being made that way today, in the biggest battle of all time, because many of the great men of industry are men with grease on their hands.

Today, Jones & Lamson machine tool engineers are working with those men on hundreds of America's most important assembly line jobs — and have been from the very beginning of every great industry in America. They were there in the days of Smiling Billy, and they'll be there tomorrow when you call!

Universal Turret Lathes ▪ Fay Automatic Lathes ▪ Automatic Thread Grinders ▪ Optical Comparators ▪ Automatic Opening Die Heads

JONES & LAMSON MACHINE CO., SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT, U.S.A.

Profit-producing Machine Tools

Mix a Little

REST

With Your War Effort

If we had a health dictator he would probably decree time-out for healthful relaxation. A sampling of country life, among friendly hosts, in the Green Mountains provides a health-building change . . . puts you back on the job ready for top performance.

Let this be your year to vacation in nearby, uncrowded Vermont, at delightful hotels, inns and guest-homes. By day trains or buses the trip itself is a joy, if you avoid week-ends and holidays. You'll enjoy this scenic wonderland, and the folks you meet, and find everything you need for complete and healthful change.

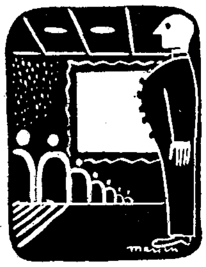
COME TO Vermont TO RELAX AND REFIT

Send for illustrated booklet, "Unspoiled Vermont"; plan now for a let-down with a build-up!

VERMONT PUBLICITY SERVICE
26 State House Montpelier, Vermont

THE CURRENT CINEMA

We Are Not Alone

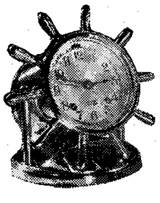


THE British, it turns out, had their own aviation prophet named Mitchell and he, like ours, is getting a bit of posthumous tribute. Britain's Mitchell—R. J., his initials were—didn't take quite the kicking around while alive that ours did, but on the other hand he seems to have been without any elaborate honor until the release this week of a movie called "Spitfire," based on his achievements. There's a possibility that the appearance of "Spitfire" in one of the local palaces at this particular moment is a sample of the delicate opportunism of its American distributor, since the star of the picture is Leslie Howard, but at least the British did make a picture about their Mr. Mitchell and give it to somebody to distribute, showing that they think pretty well of the man.

As you may have guessed, the film is named after the famous British fighter plane and has no connection with the Katharine Hepburn vehicle of nine years ago. R. J. Mitchell was a designer who conceived the Spitfire toward the end of a career devoted to turning out tidy, speedy aircraft. Some of his early models were the ones that won England permanent possession of the Schneider Cup, the international air-race trophy. He is represented in the picture as having made a trip to Germany a few years before this war and having become so alarmed at the growth and probable purpose of German air power that he hurried home to impress upon his government the need for a tough and fast new plane. He is then shown running up against the old reactionary pooh-poohing that prophets run up against often in real life and always in pictures. Mitchell is unquestionably a worthwhile hero for a country to have on its books and worth making a movie about. It's too bad, though, that the scenario derived from his life has come out as hackneyed as it has. You'll find that you can consistently call the next turn. You'll also find that sentimentality, though retarded by a stiff upper lip, can occasionally creep into a British screen play. The picture is saved, as Britain was, by the Spitfire, which is a pretty object to look at and at one point

CHELSEA
A STANDARD OF ACCURACY
SINCE 1886

CHELSEA still values certain methods of production that have been in use at Chelsea for over 50 years. These hand operations, in conjunction with the most modern equipment, maintain Chelsea's enviable reputation for perfection in the art of fine clock-making.



No Chelsea Clock has ever worn out

CHELSEA CLOCK COMPANY
302 Everett Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.

Warm weather's coming. So look to your stock of Jamaica Rum. Light or dark, whatever the brand—you know that rigid centralized control assures uniform high quality, matchless Jamaica flavour for such summer favourites as this:

JAMAICA COLLINS
An old friend with a new taste zest! 1/3 jigger lemon or lime juice, 2/3 jigger sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add plenty of cracked ice, fill with soda, stir briskly. Best through a straw. And be sure to use GENUINE Jamaica RUMS

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD. KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Maison MAURICE RAVIOL Inc.
diplomé de la
Societé les "Purs Cent" de Paris
Coquelet Sauté Chambertin
LUNCH from 75c DINNER from $1.25
3 East 48th St., N. Y.
PLaza 3-1806 • Also A La Carte
Choice Wines and Liquors

puts on a spectacular performance for the camera.

"THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION" starts off with the dubious premise that autograph collecting is a nice pastime and then goes downhill from there. The particular breed of collector dealt with is the young, female, movie-fan breed, which is really no more lovable than any other. The chances are that no valid movie about movie fans can be made except, perhaps, by some non-profit outfit, the regular companies lacking, as it were, the proper disinterestedness. The one that tried it in this case has not only come out in favor of the little autograph addict but has pressed a number of big-name picture folk into service and had them pop up here and there in the course of the plot to demonstrate how eager they are to oblige with their signatures. Greer Garson, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, and William Powell all appear as themselves in the picture and fall prey to a child fan played by Virginia Weidler. Edward Arnold, as the child's indignant father, has the only appetizing rôle.

THERE'S not much about Coney Island in the film "Coney Island," at least not much in the way of scholarly documentation. It's a sort of period piece about the early nineteen-hundreds but it doesn't even tell you anything about the period except that some of the current songs were "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "The Darktown Strutters' Ball," and "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey." These are sung by Betty Grable, when she is not mixed up in some fruitless goings-on with George Montgomery, Cesar Romero, and Charles Winninger. . . . If you were thinking of seeing Ann Corio in "Sarong Girl," just to find out how a strip teaser comes out in pictures, the answer, to save you the trouble, is badly, badly.

—DAVID LARDNER

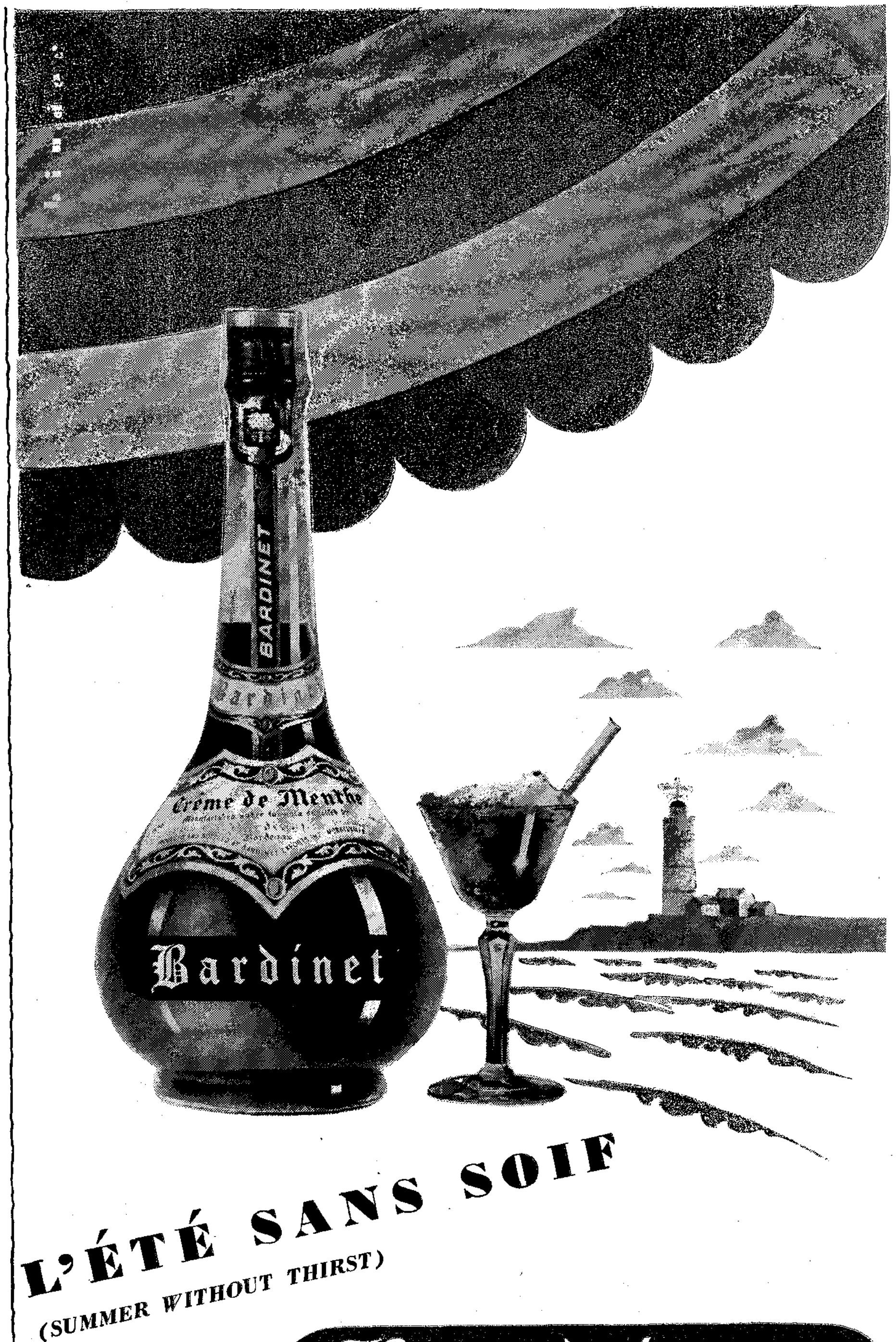
•

DEATH, LOOK TO YOUR DOMAIN

I am sick of the horror of men,
Who hate their own kind most;
The earth is three-fourths ruin—
One day it will be all ghost.

It will range through the sky like a skull,
Washed by the wind and the rain;
Since men can outdo death,
Death, look to your domain.

—CHARLES NORMAN



Bardinet

CRÈME de MÈNTHE

Perfect for summertime enjoyment is the finer mint flavor of Bardinet. Enjoy it "neat"—and in these popular recipes.

FRAPPÉ—Pour a jigger of Bardinet Creme de Menthe over finely cracked or shaved ice. Use straw or sipper when serving.

MINT COOLER—Into a highball glass filled with cracked ice, pour jigger of Bardinet Creme de Menthe. Fill with water—you'll call it delicious!

BARDINET EXPORTS, INC., Morrisville, Pa. • 50 proof—(Green or White)—Made in U. S. A.
Sole Agents for U. S. A. • CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION • R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

THE TOP NAME IN CORDIALS IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

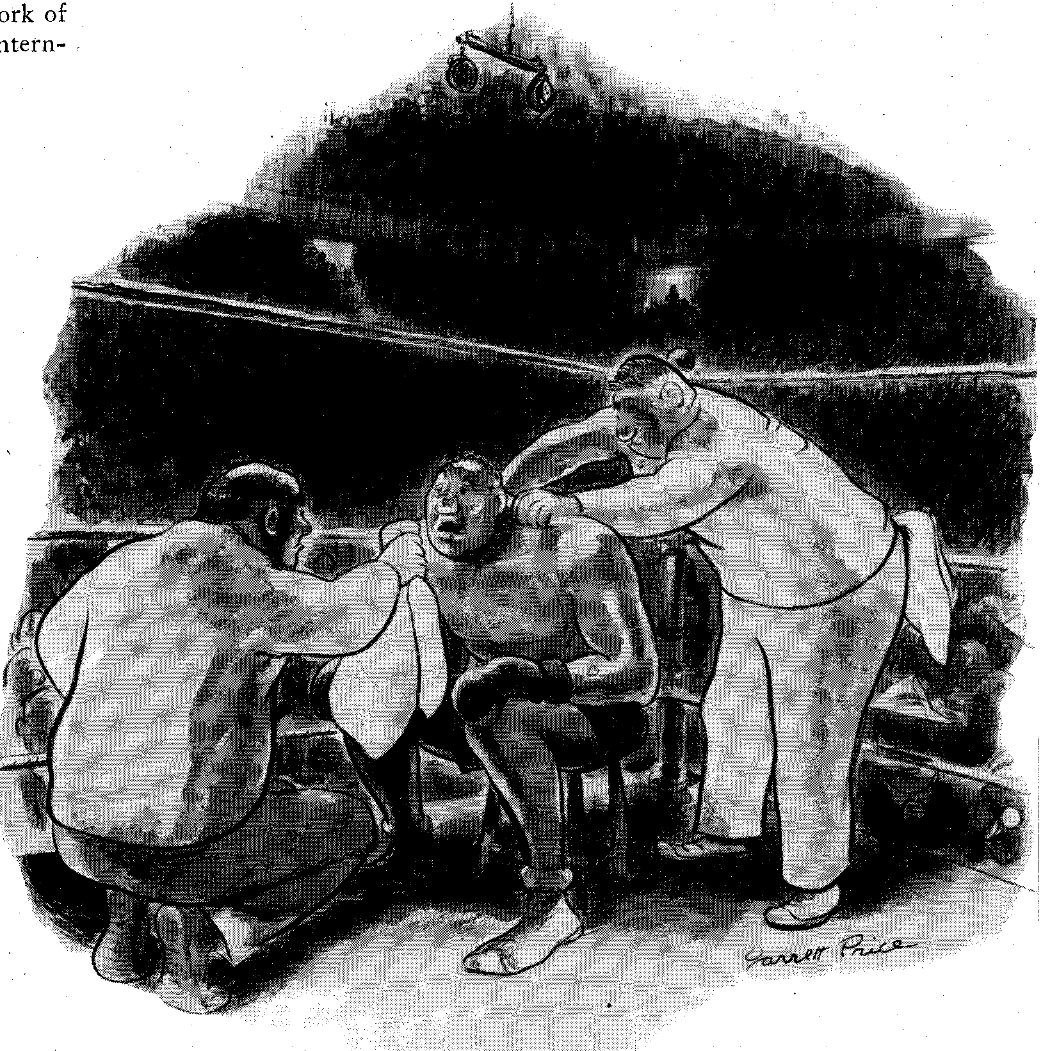
THE GREEN AND LEGAL CURRAGH

OUTSIDE one of Dublin's finest florist shops hangs a simple sign which used to read, "Wreaths our speciality." Sometime after September, 1939, the "e" fell out of the first word, and—no doubt because of shortages caused by a war in which the Irish persistently refuse to take sides—it has not been replaced. Some of Dublin's intellectuals profess to find in this self-amended sign an infuriating symbol of the position Eire occupies in the present warring world. There is something in this notion. The Irish have been so thunderously and so brilliantly angry for so long that wrath has indeed become a speciality. Stubbornness, say these intellectuals, is another speciality, and they point out that at a time when most peoples have seen fit to differentiate between their enemies and their friends, the Irish have typically seen fit to be a friend to everyone and never mind his flag or his politics. This resolute anger and stubbornness are officially called neutrality, or, in Dublinese, "neuterality."

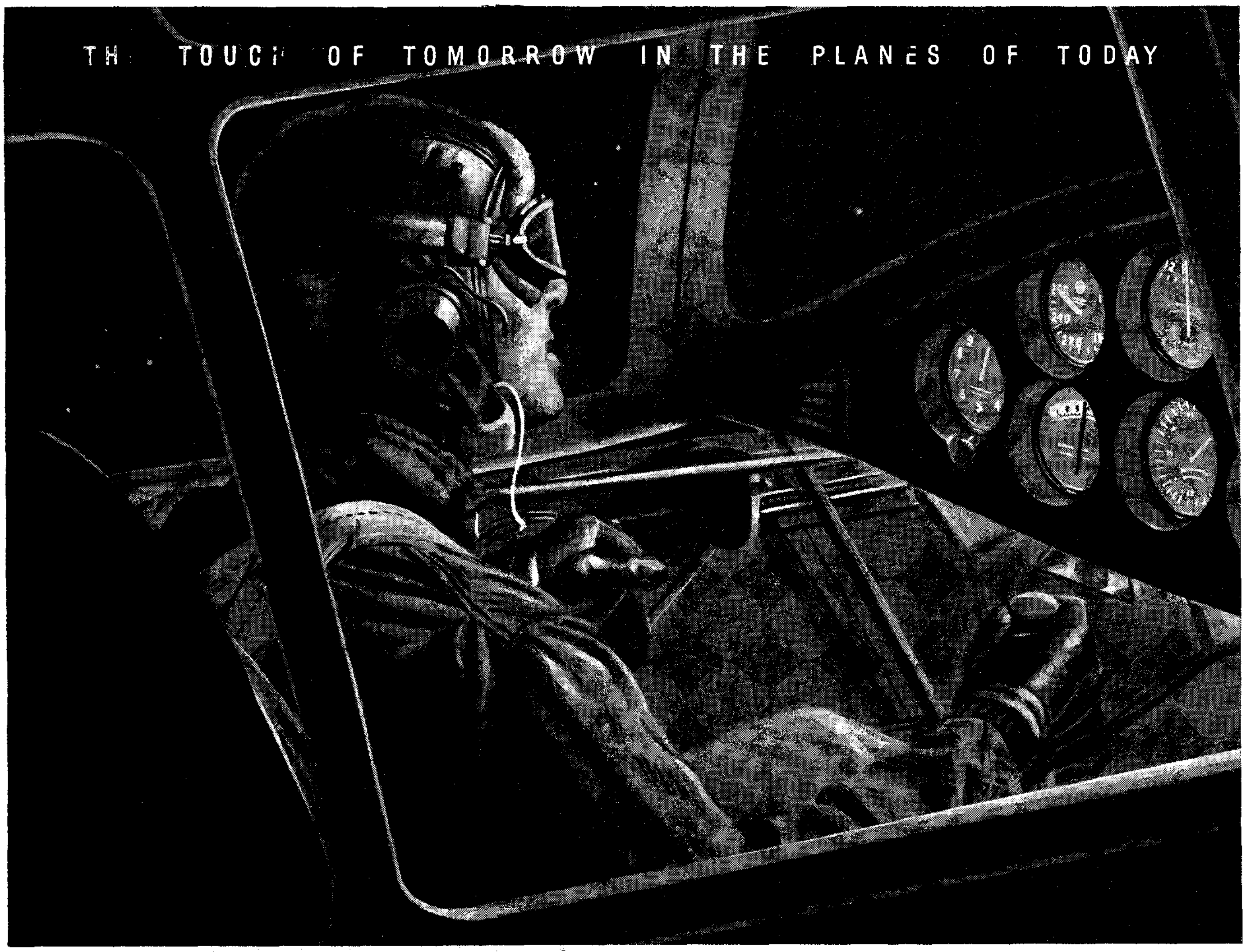
Deep within the rigid framework of this neutrality is the Curragh internment camp for belligerent fliers. The Curragh is a broad, vividly green tableland of grass in central Ireland, and in pre-neutrality days it was devoted chiefly to the raising and feeding of Ireland's celebrated race horses. Now, in addition to the horses, the Curragh supports both Eire's largest military training camp and its sole internment camp. The internment camp, which is in the middle of the training camp, is called simply the Curragh. It resembles—aside from its barbed wire, endless padlocks, and armed guards—a rundown tourist camp. Both Allied and Nazi fliers are kept there, only a few feet apart, and are treated much the same. Thirty-four Allied and fifty-two German fliers are now internees. Some Allied prisoners have escaped, and so have a few Germans. Of the Allied fliers, eleven are officers and twenty-three are non-commissioned men; the proportion of German officers to men is about the same. Of the Allied officers, four are British, three are Canadians, one is a New Zealander, one a Pole, one a Fighting Frenchman, and one an American. The variety of nationalities of the Allied fliers may have an emotional importance, but it has no legal importance whatever. All of these fliers were acting as agents of the British crown when they came down, and as such they were interned. The right or obligation of any neutral country to intern soldiers and sailors of belligerent nations is not open to question. Sweden and Portugal also intern them. It is because Ireland is joined by so many ties to the fliers (the Allied ones, at least) she has interned that the problem is involved.

Chuck Brady, one of the Canadian internees, illustrates an anomaly of the Curragh. Brady, one of three men in a flying boat on R.A.F. coastal patrol, crashed in the sea off the southeast coast of Ireland. The pilot of the ship was injured and died shortly after the fliers were pulled out of the water into an Irish fishing boat. Brady stayed in a hospital for four days and then was taken to the Curragh, where he was interned. What throws Brady into occasional quiet fits of profanity is that the plane, when it crashed, was guarding a convoy carrying Allied goods to Ireland. Among these supplies, Brady is convinced, was gasoline, part of which may have been used to transport him to his internment. Brady's anger is understandable. He admits that had he been interned in Portugal after crashing in the sea, even if he had been protecting a shipment of the Allied goods which trickle into Lisbon, he would be much less bitter about his internment. It is because the Irish speak his language—almost—and because he is of Irish ancestry himself that he is angry.

The case of the American, W. J. Wolf, presents still another anomaly. Wolf, who is twenty-five and comes from Lincoln, Nebraska, was a member of the now defunct American Eagle Squadron in the R.A.F. His Spitfire ran



"He's even more ambidextrous than what you said."


THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY

War Is a Skill Our Sons Must Learn

Every American soldier fights with courage and self-sacrifice. But these alone do not win wars. War also demands high technical skill because it is a struggle not only of men against men, but also of machine against machine—tanks, planes, battleships. Without training in the use of these instruments of war, soldiers today are without weapons!

One weapon in this war—the airplane—calls for more personal skill than any other. And one of the most critical phases in a pilot's training is his step-by-step transition from primary trainers to combat planes. These steps cannot be abrupt, yet time demands that they be swift. Therefore, along with the relative stability and safety required in a training plane, Fairchild engineered into its trainers certain definite characteristics of the combat plane. Thus, they get a pilot ready for his second step while teaching him the first!

"ON THE BEAM"

"Each man comes to us as an individual. Somewhere in the complex pattern of his personality is a kernel of special aptitude, a nucleus of talent. He brings us this basic equipment; we teach him how to use it."

Barton K. Yount, Commanding General
Flying Training Command AAF

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps

Fairchild training planes—primary trainers, bomber crew trainers and gunnery trainers—are being used on United Nations training fields throughout the western hemisphere. They are powered by Fairchild Ranger aircraft engines. They reflect the 20 crowded years which Fairchild engineers have devoted to "creating the plane for the purpose."

The "touch of tomorrow" in Fairchild engineering indicates courage to try new things. We shall need many new things to outwit and outfight our resourceful enemies. Fairchild has quite a number on the way—to add to those already on its record!

FAIRCHILD ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Ranger Aircraft Engines Division, Farmingdale, L. I. • Fairchild Aircraft Division, Hagerstown, Md. . . Burlington, N. C. • Duramold Division, New York, N. Y.

MARLBORO
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
PHILIP MORRIS & CO
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

Shortages? She makes the most of them in this minimal swim-suit of rich printed cotton. No shortage, however, of her favorite *cigarette* . . . MARLBORO . . . that blessed alliance of rare pleasure, small price!

(Merely *pennies* extra)

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS —BEAUTY TIPS (red)

out of gas while he was on patrol. He bailed out over northern Eire on December 4, 1941, seventy-two hours before Lincoln, Nebraska, was at war, and was arrested by the constabulary of a tiny town who saw him come floating down to their neutral earth and who bounced over the rough terrain in the town squad car until they got to the field on which he had landed. He was waiting for them, grinning. It was his first parachute jump. He was unhurt, but he was nevertheless sent to the hospital for the customary four-day period. Thus he went into the hospital a citizen of a neutral country but came out a citizen of a belligerent one.

This had nothing, of course, to do with his internment. Wolf was interned not because he was an American but because when he had come down on neutral territory he was a member of the armed forces of a belligerent power. An American flying in the Luftwaffe would have been interned just as quickly and perhaps far less gently. Wolf admits that his internment is all proper and legal, but that certainly does not make his confinement any pleasanter. It is understandably hard for him, an American brought up on songs like "Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?," to accept detainment by a presumably friendly country.

Another anomaly of the Curragh is that although the honor of Eire demands that the interned fliers be locked up, it is, by and large, their own honor which keeps them locked up. The Irish very generously allow the internees—both German and Allied—almost complete freedom. This they do by means of the military parole, an instrument whose significance is largely lost upon civilians but not upon soldiers. After General Giraud escaped from Konigstein prison and got back into France, the German radio denounced him not for having duped his Nazi guards or outwitted the border patrols; the Germans, as soldiers, accused Giraud, a soldier, of the one crime they knew would count with his French Army friends. The Germans said with high moral indignation that he had broken his parole, his sacred soldier's word. As it happened, this had no practical effect, but the Germans had the right idea. Any soldier knows that his parole is a promise given by him as a soldier and that breaking it is not just a What Price Glory misdemeanor but a grave military crime.

When a flier in the Curragh wants to get away for a while, he simply requests a leave, which is automatically granted. At the last of the exit gates he makes out and signs a paper in which he promises not to break his parole, to return at the time he himself sets, and not to attempt to escape the jurisdiction of the Irish military, i.e., Eire. He then goes out into the green fields of Ireland, an utterly free man except for his parole and his conscience. It is a good system, even though there is no physical reason he couldn't race to the border, sneak across it into Northern Ireland, and present himself to the British military authorities in Belfast, all set to go back to the R.A.F. and fight. Many of the internees, including Wolf, have done just this. But they are still in the camp, because the British have scrupulously respected Irish neutrality and have scrupulously returned to Irish soil every escaped internee who turned up in Belfast. It would be just the same if an American flier came down in Eire, broke his parole, and somehow got to New York. He would be court-martialled by the American Army unless he returned to internment in Eire. Of these two choices, the boys admit they by far prefer re-internment. Again, the Irish are flawlessly correct in basing their parole policy on the premise that any belligerent who failed to return an internee would be violating military law. This fact does nothing to improve the tempers of Englishmen who break parole to fight again for England and then are turned back by the English with what to the fugitives seems extravagant formality.

THERE is only one way to get out of the Curragh and stay out, and that is by breaking out, without signing a parole, and getting beyond the reach of the Irish authorities. If the flier hasn't broken parole, there is no reason to return him, so he can be sent back to his old outfit, where, of course, he becomes a minor hero. From time to time the Curragh internees who have escaped write somewhat boastful and condescending letters back to those who remain. One man, a Canadian, whom the fliers glumly regard as the all-time Hard Luck Charlie of history, managed to escape from the Curragh and get back to his outfit, only to make a crash landing in France and wind up in an internment camp in Germany, from which he occasionally writes letters that are neither boastful nor condescending.

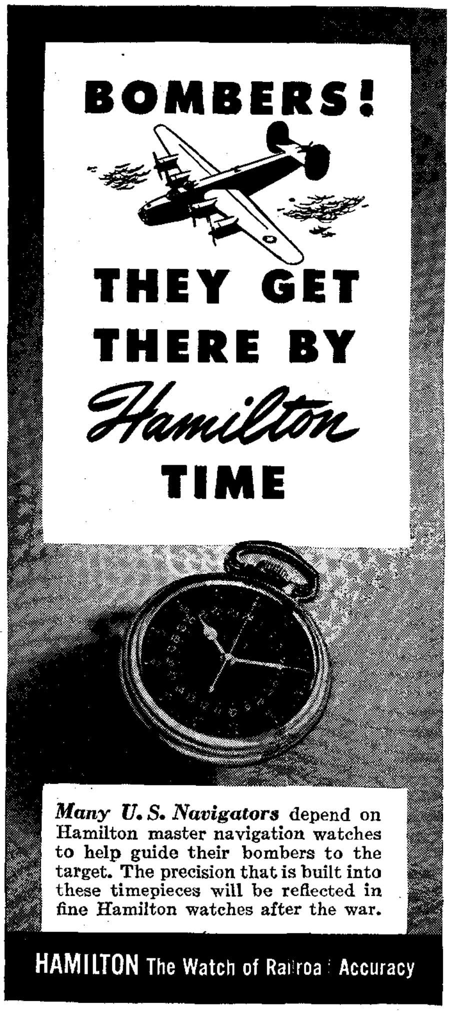
In the early days of the Curragh camp, breaking out was not so hard; the boys say it was a kind of game between them and the Irish guards. A prison learns by its escapes, however, and now it is almost impossible to break out. The fliers nevertheless still try. Several of the internees have phonographs and one of them a while ago received an Artie Shaw recording of a number called "Nightmare," a name full of prophecy for the Irish guards. This piece was apparently confected for the wildest sort of rug-cutters, and it suited the purpose of the internees exactly. Twice in the record the band's drums bang with a rolling crash, and, like the gangster who turns up the radio before he shoots Veronica Lake, the boys used these drum passages as a cover for the noise made by a hammer as it whammed down on the cement floor of the officers' mess. Two drum rolls to one record isn't very much, so it took the boys many nights to dig a three-foot hole in the floor. At this point, however, the Irish guards, perhaps maddened by the sudden mania for swing in the officers' mess, discovered the hole. They cheerfully filled it up with concrete and the boys reconciled themselves to having to try something else.

Escape attempts of this sort belong in the gaudy category, and the boys tell this story with delight. They very understandably do not tell how the escapes which worked were engineered. It seems never to have been much simpler than climbing a ten-foot barbed-wire fence in the middle of the night and then getting to the border. Just the same, an outsider examining the problem comes inevitably to the conclusion that the Irish guards could make the escapes of the Allies far more difficult than they have, although their strict neutrality would force them to deny this at once.

The case of Richard Covington, who half escaped, is somewhat special. Covington, one of the growing number of old-school-tie Englishmen who have lost their tie, among other things, in this war, fought the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain, which makes him one of the true heroes of our day. He is now twenty-two, and utterly handsome in that half-virile, half-feminine way that somehow only Englishmen ever achieve. He escaped one evening last winter just as it

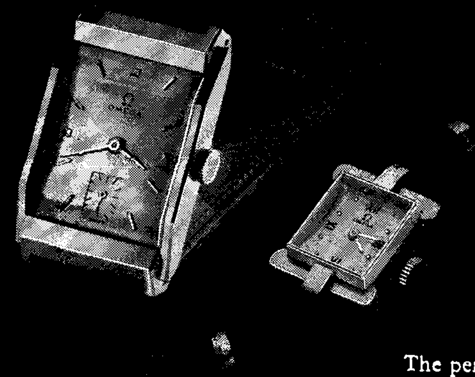
Elizabeth
Hand Lotion
Elizabeth Arden
New York

HAND
LOTION
Busy hands...hands that knit [illegible] gauze ...or guide the machines of industry, deserve the efficient grooming of Elizabeth Arden's Hand Lotion: creamy and non-sticky, delightfully scented. 1.00 and 1.75 plus taxes
Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



Many U. S. Navigators depend on Hamilton master navigation watches to help guide their bombers to the target. The precision that is built into these timepieces will be reflected in fine Hamilton watches after the war.
HAMILTON The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

The perfect gift from the
man's point of view.
Men's solid gold watch,
facetted synthetic
sapphire crystal $240.*



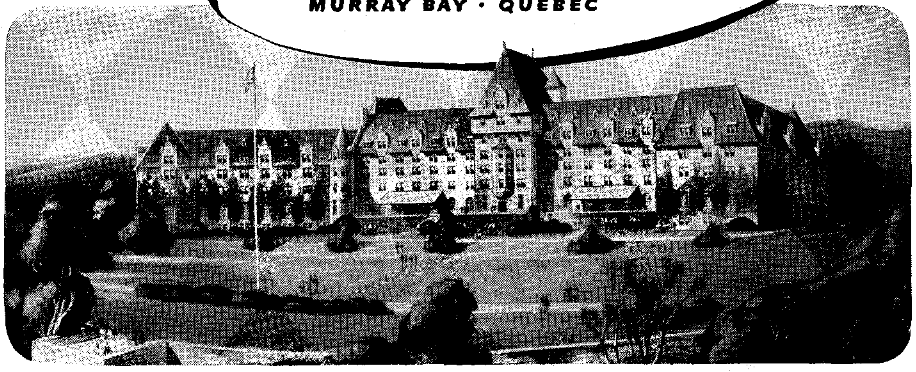
The perfect gift from the
woman's point of view.
Ladies solid gold
watch $170.*
*Federal Tax Included

Give her, give him, OMEGA, the watch whose accuracy is making history on the fighting fronts of the world.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE at 48 St., NEW YORK
White Plains • East Orange

MANOIR RICHELIEU and Cottages
MURRAY BAY • QUEBEC



• **Time-off,** this summer, must be *time wisely spent* . . . as it will be *at the Manoir!* Whether you're coming for rest . . . for relaxation . . . for the miracle that complete change of setting and pace can perform for tired bodies and minds . . . you'll find everything here in happy abundance to help you enjoy your "leave-of-absence" to the full. Superb golf, tennis, salt-water pool, riding . . . in pine-scented, pollen-free Laurentian air . . . high above the cool St. Lawrence River. Fishing in well-stocked private lakes. Dancing in the Casino. Daily service from Montreal by famous river steamers . . . or by rail. No passports required. Favorable currency exchange.

Room with bath and meals, from $9 per day. Apply Myron H. Woolley, Manager, Murray Bay, Quebec; or Canada Steamship Lines offices in principal cities; or your Travel Agent.

Opens June 21

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

was growing dark, by a method which he refuses to reveal. Before he had got very far from the camp, it was dark, and since the countryside was strange to him, he climbed a tree to spend the night. Throughout the night he could hear the Irish guards thrashing through the brush looking for him, and he could see the twinkling of their flashlights. Next day he took his bearings, studying the terrain and waiting for dusk to arrive, so that he could safely come down. He hasn't much to say about his wait, except that he recalls a large red cow which kept wandering to and fro under the tree. He thinks that the presence of the cow must have kept away the guards, who may have seen in it a perfect symbol of rural calm and rectitude. The cow, however, was to betray Covington, because at dusk, after he had spent twenty-one hours in the tree, a young Irish girl came out into the field to milk it and as she milked she looked up and saw Covington. "I felt a bloody ass," he explains, "but what could I do but smile down on her, like a damn, silly moon?"

The girl set up a clamor and the Irish guards came running up and led Covington back to the camp, to the great dismay of his fellow-internees, who regard the escape of one of their number as a community triumph.

THAT the Allied internees have established a social community is unquestionably true. They play an international variant of baseball. They have decorated their clubroom with caricatures of themselves drawn by one of their members. They listen to the radio endlessly. The Fighting Frenchman tunes in on Radio-Paris, whose broadcasts he receives with explosive anger. He is teaching two of the men French and, it is said, is learning patience from them. The prisoners have a bar, to which the Irish Free State and British governments supply tax-free liquors, and two of them have pets. A dog belonging to Wolf won a prize at a local dog show, after which it ran away. "He could escape, but not me," says Wolf, sadly contemplating the empty dog house outside his barracks.

The barracks themselves are somewhat Spartan. They are wooden and heated by small coal stoves, for which the Irish authorities supply coal, a commodity which even a wealthy Irishman might well have trouble getting for himself. The barracks are nevertheless cold. The fliers receive the same rations given the Irish Free State Army men, which is in accordance with international agreement, but some of them find this inadequate. They are free, however, to supplement their diet at any of the shops in a village only a few minutes away.

Wolf has taken up riding during his internment and has made friends among the horsy set of the neighborhood. All of the men are frequent guests of the Irish country gentry, who regard an Allied internee as something of a catch. Once a week the fliers go to Dublin, where they have made friends with Irishmen and Irish girls and where they are more than familiar with the bars. They receive letters from home—censored, they complain bitterly, by both the British and the Irish and also by the censors in whatever country their letters originate—and they send back long, extremely personal, and extremely angry accounts of their internment, apparently mostly for their own solace. Some of them are studying various aeronautical subjects, but only half-heartedly, because they feel that they are studying in a vacuum. All of them receive their regular pay from the R.A.F.

Covington has spent two years and four months in the camp and has made eight attempts to escape. The cow episode was the eighth and possibly the last, for recently he presented to his astonished Dublin friends a pretty Irish girl whom he had just married. There is no law against an internee's marrying, and Covington's wedding is a good commentary on the freedom allowed the fliers; at the same time, it is an equally good commentary on the present difficulty of escaping. Covington didn't get exactly a honeymoon, of course, and he hasn't yet worked out the details of his family life, but it appears that if he and his bride live fairly close to the camp, he can be with her twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes a day, appearing at the camp for one minute each morning at eight to renew his parole.

Obviously, if it were possible to be happy in an internment camp, these men would be. Obviously, too, they are not. For one thing, they are grounded fliers, and no one else in the world can be so restive. It is easy to be cynical about the itch which fliers say they have for the sky, but that is because most non-fliers confuse the dewy look on a movie flier's face when he talks huskily about "the lady in blue" with the unheroic, work-a-day love military fliers have for their trade. Wolf, for instance, entered the war long before his country did, as a volunteer in the Eagle Squadron, and before that he rented planes and flew them over most of the Southwest for

Sports
Hugh Berry Moore

If *You* lived in Portland you'd read...

The Journal dominates the rich, vital Portland Trading Zone because it publishes news, features in *popular* balance. It offers readers outstanding national features as well as the most popular local writers. As Portland, Oregon's only afternoon newspaper, The Journal can publish world news as well as the local news the *same day it happens.* (Here's how: when The Journal goes to press it's mid-afternoon in Portland, day is done in Washington, it's after six in New York and midnight or later in most of the rest of the world.)..That's why The Journal is today as it has been for years the *preferred** newspaper in the Portland Area. Here population exceeds 700,000 and monthly payrolls top 42 million—it is today one of the Pacific Coast's five major markets.

**The Journal reaches 21,993 more families in the Portland Area than any other newspaper.*

Take Comics for instance. In New York you'd have to buy 5 daily papers (Chicago 4) to read these famous comics published in Portland in The Journal exclusively!*

Orphan Annie • Wash Tubbs
Alley Oop • Tillie The Toiler
Jiggs & Maggie • Dan Dunn
The Nebbs • Mickey Mouse
Donald Duck • Joe Palooka
Strange As It Seems
Our Boarding House
Boots & Her Buddies
Blondie & Dagwood
Life's Like That • Popeye
Dixie Dugan • Out Our Way
Room & Board
Barney Google

**New York: Journal-American, Mirror, World-Telegram, Post, Sun.*
Chicago: Herald-American, Tribune, Times, Sun.

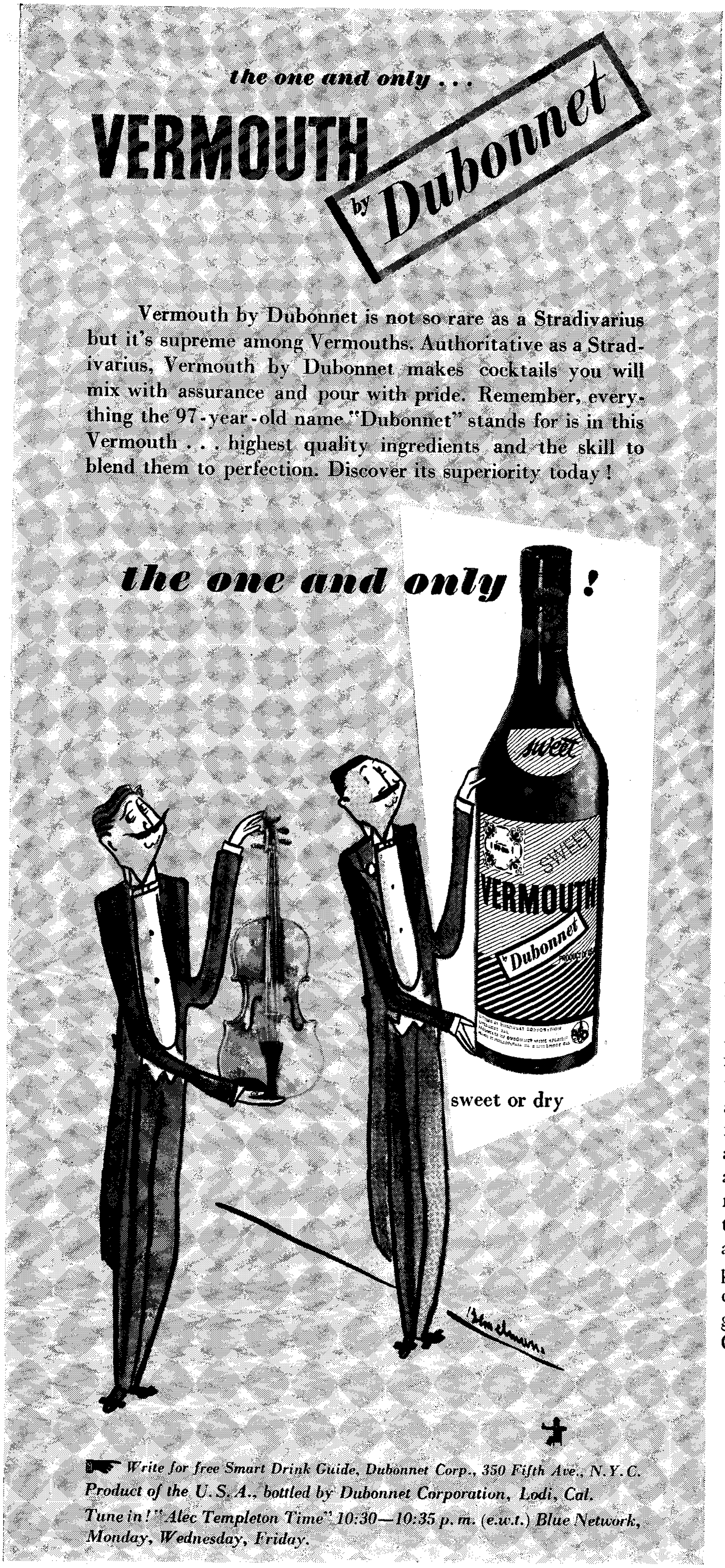
Bombs Delay Nazis!
Oregon Journal
BRITISH CROWD HITLER
REDS ENGULF 40 TOWNS

Portland's Afternoon Newspaper

The JOURNAL

PORTLAND, OREGON

Represented by **REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD** . . New York
Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco


the one and only . . .

VERMOUTH by *Dubonnet*

Vermouth by Dubonnet is not so rare as a Stradivarius but it's supreme among Vermouths. Authoritative as a Stradivarius, Vermouth by Dubonnet makes cocktails you will mix with assurance and pour with pride. Remember, everything the 97-year-old name "Dubonnet" stands for is in this Vermouth . . . highest quality ingredients and the skill to blend them to perfection. Discover its superiority today!

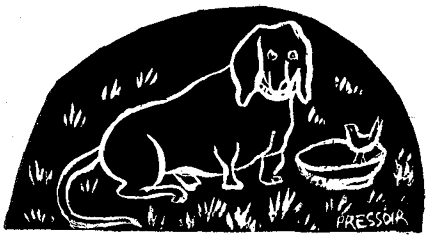
the one and only !

sweet or dry

Write for free Smart Drink Guide, Dubonnet Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
Product of the U.S.A., bottled by Dubonnet Corporation, Lodi, Cal.
Tune in! "Alec Templeton Time" 10:30—10:35 p.m. (e.w.t.) Blue Network, Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

practice. Covington left school when he was seventeen and a half to join the R.A.F.; flying is the only thing he has ever done. Chuck Brady, the Canadian, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. because he wanted to fly. Bruce Girdlestone, another of the internees, came all the way to England from New Zealand to enlist before there was any draft just because he wanted to fly. There is no pretense about the men's enthusiasm. Most of them talk about planes practically all the time, and on the walls of their bar are photographs of planes instead of Petty girls. They read all they can about new planes, new battle formations, and new equipment. Every now and then they talk about their common horror: that if somehow or other they ever got released and back to their fields, they would find that they had lost the skill required to operate even the vintage of planes in use when they landed in neutral Eire, to say nothing of the faster, trickier planes of today.

THE fliers have another affliction, of which they rarely speak. It is the fifty-two German pilots who share the camp with them. They never meet the Germans in the camp itself, because the two groups are separated by a ten-foot-high fence, two barbed-wire barriers, and a long No-Man's-Land alleyway. But they sometimes meet them in rural bars. The Allied fliers never speak to the Germans; it just doesn't occur to them to do so. Though no word is spoken between them, the German and the Allied fliers have worked out adroit tricks for avoiding each other. The Allied and Axis diplomats in Dublin never frequent the same restaurants, and the Allied and Axis fliers do almost the same in their sphere. Only in one place, a certain country inn which serves good food and liquor at low prices, do they meet regularly. The Germans are served by a pretty, pink-cheeked barmaid, who also converses with them. Despite their neutrality, the two brothers who operate the place somehow never do either. To avoid what might result in constant pointless brawls, the Allied fliers have devised another technique. Since they generally enter the bar later than the Germans, who go in for afternoon



drinks more than for evening parties, they usually find three or four grouped around the pretty barmaid, evidently the only girl in all Ireland they can talk to. The Allied fliers simply take their places at one end of the bar, order their drinks, and, maintaining an austere silence, proceed to stare fixedly at the Germans. The Germans generally joke, half in English and half in German, until they finish their drinks, then saunter out. The boys claim that this technique has never failed.

In the camp the men do not see the Germans, but they are all conscious that the Nazis are there, just a few feet away, on the other side of the high fence. The Allied fliers have developed a practice of picking up small rocks as they stroll around their part of the camp and piling them in neat pyramids close to the fence. When enough have been accumulated to make it worth while, they hurl the stones over the fence and holler insults at the Germans. Some of the men claim that they have hit their targets and even that they have heard outcries. All of them find it very satisfying that so far the Germans have not thrown any stones back.—SAM BOAL

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the invitation to the annual spring luncheon of the Theatre Assembly*]

Our Annual Spring Luncheon
Is our finest function,
You'll be sorry if you stay away;
The crowd is immense,
Speakers par excellence,
And much love and much laughter hold
sway.

Decorated the Grand Ballroom will be
Glamorous stars of the stage you will see,
Grand March—thirty-two flower girls
Their hearts in great whirls
Lead Honor Guests to the dais,
"A thrilling sight," say all of us.

Then comes fine food
The floor show is good
The president makes gay repartee
And then to enhance
Later—you can go and dance—
No lovelier party could be.

Now if I had husband or boy friend,
I would coax him or make him attend.
No party's complete without men—
What would air be without oxygen?
I forgot to state—when coffee is served
One thousand balloons descend
And nine hundred people have fun no end.

We always go home with hearts aglow
With more love, more hope and spirit gay;
Minds filled with what the speakers said,
Famous speakers for what they do and say,
'Tis a pleasure and privilege by them to be
led,
'Tis the end of a perfect day!

. . . for those who love you

Since the days of the Civil War, Bachrach has photographed women in every important role. Today a portrait in your uniform will bring joy to family and friends. In years to come you will look upon it as a proud reminder of the days you served your country.

Bachrach
Portrait Photographers Since 1868

BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
683 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
615 Central Avenue, East Orange

FABIAN BACHRACH
Photographer of Men
507 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
1416 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge

PROVIDENCE · HARTFORD · SPRINGFIELD · BALTIMORE · WASHINGTON

Mrs.
Pleasants Pennington
presents

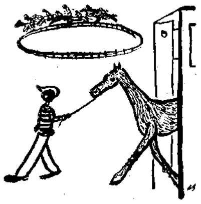
flowered dimity, as cool as an ocean breeze. Buttons down the front, self belt, ruffled neckline and cuffs, slightly gathered full skirt and an ample hem. In grey, pale blue, or yellow with varicolored flowers. 10 to 20. MAIL ORDERS FILLED. 8.95

Please include postage outside delivery area.

Chez Rosette
Ten East Fifty-sixth Street

THE RACE TRACK

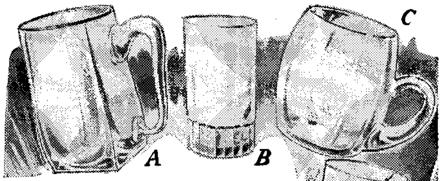
New Pastures

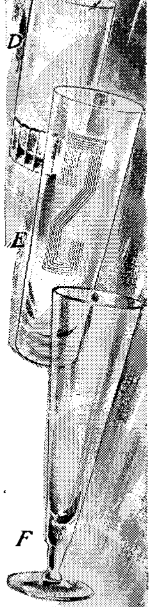


THE depression that usually settles down on racegoers when they have to change from Belmont Park to its less imposing colleague, Aqueduct, wasn't very apparent last week, probably because the racing was so good. The Queens County Handicap, on the opening day, promised to be a fairly dull affair, particularly after withdrawals had reduced the number of starters to four, but it wasn't. The Rhymer, who hadn't won in a long, long time, came up from last place in the final furlong and just managed to head Kingfisher, and Boysy, the favorite, finished third. The Shevlin Stakes, a couple of days later, was equally exciting. In it, a colt named Le Havre, who may be an agreeable addition to the thinning collection of acceptable three-year-olds, beat Famous Victory by a length. Bill Sickle, who was odds-on, finished last. Then there was the Melissa Handicap, which Yarrow Maid won by the shortest of noses from Night Glow and War Hazard, who ran a dead heat for second place.

The Carter Handicap, which wound up the week, was even better. I was surprised that the winner didn't set a track record, but perhaps the going isn't so fast this year. As for excitement, it looked halfway down the stretch as though Doublrab, who won the Carter last year, would do it again and then, a little farther on, it looked like Marriage; finally, right at the end, Woolf brought Devil Diver up on the outside and passed Marriage, which ought to give you some idea of the kind of finish it was. Just before the Carter, paddock sharps, as is their wont, remarked on Devil Diver's peculiar limping gait. "He'd run much better if he didn't have it," one veterinarian remarked. Lame or not, Devil Diver has done fairly well for Mrs. Payne Whitney, who owns him; this season he's won the Toboggan, the Metropolitan, and the Carter.

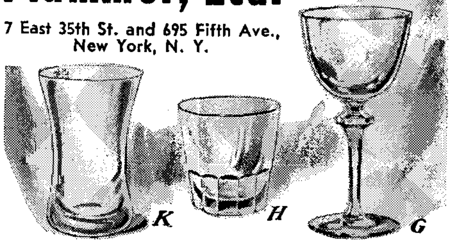
SOME may have found it hard to decide whether the Carter Handicap or the United Hunts Steeplechase was the best race of the week, but I didn't. Disillusioned though I am about the present crop of jumpers, my vote





A. Heavy Crystal square base beer mug. Cap. 12 oz. 8 for $6.75
B. Heavy cut fluted Crystal whiskey sour or fruit juice. Cap. 7 oz. 12 for $6.00
C. Optic Crystal beer mug. Cap. 13 oz. 8 for $6.00
D. Heavy cut fluted Crystal hiball. 12 oz., 12 for $7.50
E. Heavy Crystal tapered zombie or lime rickey. Engraved numbers "1 to 12". Cap. 15 oz. 12 for $8.50
F. Footed pilsner glass. Cap. 10 oz. 8 for $3.75
G. "He-man" size heavy Crystal service cocktail. Cap. 5 oz. 12 for $7.50
H. Heavy cut fluted Crystal old fashioned. 12 for $7.50
K. Norse Crystal Hiball. Heavy base. Cap. 10 oz. 12 for $7.50

Plummer, Ltd.
7 East 35th St. and 695 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



FOULARD NECKTIES
Four-in-Hands, $2.75 *to* $5; *Bows*, $2

INDIA MADRAS NECKTIES
Four-in-Hands, $1.50; *Bows*, $1

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
346 MADISON AVE. COR. 44 ST • NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK

Dine at A La Fourchette
One block from theatre district.
Lobster Thermidor
Baked Clams Casino
Sweetbreads *vin blanc*
Luncheon • Dinner
A LA FOURCHETTE
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

"Gay Paris in New York"
FRENCH DINNER $1.25
Glamorous Montmartre Girls
3 Floor Shows Nightly:
8:30-11:30-1 P.M. 2 Orchs.
BAL TABARIN 225 W. 46th St. Circle 6-0949

went to the steeplechase. In fact, I'll go a bit further and say that it was the best steeplechase I've seen in years. Nine horses ran, and in spite of the fast pace throughout the two miles and a quarter, not one of them made a bobble. That's high-class steeplechasing. The race ended in a dead heat for first place between Ad Lib and Corrigan, which seemed fair enough. It was the first of a series of three at Aqueduct for jumpers who would have run at hunt-club meetings if there had been any hunt-club meetings to run at this season. The United Hunts has put up a cup to go to the owner of the animal who scores the most points in the series—so many points for first, second, and third place in each race.

ALL this rapture isn't intended as an unqualified endorsement of the Aqueduct race course, which is no better than it was last year. At least once a day a horse runs wide on the turns, losing lots of ground and sometimes a race, because the curves aren't sufficiently banked to compensate for that tiresome old troublemaker, centrifugal force. The other afternoon Extra Base, one of Lieutenant Alfred Vanderbilt's better two-year-olds, was running so fast at the turn off the backstretch that he kept right on through the outside fence. He was rather badly cut, and won't race again for some time to come.

Also—I seem to be full of complaints today—I wonder if something can't be done to make the figures on the tote board more legible to patrons at the far end of the clubhouse, which is the coolest place in the stand. As for the people who spend their entire time in the paddock—some of them are the tote's best customers—I can't imagine how they follow the betting at all. Maybe they have a secret weapon.

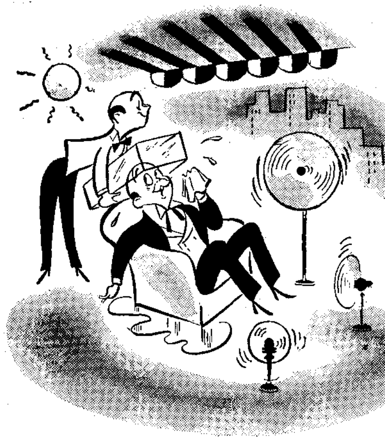
THE Dwyer Stakes and the Tremont will be run at Aqueduct this weekend. Diogenes Checkpoints has a new system for picking winners, which he is going to try out on the Dwyer. It has something to do with the square root of the number on his commutation ticket.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

FOR SALE—Couch; wine press and guitar. 194 Perkins St.—*Coldwater (Mich.) Daily Reporter.*

"Night's candles are burnt out, and
jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain
tops."



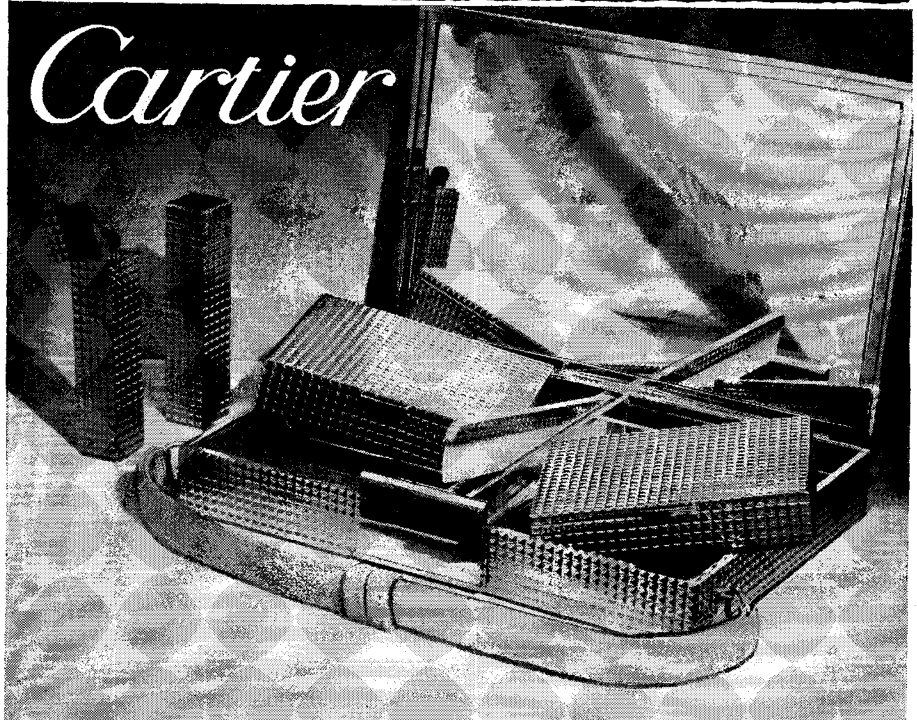
"Have you thought of the St. Regis, sir?
It has 300 air-conditioned rooms!"

The sheer restfulness of these rooms (scientifically cooled and de-humidified by a central air-conditioning plant) is truly a treat for those who would live comfortably and sleep blissfully, undisturbed by outside heat or noise. There are 300 of them—wish we had twice as many.

THE St. Regis

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET, NEW YORK

The beautiful St. Regis Roof is now open for dining and dancing



Cartier

Very Special — a Gold Necessaire from Cartier

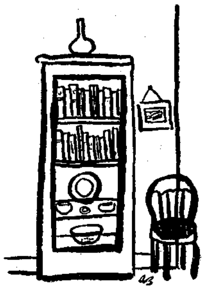
And very handsome, with exceptional detail of panama weave on one face — $4\frac{3}{8}$ x $6\frac{5}{8}$", $665. The gold fittings can be bought separately: lipstick $160; powder case with five rubies in the catch $360; cigarette case with five sapphires $270; comb $45; and lighter $175. Complete with fittings $1675. (Prices include federal tax.)

Wedding invitations completed in five days.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

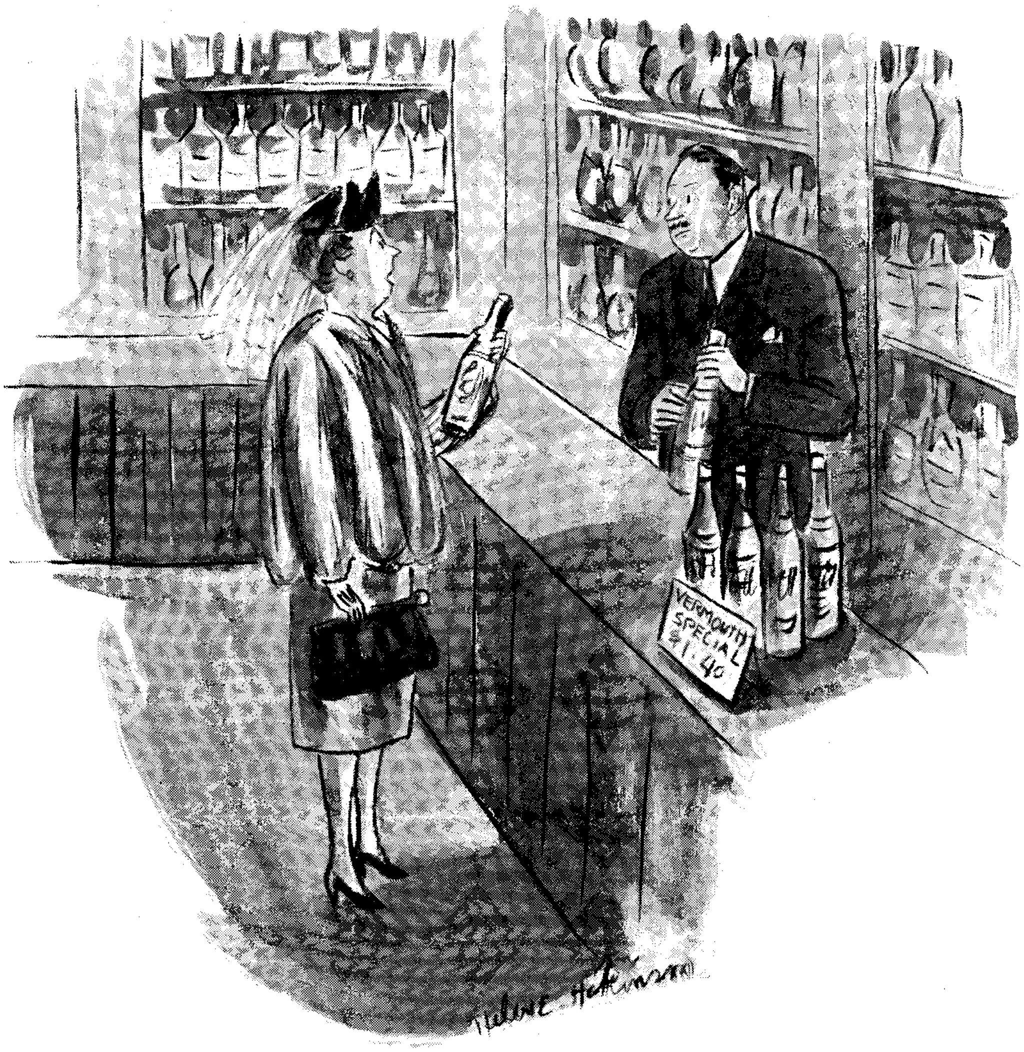
ABOUT THE HOUSE



ALMOST overnight, Altman's Young Homemakers Shop has become a gold mine of treasures from the Victorian age, starting with bibelots and working straight through to important furniture. The Pennsylvania back country and New York's Mohawk Valley, two rich and comparatively untapped (and, at present, unreachable by *you*, for all your fancy gas card) sources of Victorian originals, were combed for this collection, which isn't vast but nevertheless makes the combined current Victorian offerings of Third Avenue's second-hand stores look like small pickings. Those loop-backed side chairs with the beautiful fruit carvings crowning their mahogany or rosewood frames—the kind which even staunch functionalists have been known to use to add a frill to modern rooms and take away that barren look—are there in hundreds. Sofas and love seats, also with the looping carved-wood frames, are less numerous, but corner whatnots, chests of drawers, and small tables of every possible sort abound. The upholstered pieces in the collection have been carefully put in order; their frames were scraped down and refinished and their insides either fumigated and repaired or else replaced entirely before the seats and backs were re-covered with lush-patterned flowered chintzes and cretonnes, flamboyant cotton plaids, or traditional velvet dressed up with tasseled fringe edgings. This means that the pieces are as good as new, or even better, and are ready to use upon delivery, which takes the bite out of the prices (chairs start at $19.95, love seats average around $150).

Some of the all-wood pieces are painted white or in colors, but most of them were just scraped and polished to bring out the handsome grain of the fine mahogany, walnut, and rosewood that were revealed when the accumulation of coats of varnish was removed. Marble tops predominate in the collection; they appear on chests of drawers, tea and coffee tables, cabinets for living rooms, dining rooms, and entrance halls, and on a carved rosewood dining table which is the real prize of the lot—a great beauty, rectangular in shape and sized to accommodate six. This table, priced at $300, appears in the dining room of the shop's furnished three-room apartment (décor by John Gerald and a credit to one of the ablest decorators of the day), where it proudly withstands the competition of a set of six original Belter chairs, with velvet upholstered seats and wonderful mahogany backs carved so that they look like lace. They're $69.95 each, and a find even at that price.

The room itself is an out-and-out charmer, tiny but full of color, with white wallpaper, upon which sprawl larger-than-life pink and red carnations, and a big window hung lavishly with ruffled, striped-silk curtains, looped back in great swoops. You will discover, in the bedroom of this suite, a typical John Gerald stunt—an old hall stand with a marble top and a tall mirror, the woodwork painted white and the whole thing turned into the most practical dressing table imaginable ($98), and all over the shop you will find bits of real Meissen and other fine china and porcelains in the form of lamps, vases, boxes, paperweights, ashtrays, and hand-painted plates, plus carved wood wall brackets of all sizes, wall decorations set in shadow boxes, and innumerable miscellaneous decorations to dress up almost any sort of room, Victorian or not. While you're there, you might cast an eye over the upholstered rocking chairs, high-backed and low-armed. The low arms are a special delight for mammas of the (so I'm told) again approved rocking-and-lullaby school. Low arms



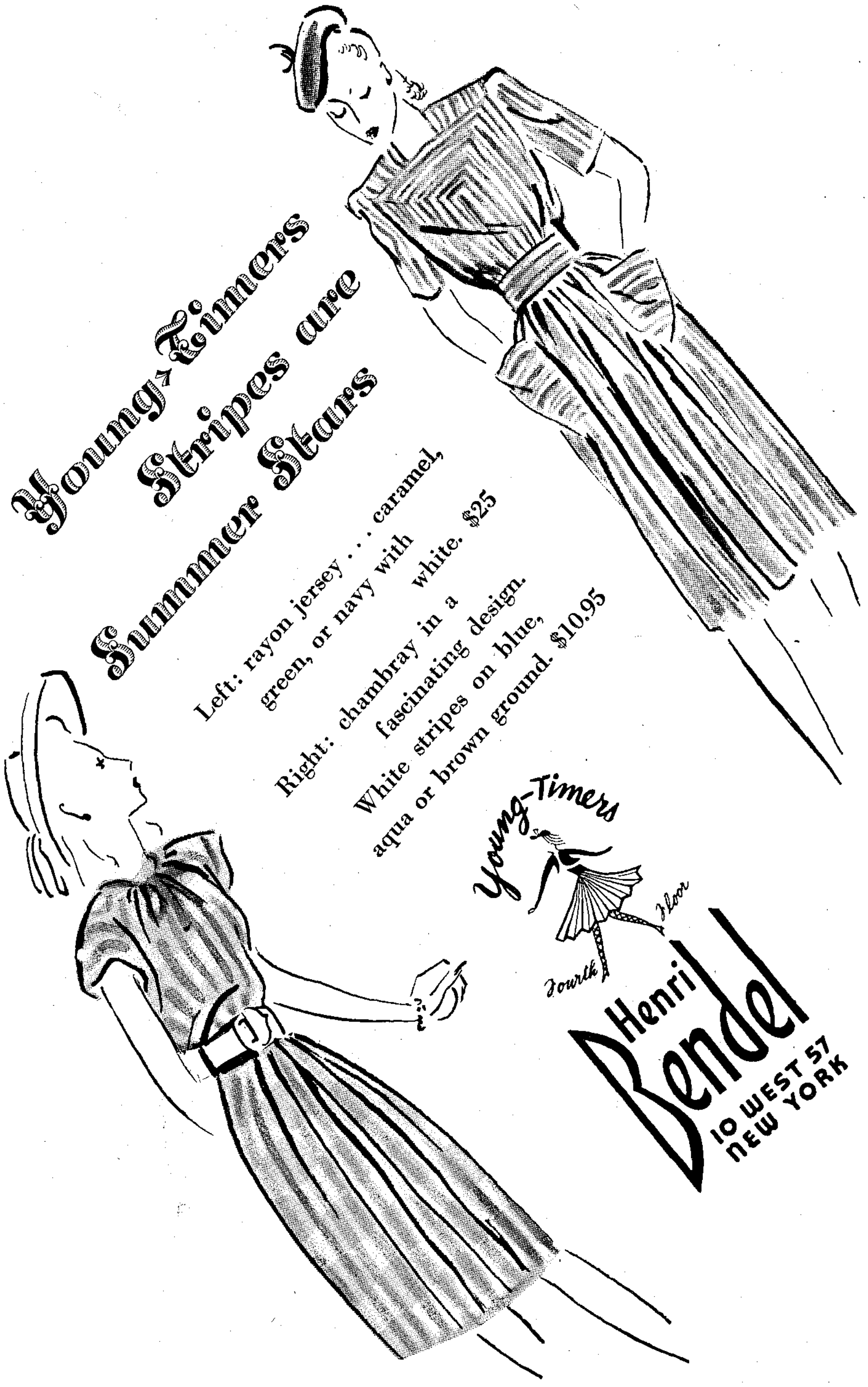
"Is there any particular kind of cocktail the government *prefers* *me to make?"*

were put on Victorian rockers to make baby-rocking a pleasure to mother as well as infant, and they still work fine.

SUMMER comforts at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), may be less plentiful than they used to be, but you will be apt to forget about that when you see what a fine job the staff has been doing on mat-and-runner sets, which they, along with everyone else, consider one of the best answers to the laundry problem. Doing up a set of mats at home is nothing in comparison to coping with full-size dinner cloths; any amateur can do it, and in cramped quarters at that. Furthermore, the Exchange's mats make a table so attractive that you'll never regret that you've had to lay your heirloom banquet cloths away in mothballs. There is one set of eight mats and a runner of coral-pink imported theatrical gauze, all with broad hand-hemstitched hems; napkins to go with them are of self-fringed, washable chintz, white with a print of deep pink peonies and dark green leaves. The set complete is $23.50, and you won't see its like again while the war lasts. There's considerably less likelihood that the supply of string crochet mats will give out. As for the mats of crocheted lace, starched stiff as a board (the Exchange is famous for these), they are now made only to order. Sets of limp, unstarched crochet, done with fine ecru string in patterns delicate as cobweb, are on hand ready-made, at from $23.50 to $35 for a set of eight mats. They won't keep heat scars off your cherished table top, but I don't know where you'd find anything to make a prettier background for a summer meal.

The Exchange also has summer blanket covers, from $6.50 up, handmade of flowered dimity and the rare and invaluable old-fashioned crinkle crêpe (wash it, dry it over a line with the corners clipped together so it will hang straight, and it's ready for use again). They're all lace-trimmed, and altogether far too good-looking to hide during the daytime. I'd use them as spreads instead, especially if your bed happens to wear a petticoat ruffle of its own.

STRUCK by a sudden brainstorm, the Caumans, of Cauman, 14 East 50th Street, have cut up yards of their wonderful hand-blocked curtain and slipcover muslins, a specialty of the house these many years, and made aprons out of the pieces. Shirred upon bright-col-



Left: rayon jersey . . . caramel, green, or navy with white. $25

Right: chambray in a fascinating design. White stripes on blue, aqua or brown ground. $10.95

In the Public Interest

The Board of Visitors and Governors of

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

IN ANNAPOLIS

announces its four-year course to be given in three calendar years for boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen beginning July Eighth

introducing

Volunteer

La Cross' new nail polish shade for fingertips off-and-on duty

It's a deep red, stirring as the times, bright as courage. It's bravado for your deft Victory-working hands, a compliment to them, lovely in repose. Wear it round the clock, confident of its continued beauty. For like all La Cross polishes, Volunteer is precision-tested for staying power and color perfection.

60c a ½ oz. bottle plus Federal tax

La Cross

America's Finest MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. • Est. 1903

ored ribbons to tie about the waist, the big, blocked squares make just about the handsomest dress covers you ever saw; $3. The Cauman patterns, one more beautiful than the next, never have appeared to better advantage. You won't want to subject aprons like these to kitchen hazards; they are to wear while you're waiting on your own table or pushing one of Cauman's famous serving carts, loaded down with party food, out to the terrace. The newest cart in the shop is a war-bride model; comes apart and packs flat as a dime for shipping about the country. It has two generous tiers, the top one removable in case it's needed as a hand tray, and costs $38 in oak, walnut, or mahogany. —B. B.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

Pools and Courts

PEOPLE who expect to spend most of their leisure time in town this summer (what leisure, and who doesn't?) may like to be reminded of a couple of steady sources of healthful recreation that the city affords. So may service men who are here for a spell. Suppose I start with swimming. There are a number of pools in the midtown area that are pleasant and permit mixed bathing. They're tiled and well lighted, and filled with fresh water kept cooler, naturally, than the air in the room. In addition, they're all long enough, from sixty-five to eighty feet, for an extended workout, and they have diving boards at the deep end for the more irrepressible patrons. The locker rooms are adequate, with showers, of course, adjoining and with hair driers and private dressing cubicles for the ladies. One of the nicest pools, at the Hotel Barbizon, Lexington Avenue and 63rd, is open daily from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. Others—at the Parc Vendôme, 363 West 56th; the Park Central Hotel, 7th Avenue and 55th; and the Hotel Shelton, 525 Lexington Avenue (49th)—stay open somewhat later.

People who take their swimming seriously seem willing to go all the way to the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, where there is a very special kind of natatorium. It is, for one thing, huge (120 feet long), and it's filled with salt water pumped from wells below Brooklyn Heights. The St. George also has banks of sun lamps set up beside the tank. There are late weekend sessions, lasting until three o'clock on Saturday and Sunday mornings, which have some charm for adventurers. The charge for a swim at all the places is under a dollar, and the fee includes the rental of a locker, towel, and suit.

TURNING next to tennis, I can report that the town is fairly well supplied with good clay courts. This agreeable state of affairs may be ascribed largely to the enterprise of a jovial character who functions under the simple name of Rip. He operates three batches of courts scattered over Manhattan: fifteen at West End Avenue between 94th and 96th, three at Park Avenue and 39th, and eight at Sutton Place and 54th. Rip, if you care to meet him personally, can generally be found at his Sutton Place establishment, where most of the country's best players have practiced at one time or another.

There are four courts at Tudor City, where Berkeley Bell, the former Davis Cup player, is in charge, and nine directly across town at the Kelton Stadium, Twelfth Avenue and 40th, run by David G. Kelton. The surfaces of all the courts, both in the Rip empire and elsewhere, are well cared for and, generally speaking, the backstops are far enough removed from the base lines to permit unhampered recoveries of deep drives and lobs. There are clubhouses, with showers and locker rooms for both men and women, at all the courts; and play, which starts at 7 A.M., continues until dark. It is always wise to phone a day in advance for a reservation. Hourly rates for a court vary from seventy-five cents to $3.50, depending upon the time of day.

Tennis equipment is still being manufactured here, and the British continue to send over their products. Abercrombie & Fitch have just got in a couple of nice-looking English frames of sturdy, laminated construction, the Hurricane and the Spitfire; Jules Andre, 49 East 47th, has the new Hall-Craft de Luxe, a similar domestic model. S. J. Feron, 55 East 44th, having gathered that the tennis balls being manufactured now are considerably less resilient than before, has widened the shoulder in his most popular frames, the Power Bat and the Driver. This change in design, the shop says, lessens the strain on a player's arm. All the racquets mentioned above, when strung with the best gut, are between $17.50 and $21. Balls, from all reports, are available most everywhere and in sufficient quantity to last the season, so that's one grave worry off your mind.

ON the sedentary front, a new table game has made its appearance. Named, unsurprisingly, Ration Board, it's an entertaining enough time-killer if you don't demand anything deep. The board is marked with a path along which contestants, who may number from two to eight, move their counters as ordered by throws of the dice. The passage, by no means uneventful, is subject to reverses and benefits printed on cards that are drawn as you make your way along the route. Examples: "Why don't you obey blackout regulations? Light back five spaces, but quick" and "Your tires have been recapped. Step on it and advance six spaces." These can obviously produce merry squeals in the right atmosphere. The first player to obtain five ration cards wins. Another newcomer this spring is Jeepers, a simplified combination of chess and checkers. It differs from its prototypes in that the number of players may be expanded to three or four persons. There is a chance for considerable strategy, of a mild sort, and one hand may last well over an hour. Both Ration Board and Jeepers are sold at several of the department stores; $2. Sort of fun, at that, for an empty-headed hour or two.

Abercrombie & Fitch have just received from England a shipment of Tri-Tactics, which, although not a new game, has been practically unobtainable here lately. It's a complicated two-handed affair whose rules, adequately set down in an accompanying booklet, I wouldn't dream of going into. Armchair strategists and critics of the military experts should enjoy it, since, as the name suggests, it combines air, naval, and land operations to capture an opponent's key position. The campaign is worked out by moving counters over a checkered board; $3.25. This game will contribute absolutely nothing to our winning the war, but it will probably do no harm, either.

New Book: For intellectual types, "The Party Game Book," by Jerome Meyer, can be recommended. It will supply each of half a dozen Kierans with a set of fifteen puzzles and quizzes to work on with pencil and eraser, and after everyone has beaten his brains out, the winner is given a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, or something. —E. F. K.

•

Before the fliers left this country, the War Department was replaced by a simple 20-cent device.—*Wilmington* (*Del.*) *Journal-Every Evening.*

Why stop with the War Department!

SHOPS & SERVICES

SERVICES

REBUILDING THE SHOES OF THE NATION!

Here's the solution to shoe rationing. From cities—towns—hamlets—throughout America . . . worn shoes are being sent to the B. Nelson factory for NELSONIZING. Short shoes made longer—narrow shoes made wider—suede shoes changed to leather—resoled like new.

NELSONIZING means shoes rebuilt by experienced factory craftsmen—not just cobbled.

HANDBAGS repaired, relined, cleaned and dyed.

Mail Orders • Write for Booklet "N"

Retail Hours 12 Noon to 4:00 P.M. Daily

B. NELSON, INC., 10 East 39th St., New York
Est. Over 64 Years • MUrray Hill 3-6448

ALTMAN'S WILL CLEAN YOUR WATCH

Just one of our many timely Save-It Services. Others: lacquering silverware, remodeling old-fashioned jewelry into graduation gifts; recovering umbrellas, remaking handbags, repairing Nylon stockings.

Altman Save-It Service Desk . . . Main Floor.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 9-7000

DON'T DISCARD IT—"REPAIRIT"

When something treasured breaks in two
We can fix it . . . . good as new
JAMES AMSTER
140 East 53rd St., N. Y. C. PLaza 8-1866

ELECTRIC RAZORS EXPERTLY REPAIRED

All makes of Electric shavers—any condition—restored to first-class working order by factory experts; low prices; work guaranteed. Free estimate.
ELECTRIC RAZOR REPAIR SERVICE
480 Lexington Ave. (46th St.), N.Y.C. PLaza 3-3344

SHINE REMOVING—RENAPPING

NU-NAP PROCESS—Guaranteed to remove shine and renap fabric on men's and women's silk or cloth wearing apparel. Mail or deliver garments.
BEST WAY SHINE REMOVING CO.
416 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. PL 3-9686

UNIFORMS

ARMY—NAVY OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

Custom Made or Ready-to-Wear. Finest quality—quickest delivery—all insignia—accessories—and our famous caps for immediate delivery.
FENN-FEINSTEIN
516 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 264 York St., New Haven

WAACS! WAVES! SPARS! MARINES! NURSES!

You'll look better in your Uniforms if they're custom-tailored by Luxenberg.
Whites—Blues—Khaki—OD.
LUXENBERG
485 Madison Ave., New York PLaza 8-1606

RARE BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS • EARLY PRINTING

C. A. STONEHILL, LTD.
(of 135-7 New Bond St., London, W.1)
now located at
555 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.
Catalogues Issued • Libraries Purchased

RARE STAMPS

WEEKLY AUCTIONS—APPRAISALS

Buying or selling, best results
H. R. HARMER, INC.
World's Leading Stamp Auctioneers
Estab. over 50 yrs. in London. Catalogues free.
32 East 57th St., New York PLaza 3-6482

OLD PRINTS

WE CAN FRAME A PICTURE FOR YOU IN 1 HOUR

The Picture Framing Shop of the
OLD PRINT EXCHANGE
14 E. 48th St., N. Y. C. ELdorado 5-4444

HAIRDRESSERS

J. SCHAEFFER FOR PERMANENTS

that consider your hair and STYLES created for you. Cold Waves and Air-Conditioning. Prices as pleasing as
SCHAEFFER SERVICE
590 Fifth Avenue, New York BRyant 9-6165

GURO FOR SUPRECOOL COLD PERMANENT WAVE

Specialist in white, gray, and problem hair—famous for tapered haircut—herb rinse which brings out natural lights and beauty—bestone tinting. Free consultation.
441 Madison at 50th WIckersham 2-1692

PERMANENT WAVING BY G. JEAN EXPERTS

and smart styling that would make you thrill at the results. CORRECTIVE HAIR COLORING.
32 West 58th Street, New York. PLaza 3-1470.

MAISON JEANPIERRE

for your GAMINE self-dressing permanent . . . special care given for natural results—welcome any difficult problems, expert advice and consultation free.
Call PLaza 3-6262. 6 East 53rd St., New York

FACE—FIGURE

EUNICE SKELLY'S "HOUSE OF YOUTH"

Where Wrinkles, Age Signs, Skin Defects or Excess Weight miraculously vanish! Her new "LEGLAMOUR METHODE" for Reducing Heavy Legs and Ankles is the Talk of New York.
5 East 57th (Bet. Fifth-Mad.) PLaza 5-2595

HAIR GOODS

MAKERS OF ART HAIR PIECES

for partly or all bald scalps. Abnormal hair conditions skillfully changed into natural-looking appearances (not overdressed or bulky).
CHARLES & ERNEST, Inc. Established 32 years
109 East 47th Street, New York, WI 2-5571

BRASSIERES

NO TWO BUSTS ALIKE! BERLE'S CUSTOM MADE

"Delineator" Brassières. Individually designed. Exquisite workmanship. Gives permanent uplift and separation. Mail Orders Accepted. Request booklet "N".
J. Berlé, 20 E. 57th St., N. Y. PLaza 9-4262

CORSETIERES

"BEFORE-AND-AFTER" MATERNITY CORSETS

Lightweight, easily adjusted BEFORE. Designed to correct to normal lines AFTER baby comes, $25. Other custom-made corsets $15 up.
FRANCEVA, INC.
16 E. 52nd St., N. Y. C. Also Miami Beach, Fla.

DANCING SCHOOLS

"MEET ME AT DeREVUELTA'S"

Wednesday and Friday Coffee Dances (9 to 12 p.m. $1)—and our Sunday Tea Dances 5 to 8:30; & Buffet Dance 8:30 to 11; $1.10. Escort unnecessary—instruction incl. Private lessons daily. Trial $1.
KEEP FIT AT DeREVUELTA'S, 133 E. 61 St.

SHOPS & SERVICES

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

	½ inch	1 inch	1½ inches
3 times	$ 49.	$ 98.	$147.
6 times	92.	184.	276.
10 times	143.	286.	429.
13 times	173.	346.	519.

minimum space........½ inch
maximum space...........1½ inches

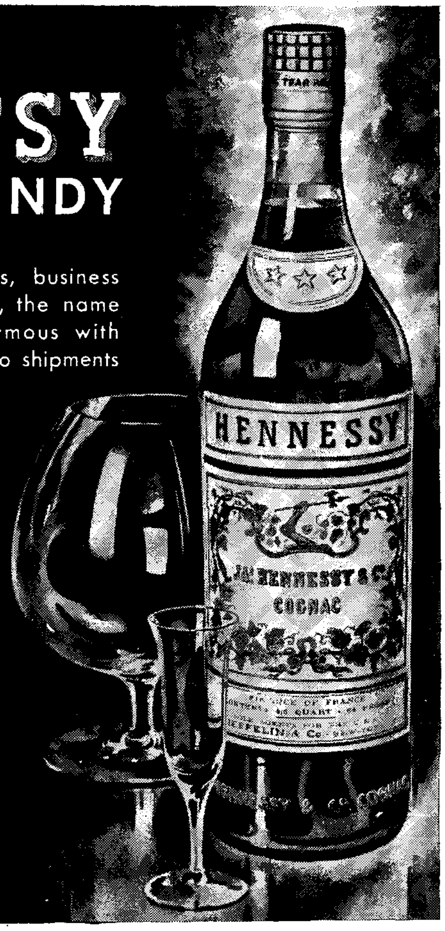
•

Closing date—12 days preceding date of issue

•

For further information call

SHOPS AND SERVICES DEPARTMENT
THE NEW YORKER
25 W. 43rd St. BRyant 9-6300



★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

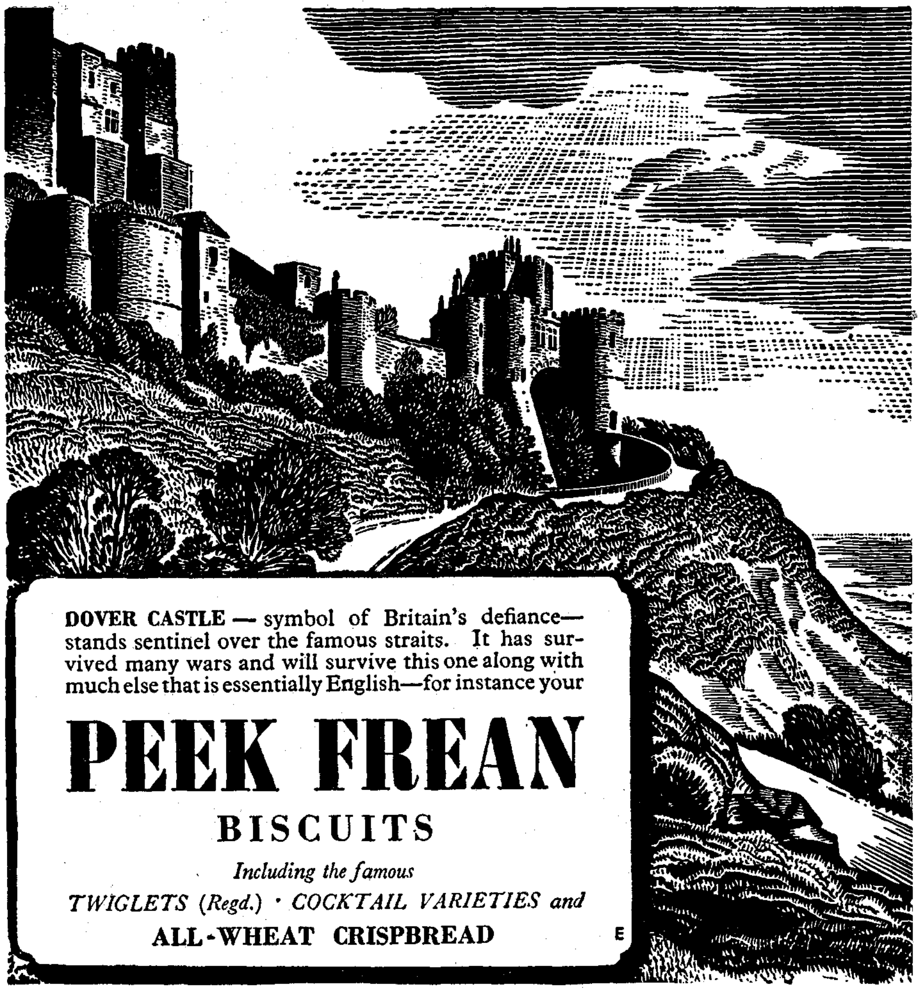
Through all the devastating wars, business peaks and depressions since 1765, the name ★★★ Hennessy has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy at its best. Though no shipments of ★★★ Hennessy Cognac have been made from France to the United States since May, 1940, it is possible that your local dealer may still have a bottle of genuine ★★★ Hennessy Cognac for you.

It is suggested that the incomparable flavour, bouquet and "clean taste" of ★★★ Hennessy be reserved for special occasions that merit nothing less than this fine Cognac.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



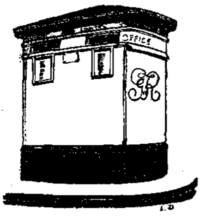
DOVER CASTLE — symbol of Britain's defiance—stands sentinel over the famous straits. It has survived many wars and will survive this one along with much else that is essentially English—for instance your

PEEK FREAN
BISCUITS

Including the famous
TWIGLETS (Regd.) · COCKTAIL VARIETIES and
ALL-WHEAT CRISPBREAD

LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 13 (BY CABLE)



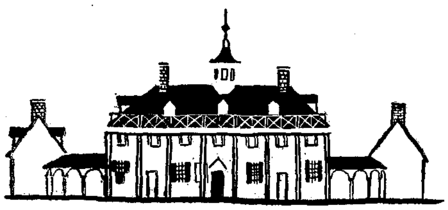
ENGLISHMEN who get to the radio too late to catch the synopsis of the day's events given at the beginning of the news broadcasts now merely ask earlier arrivals, "Has anything happened?" A simple shake of the head is all the answer they need to understand that the news everybody is waiting for—the invasion of the European mainland—hasn't yet begun. Until it does, not even several more Pantellerias are likely to get them very excited. The daily papers, reduced to guessing in the dark, have the somewhat aimless air they had in peacetime August days when they were merely waiting for the first autumn crop of political crises. As one newspaper expressed it, "The sense of standing on the verge of what, with the Russian campaign, will constitute the greatest military operations in the history of the world is both impressive and oppressive."

There was a rather widespread and certainly quite unjustifiable feeling of disappointment over the fact that Mr. Churchill hadn't seen fit, in his report last Tuesday to the Commons, to furnish an obliging hint about the direction from which the invasion is likely to come. Nonetheless, most people felt cheered by the little he was able to tell them and profoundly relieved that he was there to tell it. The loss of a Lisbon transport plane had done nothing to make people feel any easier about his absence. Right now, it's not only the conventional clucking old ladies who are hoping to goodness that the Prime Minister won't find it necessary to make any more long and dangerous hops for quite a while.

THOUGH the public was reassured recently that food stocks were plentiful enough to stand the strain of the possibly lean months ahead, when shipping will be more concerned with men and matériel than beef and butter, Londoners say that they notice signs of a gradual pulling in of people's belts. There has been, for instance, a drastic cut in bakers' supplies, which has led to a scarcity of biscuits, those excellent stopgaps for the quantitative deficiencies of a wartime diet. The weekly bob's worth of fresh meat has lately been supplemented with corned-beef, but such unrationed sundries as liver and kidneys are absent. Butchers explain this fact by saying that these meats are going to the canneries, presumably to be salted away in the national larder for the hard times to come.

On the whole, however, the shortage which the ordinary housewife most bewails is that of berries, which have all gone into the Ministry of Food's preserving pans. Londoners are complaining bitterly that they can't even lay their hands on a gooseberry. A stray hawker with a barrow load of strawberries unexpectedly turned up on the Strand the other evening and was instantly besieged by a raiding party of homeward-bound typists and Whitehall warriors. The government's restrictions on such luxuries are working so well that the most exotic display Fortnum's fruit department could offer one day recently consisted of a few sticks of rhubarb.

THE Whitsun weekend has been a nice break in routine for some people and supposedly a headache for the railways, which had to cope with the usual holiday crowds of travellers who didn't think that official warnings to stay off the trains during the holiday applied to them. Probably, however, the railway companies, with an invasion of the Continent on their hands, looked on the Whitsun scramble as no problem at all. An interesting survey of British railways in wartime, which has just been published, should give even the most unthinking passenger some idea of what the pre-invasion strain on rail transport means. Getting the First Army out to North Africa, for instance, involved the running of four hundred and forty special troop trains and six hundred and eighty special freight trains to the ports. Kipling should be living at this hour to celebrate once more the triumph of one of his old pets, an industry which, without any fuss or shouting, had earlier taken care of the evacuation of children at the beginning of the war and the hauling home of the British Expeditionary Force on the last lap from Dunkerque, despite the necessity of constant and heroic patching up of the tracks during the blitz under conditions of acute danger. Any Britons who



the fragrance of romance
Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS
frankly flirtatious
mais Oui
BOURJOIS
in the spirit of today
Courage
BOURJOIS
Leonard

EVENING IN PARIS $1.25 TO $10.00
MAIS OUI . . . $1.50 TO $10.00
COURAGE . . . $1.00 TO $6.50
all prices plus tax

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK · DISTRIBUTOR

IN THE WAR OF NERVES, the ether waves play a big part. Friend and enemy fill the air with news and propaganda 24 hours a day. Often the broadcasts are intended for home consumption only, and may reveal strategic inner weaknesses of our foes. Sometimes a furtive signal flashes from a hunted "underground" station in an Axis-dominated land.

It is important that our government be kept thoroughly informed regarding all this attack and counter-attack in the air. Yet to listen to and transcribe all the millions of spoken words would require a large corps of expert linguists on the spot all the time.

Right there is where Dictaphone comes in. For Dictaphone can record *any* language, and remain on duty 24 hours a day!

MEET THE WORLD'S BEST LISTENERS

If you should go into one of the listening posts where foreign broadcasts are being recorded, you would appreciate the need for intense concentration and accuracy. And you would see a battery of Dictaphone recording machines catching every word for future reference and use. Such recordings may be transcribed at the convenience of the translator — as fast or as slowly as he desires.

Other Dictaphone equipment is now giving invaluable service in war plants and government offices — helping to keep mental production flowing — saving time for key men and their secretaries. Never has the ability of the Dictaphone method to handle staggering volumes of work been proved so well.

Meanwhile, in the Dictaphone Research Laboratories, other marvels of electrical voice recording are being readied for use by the armed forces now ... and by all business when our enemies have been crushed and we face forward to a new day.

Dictaphone Corporation, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

ARMY E NAVY

DICTAPHONE

ACOUSTICORD DICTATING EQUIPMENT
ELECTRICORD RECORDING EQUIPMENT

The word DICTAPHONE is the Registered Trade-Mark of Dictaphone Corporation, Makers of Dictating Machines and Accessories to which said Trade-Mark is Applied.

grumbled about being left behind on the platform this Whitsuntide should have been grateful that, in the midst of coping with so many really important demands on rolling stock, the railways had time and space at all for them and their suitcases.

THOSE Londoners who did guiltily duck out to the country seem not to have enjoyed their holiday. Searchers for peace and quiet in the countryside of the keyed-up, expectant England of the summer of 1943 were treated instead to the constant drumming of planes overhead and the rattle of practice gunfire. Though vast numbers of troops may have been moved out of England, enough soldiers, both British and American, have been left behind to give the countryside the effect of a permanent and spirited rifle range. Tanks continue to barge merrily through little feudal walled towns, carrying off a corner of Queen Anne masonry here and a Tudor coping there, and baseball, with the appropriate sound effects, is being played on many a village green, a phenomenon which mystifies the yokels and delights the neighborhood kids, who, as they watch, yell to one another, "Ow, it's only rounders!"

Another sound which startled a southern village the other day was a thoroughly unindigenous skirling and wailing, which made even the cows, local beasts with no Highland strain in them, look up in astonishment from the buttercups. Sure enough, it was a band of pipers playing a detachment of hot, tired troops back to camp. The bagpipers were keeping the soldiers' spirits up by giving them "The Flowers of the Forest" to march to—the same strains to which they stepped out bonnily to defeat at Singapore and to victory at El Alamein and which at any moment now may be piping them onto the continent of Europe.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Taxable real estate in New York City for the fiscal year July 1, 1943 to June 30, 1944 amounts to $16,011,211,556, a reduction of $111,762,899 from the final figures of last year.

The figures sent to Mayor La Guardia by the Tax Commission last night will be used in fixing the tax rate for the City.

On the basis of the figures made public, there will be a tax rate higher than forecast by Mayor La Guardia some time ago. He used the 16-billion figure as a basis, and indicated the rate this year would be about 2.95 for every $100 of assessable real estate. Max Reinhardt is the stage director.—*PM.*

He better be good.

OF ALL THINGS

As Italian islands continue to fall into the hands of the Allies, another error can be chalked up against Mussolini. He forgot to repeal the old adage that all roads lead to Rome.

•

Goebbels has explained to Nazi editors why they must play down their reports of bombing raids on Germany. It seems that the sensitive *Herrenvolk* simply cannot bear painful news the way the barbaric British can.

•

The Italian people would do well to accept Roosevelt's invitation to get out of the war. They would have a pleasanter time and meet a nicer class of people on more amiable terms.

•

Axis air opposition in the Mediterranean is apparently growing feebler day by day. The Allied fliers might almost be accused now of wasting gas in pleasure driving.

•

War Mobilization Director Byrnes is trying to cure the current epidemic of Congressional inquiries. Mr. Byrnes feels that the right number of Capitol quiz programs would be one or less.

•

A poll of House Republicans shows that Dewey is their first choice for President. It appears that Willkie has hurt his chances with G.O.P. Congressmen by making his position clear.

•

The beef supply in this sector is reaching the vanishing point, but there is still comfort for the consumer. Beef would be cheaper if there were any.

•

The New York courts are dealing harshly with food vendors who insist on tie-in sales of potatoes. Some of these reprehensible dealers have stooped so low as to force free-born Americans to buy spinach.

•

Under the new revenue law, income-tax returns this year must be filed in September as well as in March. This sounds dangerously like punishing the taxpayer twice for the same offense.

—Howard Brubaker

serve the best . . . for little more!

CRESTA

the crest of quality since 1890

BLANCA

California red, white and sweet . . .

WINES

"bottle ripe"
CRESTA BLANCA
CRESTA BLANCA

You will delight in the "bottle-ripe" flavor of these wines. Since 1890 they have been hailed as the "crest of quality". Ask for them by name.

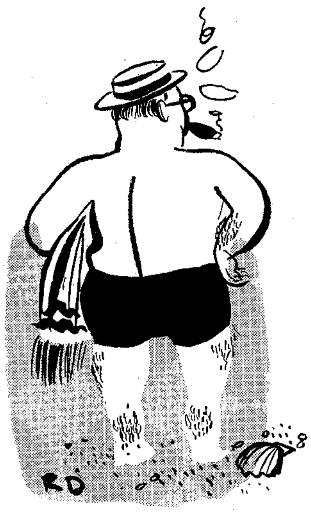
tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival"
every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System
Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Livermore, California

Schenley PRODUCT

THE CORSICAN EXPRESS

NORMALLY the Ajaccio Express makes a daily run from Ajaccio to Ghisonaccia, in the south of Corsica. "Run" isn't exactly the word. The Ajaccio Express is no streamliner with Pullmans and observation car. It was nicknamed by Ajaccio's more sardonic wits. A locomotive, early-Waterloo vintage, of which any museum would be proud, tugs two shabby wooden carriages, one for the mail and one for the passengers. After the train has left Ajaccio, no one knows if and when it will arrive at Ghisonaccia. The passengers hope and, literally, pray. The express made a speed of fourteen miles an hour, which wasn't bad, the native passengers assured me. Hens, dogs, cats, and goats wandered between the mail and passenger cars. I was kept busy trying to keep the dirt off my suit and the coal dust out of my eyes. In vain I had tried to close the window just after we started. The entire side wall of the car trembled, but the window remained fiercely open.

That I happened to be on the Ajaccio Express was all my own fault. I had come to Corsica from the Riviera in July, 1940, when the armistice made life fairly difficult, even in southern France. Corsica, I thought, would be another world, carefree and untroubled, untouched by the Nazi conquest. My friends on the Continent had warned me that there were still bandits on the island and the vendetta was as much in style as ever. But for the first part of the trip, at least, there seemed nothing to worry about.



There were frequent stops when a lone passenger wanted to board the train. Now and then some people would wave, and the train would stop, the engineer get out, and they would all sit down beside the rails. After a few minutes' conversation, the engineer would shake hands with everybody and get back on board the locomotive. I asked the passenger next to me who those people were.

He shrugged. "*Des parents et des amis, je suppose.*" The engineer seemed to have quite a family.

To make up lost time, the engineer did not stop at the stations where no passengers were waiting. The conductor threw out the mailbag to the attendant, usually a middle-aged woman in a black silk dress clutching a saucepan with one hand and a baby with the other. The passenger next to me explained that she was the stationmaster's wife and did all the dispatching.

The train left the plains of Ajaccio and started climbing, coughing its way past small forest fires and the ruins of a deserted Roman town miraculously built into the rocks centuries ago. The stops became more frequent, and the shepherds and peasants in our car prayed with increasing fervor. They said, in explaining one of these stops, that the engineer had to "oil" the locomotive. Later, even that didn't help, and we had to wait until "the pressure in the boiler calmed down."

Sunset came, then darkness—solid, hostile darkness. There was no light in the car. We were scheduled to arrive at Ghisonaccia at 7:12 P.M. and it was now past eleven. We entered a tunnel. The locomotive became more and more erratic, producing strange, clanking noises, which echoed against the walls of the tunnel. Suddenly there was a minor explosion—a sort of hissing and thundering sound—and the train stopped dead.

This was serious. We were on a single-track line and my neighbors told me a train from the opposite direction was expected to arrive any moment. I thought of the stationmaster's wife. Suppose the baby was crying and she went into her kitchen, forgetting about trains and signals.

Our engineer was said to be the best on the line. We could hear him swear as he worked on the engine. But the train didn't budge, and the passengers were praying in French, Italian, and Corsican.

Suddenly the coach was illuminated by the dim light of a candle with a giant shadow behind. Looking up, I saw an old man, perhaps seventy but still erect, with a magnificent profile and deep-set, clever eyes. He commented on the "unusual situation," adding, "I see you are a stranger, Monsieur. I'll be glad to lead you out of the tunnel. There won't be any collision; the other train's locomotive is also out of commission. We are close to Propriano and my little place is only a mile from here. Won't you come and have a glass of wine with me? I haven't spoken to a stranger for a long time. Perhaps you have been in France recently. You must tell me what life is like there now."

"Well," I said, "but the train—"

"You will have to wait until the second locomotive arrives and the train can be moved."

His voice had the gentle timbre of a viola d'amore. I was silent. "Some of the most dangerous Corsican bandits look like operatic baritones," a friend in Cannes had told me.

Everybody seemed to know the old man, and at his age he couldn't be a very active bandit any more. Besides, anything would be better than spending the rest of the night on a wooden bench in the dirty carriage amidst the hens and goats. I accepted his invitation.

He stared at me for a moment and bowed with old-fashioned *grandezza*. He said, "I am Philippe Fernande Colombo."

"*Enchanté*," I said, and introduced myself.

He seemed disappointed, like an actor who expected applause at his first appearance and found his audience as quiet as the grave.

I followed him through the tunnel, stumbling along the rails in the flickering of the candle. A dog was barking. Hens were running between my feet, cackling and merry. Once I stumbled and would have fallen if the old man hadn't caught me.

I sighed with relief as we left the tunnel. Outside, the moon was pale, but after the blackness in there the light seemed bright and cheerful. The old man led the way along a narrow path through the low, thick, tangled underwood of the Corsican *macchie*—cork trees, honeysuckle, wild Madonna lilies. The hot air smelled of earth and burned leaves.

The old man stopped so suddenly I almost bumped into him. In the dimness I saw the outlines of a small wooden hut. A lamp was dangling from above the door, and he turned it on. Beneath was a dusty shield with a crude sign in English: "BAR."

Of all the bars I had seen on French soil, in Paris, Algiers, Saïgon, and Dakar, this was the oddest one. It didn't even look like a bar. There were no bottles or glasses on the shelves behind the counter, only ancient books, placed there carelessly and covered with dust. There were three leather-bound volumes on the counter. The walls were covered with framed newspaper clippings, drawings, and medieval maps. I wondered if my host had been a celebrity in his time, perhaps an actor or a singer. Those clippings looked like the pathetic souvenirs of past fame; some showed his picture. But why the maps and the two antique prints on the wall beside the framed bar license, showing "The Ocean Wave, the Ship of Columbus" and "The Oldest Known Portrait of Our Very Magnificent Lord Don Cristóbal Colón"?

I sat down at a table. The old man went behind the counter. He opened a drawer and came over to the table with a bottle, a loaf of white bread, and a plate of cheese. He poured the wine. "Try it. You won't find a better one in all Corsica. The shepherds brought it down from Sartène. They always bring me presents. Good people—a bit funny, though, and very superstitious. They look at the shoulder blades of a goat and tell you the future. Good people, though they don't understand."

"Understand what?"

Again the disappointed look. "I am the only direct descendant of Christopher Columbus," he said.

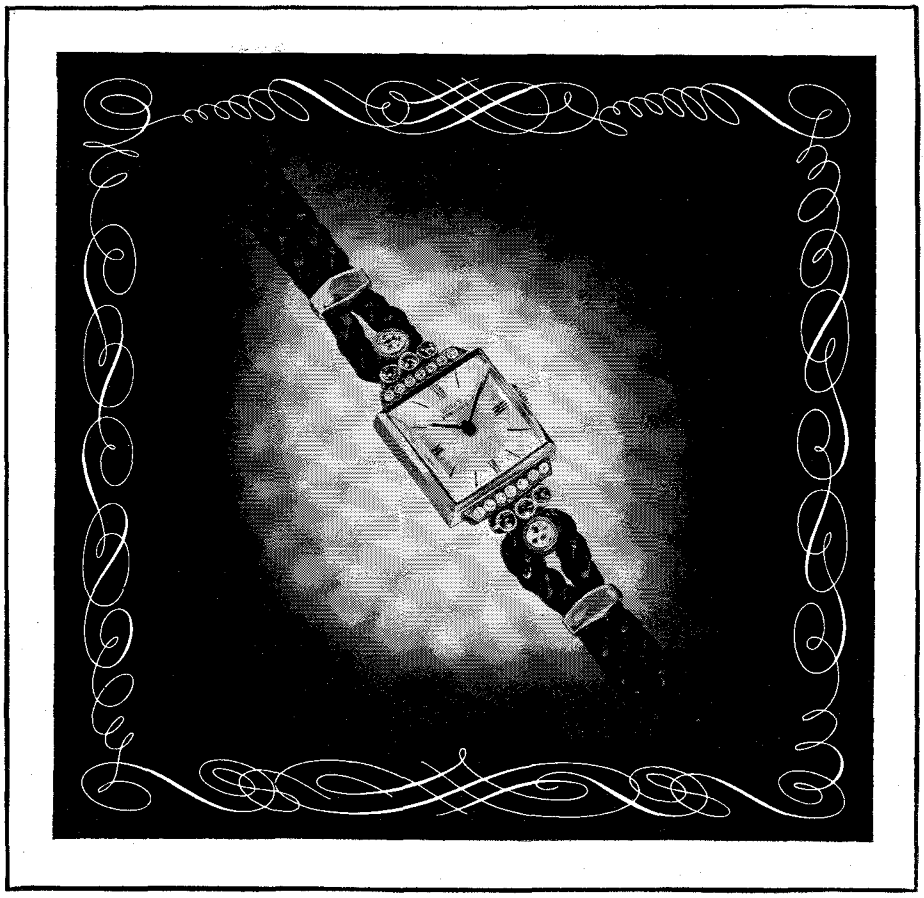
So it was the old story, all over again. Scores of people along the Italian shore of the Mediterranean still boast of their relationship to Columbus. There are Colombos in Genoa, Savona, Oneglia, Cogoleto, Nervi, Piacenza, Finale, and Pradello, all of them claiming a direct family tie with the discoverer. Even in the old Corsican town of Calvi, one is shown a dreary, dilapidated house where the late Admiral of the Indies allegedly first saw the light. The Calvais don't believe it themselves, but they like to heckle the big-mouthed people from Ajaccio who make so much fuss about Napoleon Bonaparte's birthplace, *nom de Dieu*, or those idiots from Caprera with their tomb of Garibaldi.

It was warm, and the wine was strong and good, and the old man kept pouring it out, talking softly, excitedly. As he moved around, his muscular hands accentuated his words. Foreign-sounding names of men and places, scattered bits of history, torn-off pieces of a phrase brought from far away by the wind. Cristóbal Colón, the Portuguese weaver in Genoa; Colombo from Calvi, the direct ancestor; the notary's archives. There were parchments on the table in front of us, heaps of them, and more wine.

I was dozing when there was a knocking at the door and the engineer of the express came in. The second locomotive had arrived and the train was about to leave.

"There's no hurry, Pierre-Jerôme," the old man said.

The engineer agreed. There was no



For precious,
ever-lingering memories

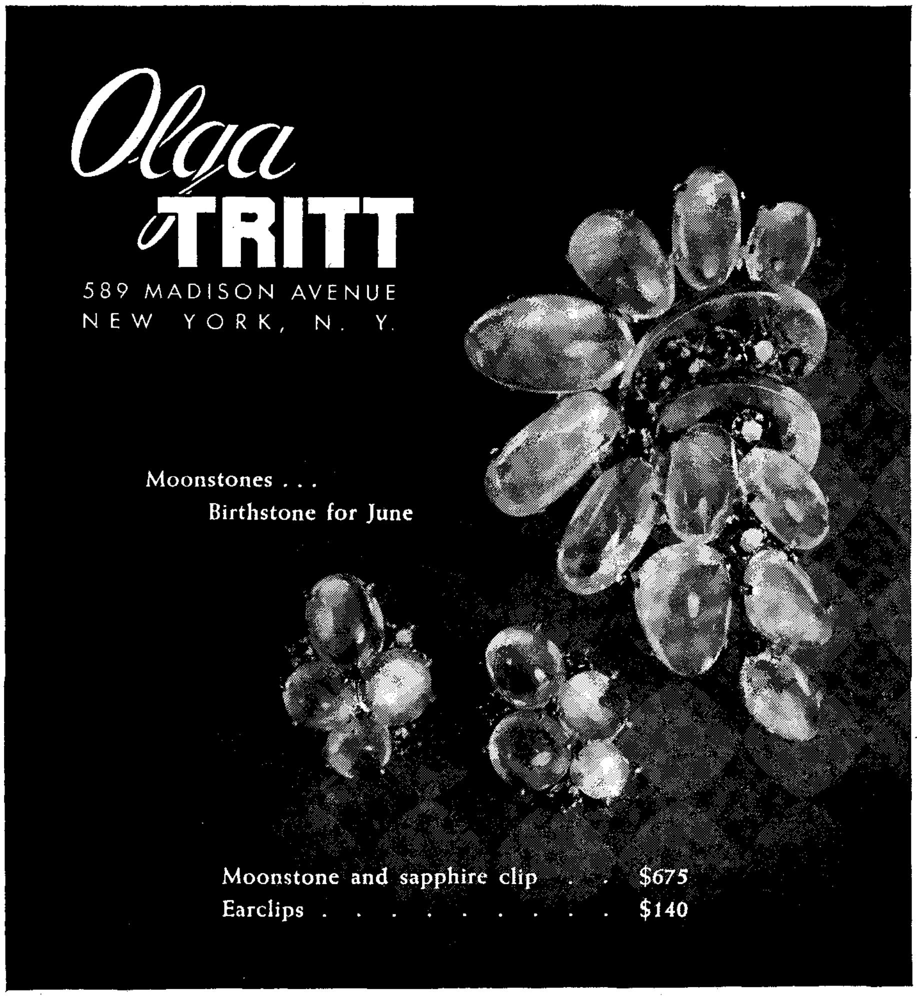
Enjoy the priceless satisfaction of offering *Her* a truly memorable gift . . . one of the most treasured timepieces in the world . . . a Rolex. On the feminine wrist, its sheer beauty wins instant delight. Consider, please, its superb craftsmanship . . . craftsmanship that has earned long-lasting satisfaction. Let your favorite jeweler also point out the exclusive and patented Rolex features which have won innumerable awards as the world's most accurate wrist watch. Diamond-and-ruby-encrusted model, as illustrated . . . . from $400.

Other models for men and women . . . . . $75 to $500.

ROLEX

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS



589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Moonstones . . .
Birthstone for June

Moonstone and sapphire clip . . $675
Earclips $140

chichi
chichi
chichi
chichi

Chichi (Pronounced she-she)

the "Love Me" perfume by Renoir... if you would have him whisper "I love you," wear Chichi

Renoir PARFUMS, LTD. NEW YORK.

Distinguished entertaining calls for a distinguished liqueur.

de Kuyper's DELECTA AFTER-DINNER Liqueur

DE KUYPER
DELECTA
After-Dinner Liqueur

Enjoy this great after-dinner liqueur, straight or half-and-half with brandy. You will be delighted with its delicious taste and distinctive bouquet. Made in America.

ANNO 1695

National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y. 86 Proof

hurry at all and he'd be delighted to have a glass of M. Colombo's excellent wine. The passengers could wait.

At last the engineer and I said goodbye, and I wanted to pay for the wine. The old man raised his hands in a gesture of noble refusal.

"*Vous m'avez fait heureux. Au revoir, Monsieur.*"

The engineer put his hand on my shoulder in a friendly gesture and we left. I turned back. The old man was standing in front of the hut, a tall silhouette against the dim sky.

The engineer was whistling a Genoese melody. "Do you know him?" I asked.

"M. Colombo? Certainly. Everybody knows him. We all like him, too. Even Romanetti liked him."

"Romanetti?"

"You haven't heard of Romanetti? Why, he was the famous bandit who hid in the *macchie* for years. The gendarmes couldn't get him and he refused to give himself up. But then M. Colombo went into the *macchie* and talked to Romanetti, and they made a deal and Romanetti came out. A fine man, M. Colombo, a fine man. When Morito's wife, my cousin's sister-in-law, was sick, he went up there and brought her food and medicine. He knows more about sickness and medicine than the doctor down in Ajaccio."

He led me back to the tunnel and the train. The second locomotive made encouraging noises. The passengers were sitting on the steps, which ran the length of the carriage. The other train was nowhere in sight. A cock was crowing. I was tired. I yawned.

"*En voiture, messieurs, dames,*" the engineer said. "*On y va.*"

"He is a descendant of Christopher Columbus," I said. "At least he claims to be."

The engineer closed the door to the carriage and turned toward the locomotives. "I don't know," he said, his voice clearly audible through the open window. "Frankly, I don't care. I wonder where he gets his wine. His wine is excellent." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

DEPARTMENT OF DELICACY

[*A.P. wire report received by the Hackensack (N.J.) Bergen Evening Record*]

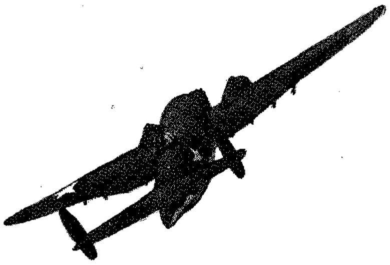
A138WX

NEWS CORRECTION

WASHINGTON—IN TAXES EARLY BUDGET LAST PGH PLS CHANGE "OH, HELL," TO "OH, WELL," (DOUGHTON SAYS MISUNDERSTOOD)

THE AP

RK1047AEW NM



WHAT DO YOU MEAN *medium* bomber!

There's nothing "medium" about our American medium bombers but their size. For example, the Vega Ventura can bomb accurately from high-level flight—swoop down on its target for low fast attack—strafe troop concentrations—blast tanks—tow gliders loaded with men and supplies, and tow high speed targets for our fighters to practice on—a combination of tasks no other medium bomber can do.

Then, too, the Ventura patrols thousands of miles of cold gray ocean to drop depth charges when it finds a sub—carries torpedoes to attack enemy ships—plants mines to trap them. What do you mean, "medium" bomber!

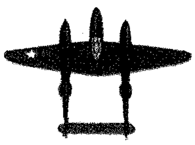
The Ventura has the same basic qualities of *all* Lockheed and Vega planes, *extra* strength and *extra* dependability. That's why the Canadian, British, Australian and U. S. Army and Navy Air Forces are all using Venturas—lots of them.

A subsidiary of Lockheed

Vega

Aircraft Corporation

Lockheed Hudson
Medium Bomber

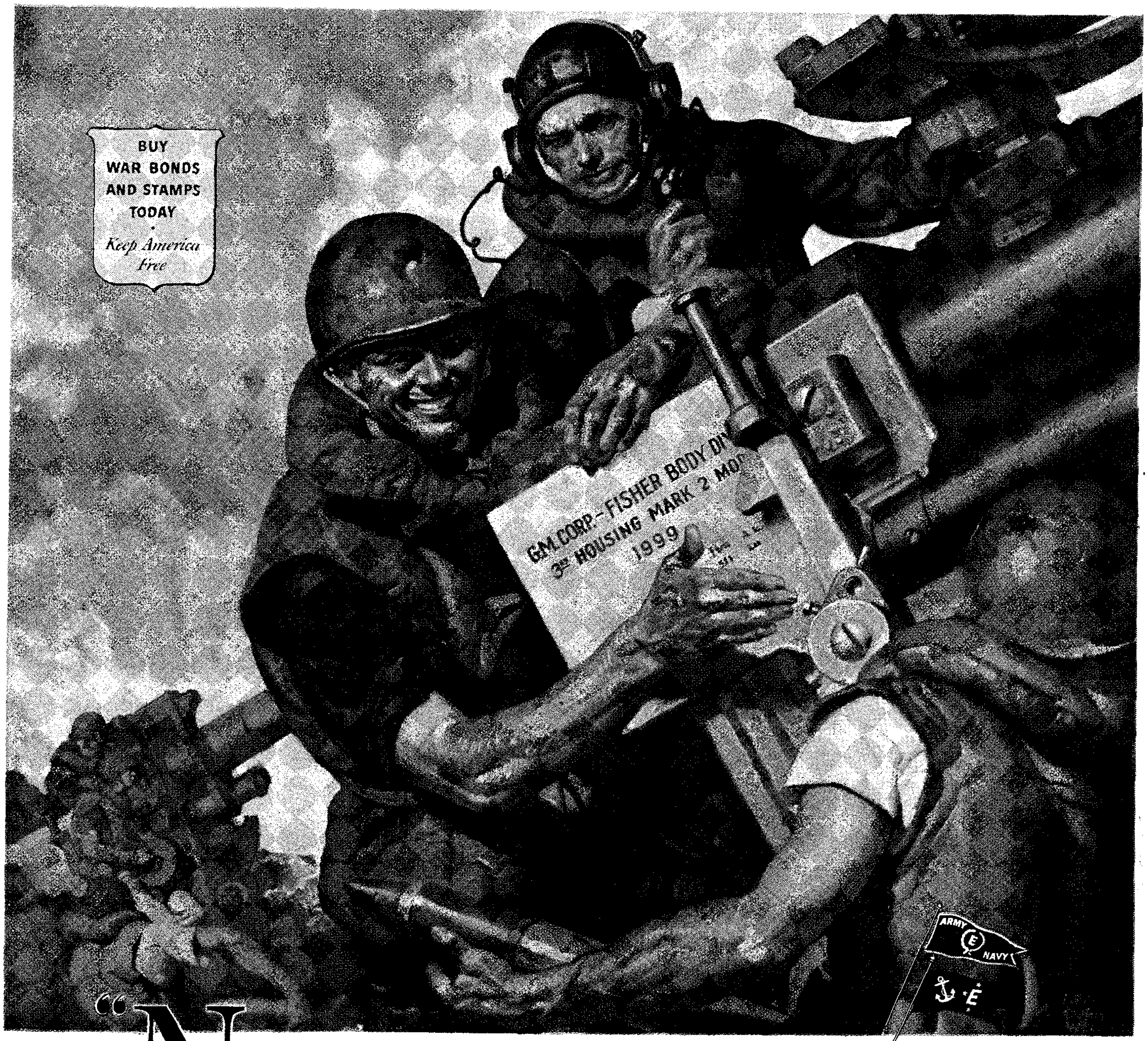


Lockheed P-38
Lightning Fighter

ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL BY AIR

IT'S COMING!

Copyright, 1943, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation,
Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.
Members Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



"Nice goin' baby!"

First in the automotive industry to fly the Navy "E" with three stars, Fisher has also been awarded the Army-Navy "E" for its ahead-of-schedule tank production.

SO it goes, on a dozen fronts—American industry backing up American men with fire-power, with a rising flood of war tools and transport, with a heightening volume of all kinds of ordnance.

The Fisher contribution to this effort, in terms of volume, is huge. But volume alone fails to tell the whole story of the Fisher effort. For the long-acquired skills of the Fisher craftsmen are today playing a part of national importance. They have a vital and specific value of their own.

Our country's leaders realize that it takes precision men to do a job precisely—that extreme standards of mathematical exactness must be met in order to surpass the technical excellence of our enemy's war machines. And Fisher, as a precision center, has been honored with a number of very difficult assignments.

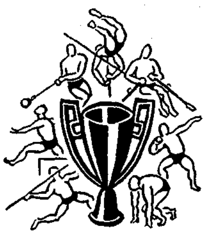
Our fighting men are doing the big job. But the vicious snick of our well-turned breech-blocks, the roar of our tanks, the bark of our anti-aircraft *guns are music* to their ears.

armament
~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

NOTES ON SPORTS

Säga of Hägg



THE day of the American unveiling of Gunder Hägg is approaching, although at this writing it is hard to say just how imminent it is. Ever since reports that this swift Swede was breaking records for all distances from a mile upward reached these shores a year or so ago and plans were laid to import him, there has been almost no news of him which was not contradicted within a week. It was acknowledged from the start by track promoters in this country and Sweden that a match between Hägg and our own Gregory Rice, who has been unbeaten in sixty-five successive two- and three-mile races, would be one of the greatest attractions since the quintuplets. Last winter Hägg was invited to run in the Amateur Athletic Union championships, to be held June 19th and 20th, in which Rice was expected to be on hand for the 5,000-metres (a little over three miles in our language; the A.A.U. measures its distances in metres because it admires the Continental flavor). Then the clowning began. Hägg was coming. He wasn't coming. He was coming by plane. He was coming by boat. He wanted to come but didn't think he'd be able to. He didn't want to come. He was supposed to have said that he wouldn't race here if the proceeds went to any Army relief agency because he was a citizen of a neutral country. He denied this statement a few days later.

Suddenly, on June 5th, Hägg arrived in New Orleans by tanker and it looked as though everything was jake. It wasn't, though, because he had been at sea over three weeks and didn't think he'd have time to get in shape for the A.A.U. meet, which was only two weeks off. Then again, he might be able to get in shape for the 1,500 but not the 5,000, which would mean that he would run against our milers, who are not especially flashy these days, but not against Rice. Then again, he might be able to run in the 5,000. He'd just have to wait and see. Furthermore, much to the chagrin of the sportswriters, he'd wait and see all by himself in the New Hampshire woods, where he planned to follow his customary training system of running cross country without benefit

Has grown old gracefully and with distinction

HAIG & HAIG
Haig & Haig Ltd.
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES • EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HAIG & HAIG LIMITED
Edinburgh Scotland
SPECIALLY SELECTED
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

12 YEARS OLD

8 YEARS OLD

Haig & Haig

The **Oldest** *name in Scotch*
—has satisfied millions for 316 years

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

SOUTHERN SERVICE
at the HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

OVERNIGHT FROM
EASTERN POINTS

UNEXCELLED
FOR REST AND
RELAXATION

MINERAL BATHS, ETC.
AT THE HOMESTEAD SPA

Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia . . . or our New York office in the Waldorf, PLaza 8-2289. The Homestead is just overnight from you by train.

"VACATION"
Means Something
"Different"
This Year!

Impulse vacations are no more; transportation dictates that you carefully *plan* your family's summer vacation. How important that you weigh the advantages of various resorts—that you discover a place that will give you *everything* you seek. First aid in planning is our new vacation booklet. Get a copy!

NEW HAMPSHIRE
State Planning & Devel. Comm.,
419 Capitol St., Concord, N. H.
Send me free N. H. vacation booklet.
....
....
....

of competition or stopwatch or onlookers. This system puzzled and wounded the sportswriters, as did a gag which Hägg pulled at his one New York press conference about it's being wise for athletes, when they reached a certain age, to quit and fall back on sportswriting. A Swedish newspaperman in his retinue explained that Gunder didn't care much about the press back home, either, and Gunder disappeared into New Hampshire.

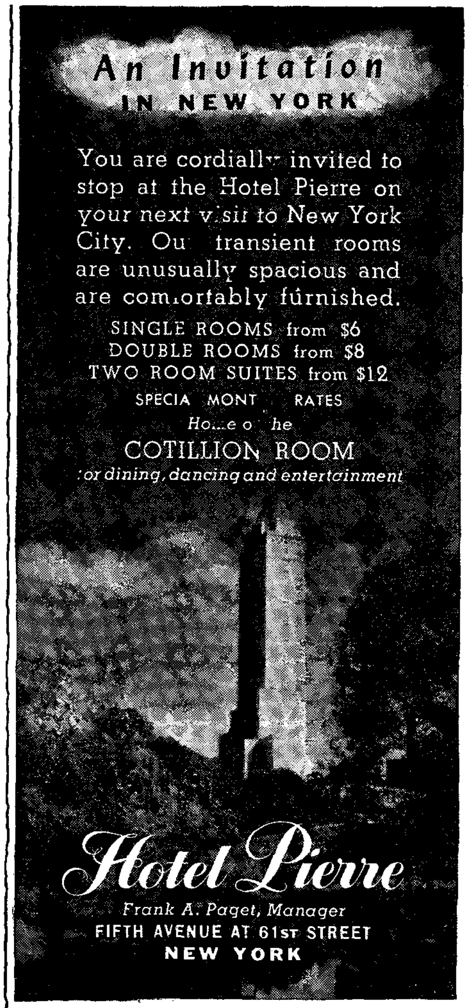
Meanwhile, to put a cap on the whole business, Gregory Rice disclosed that, with a new physical-education job at a merchant-marine school, he was not his own master and might not be able to enter the A.A.U. meet this year. The disclosure caused everybody concerned to lie down on the floor and chew the carpet. As this is written, Hägg says he'll run in the 5,000 and Rice says he'll try, but the news may have changed since. In any case, don't you believe it.

IT turns out that in losing to Henry Armstrong in the Garden last Friday night, Sammy Angott cut Armstrong's mouth to such an extent that he will probably not be able to fight again for a month or two. That's just the sort of negative achievement that makes Angott a peril in the ring. His punch, on the limited occasions when he is willing to use it, doesn't have much behind it, but it is always causing some better man grief. Eddie Joseph, the referee in Friday's fight, did what he could to cancel Angott's subversive operations in advance by ruling that there should be no holding with one arm and hitting with the other, a trick which Angott is partial to, but the determined fellow went ahead and did it anyway. Eventually Armstrong figured out how to stay away from this eager embrace, but by that time the damage to his mouth had been done. There is gossip to the effect that it was Armstrong's gold fillings Angott was after.—D. L.

•

ATTENTION GIRLS! On windy days—please be more careful. It seems the driver from Quartermaster, who rides a bicycle, was on his way to headquarters one breezy day girl passed by. The driver bethis week and a very attractive came so interested he failed to see the truck in front of him and bang—a nice collision occurred. However, no serious damage was done.—*Camp Wallace (Texas) Trainer.*

You better look where *you're* going, Bud.



An Invitation
IN NEW YORK

You are cordially invited to stop at the Hotel Pierre on your next visit to New York City. Our transient rooms are unusually spacious and are comfortably furnished.

SINGLE ROOMS from $6
DOUBLE ROOMS from $8
TWO ROOM SUITES from $12
SPECIAL MONTHLY RATES
Home of the
COTILLION ROOM
for dining, dancing and entertainment

Hotel Pierre
Frank A. Paget, Manager
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET
NEW YORK

Dorothy Ross
SINGS and PLAYS
in the
23 Room
HOTEL
GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON COR.
23RD ST.
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER-NO MINIMUM
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢

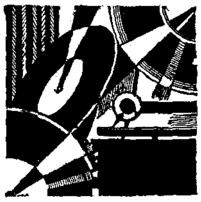
NEW·OCEAN·HOUSE
SWAMPSCOTT ★ MASSACHUSETTS

12 MILES FROM BOSTON — 50 TRAINS DAILY
Ideal seaside and country environment . . . All recreational features.
Private bathing beach. Booklet.

CRAGSMOOR INN Cragsmoor New York
77 miles from N.Y., crest Shawangunk Mts., 2,000 feet. Via N.Y. Central R.R. to Beacon. Erie R.R. to Middletown or Dixie Bus Line direct to Inn. Motor will meet you by appointment. Cheerful rooms, fine food. Moderate rates. Golf, tennis. Usual distinctive clientele.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



YOU probably have heard the praeludium and allegro for violin and piano which used to be credited to "Pugnani-Kreisler" and later was revealed to be a Kreisler original. This ingratiating and invigorating composition has now turned up as an orchestral offering. The arrangement for the big ensemble was prepared by Fabien Sevitzky, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony. The transcriber and his group do a handsome job of the praeludium and allegro on Victor 11-8439, and the record may serve to put Mr. Sevitzky's transcription into general circulation among orchestras, most of which have ample use for something on this order.

The Indianapolis musicians also have recorded Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" symphony (Victor DM-940), which will be an interesting number for Tchaikovsky collectors, although it's not top Tchaikovsky. The playing is properly dramatic.

Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony has a new recording. The latest is by the Minneapolis Symphony, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, who handles the music with enthusiasm yet still doesn't give it the high-tension treatment he sometimes hands out (Columbia M-540). Another recent Minneapolis-Mitropoulos release comprises Borodin's second symphony (Columbia M-528), which receives an effective although somewhat drastic workout, and the Russian Sailors' Dance from Glière's "The Red Poppy."

Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" turns up on a set of discs by the St. Louis Symphony, led by Vladimir Golschmann (Victor DM-942). It's a neatly modelled performance, lacking, however, some of the entertaining malice of the composition. There is also to hand a well-played version of Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" by the Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski in charge (Columbia X-234). A little more moodiness might have been helpful, but there is plenty of fine, sounding music for your money in this album.

Ask those quiz people sometime how many compositions have been based on "Pelléas et Mélisande." There are at least three in addition to Debussy's lyric

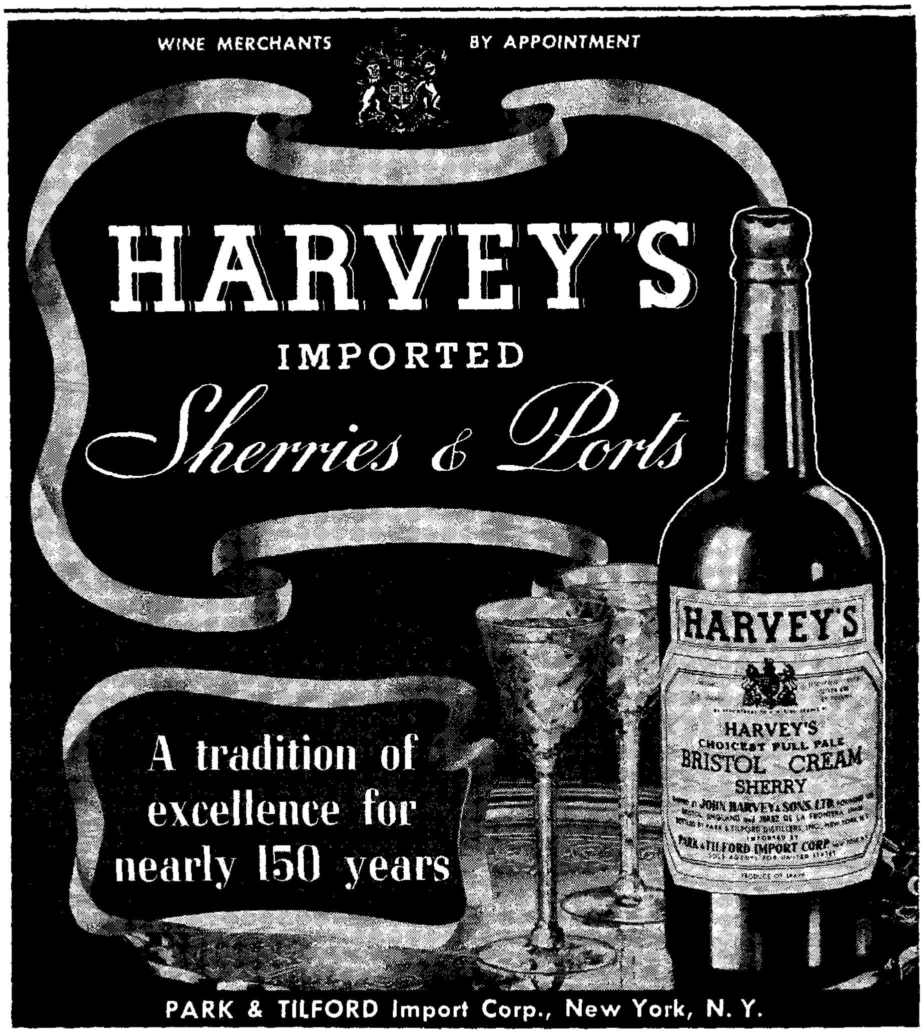
Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Wisdom

**"No Bug Or Weed Do We Ignore—
For What We Grow Helps Win the War!"**

Americans don't have to "cultivate" a desire to do their part. They just *naturally roll up their sleeves.* Judges of fine whiskey are like that about Calvert Reserve. Their taste *naturally* gravitates to this super-mellow blend. Fortunately—though Calvert distilleries are now 100% in war production—limited reserves of rare, selected stocks are laid away, the very *cream* destined for Calvert Reserve ... the *"finest you can drink* or serve."

Used in moderation ... **Calvert Reserve** ... *should last for the duration*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof — 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT
HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
A tradition of excellence for nearly 150 years
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Awarded the
Caldecott Medal
The Little House
BY VIRGINIA LEE BURTON
This book has received the Caldecott Medal for the 'Most Distinguished American Picture Book for Children' of 1942. It is the story of a little country house that wanted to see the city.
$1.75
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

The Heart On The Sleeve
LE COEUR SUR LA MAIN
By Marcelle Dorval and Jean Carlu
Preface by Janet Flanner
"HUMOROUS and provocative . . . Anybody who has a genuine fondness for the French language and for the American, with a taste for the modern touch in cartoon and caricature, should have a very good time with the book, especially if he has a *bonne ame* to share it with him."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*
There are 1400 idiomatic expressions with their French and American equivalents and translations. Thirty witty illustrations by the noted French artist, Jean Carlu. $3.50
BRENTANO'S 586 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

drama. The composers are Schönberg, Sibelius, and Fauré. Fauré's incidental music makes up a charming suite, which is presented persuasively by the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky (Victor DM-941). You get a knockout hearing of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Dubinushka" for good measure. If you'd like the Sibelius music, you will find excerpts from it in Victor M-658, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. There isn't, so far as I know, any recording of Schönberg's "Pelléas." From Boston comes Corelli's enjoyable concerto in C for organ and strings, arranged by Francesco Malipiero and expertly set forth by E. Power Biggs and Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta. The same collaborators complete the album (Victor DM-924) with an organ-and-string sonata in D, also by Corelli and played straight this time.

A prime chamber-music contribution is Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 127, by the Budapest String Quartet (Columbia M-537). It's one of the best of string-quartet recordings.

HERE are some opera duets for you. There is the bridal scene from "Lohengrin," sung by Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior, with Edwin McArthur directing the Victor Symphony (Victor DM-897). The first half is only so-so, but after that the entire company goes spectacularly into high. Jussi Bjoerling teams up with an interesting soprano, Hjoerdis Schymberg, for "O soave fanciulla" from "La Bohème" and "Il sol dell' anima" from "Rigoletto" (Victor 11-8440). Bjoerling sounds as well as ever here and the orchestra is guided ably by Nils Grevillius. —R. A. S.

●

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft comparèd been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain
go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
—*Sir John Davies, "The Married State."*

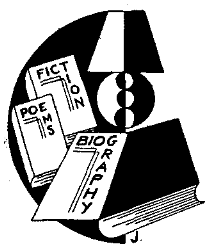
It happens as with cages, the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.—*Montaigne, Book III, Chapter 5, "Upon Some Verses of Virgil."*

'Tis just like a summer bird cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.—*John Webster, "The White Devil," Act I, Scene 2.*

Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer et ceux qui sont dedans en sortir. —*Quitard, "Études sur les Proverbes Français."*

BOOKS

The Time Is Now



“TODAY we know virtually everything about the course of the war. There are no more unknown quantities. . . . This war offers no further riddles, nor will any more surprises be sprung.” I take these sentences from Max Werner’s “Attack Can Win in ’43.” It is Werner’s sublimely confident style that makes one look forward to his books, but only because his cockiness—and this is true, to my knowledge, of no other military commentator—has been so amply justified by the event. Werner was right about the supreme question—Russia’s ability to take on Germany—and he has been right about the subordinate questions, too.

The plain fact is that Werner simply seems to have more brains than his colleagues. Colonel Kernan (“We Can Win This War”) thinks more originally but far less profoundly; the others think well or badly about the events of the week, the month, the campaign, but they apparently dare not think, as Werner does, about the war as a whole. Werner also has another quality, more pedestrian: he reads English, Russian, and German newspapers, documents, and military reviews, paying no attention whatever to the communiqués. He is a scholar, not a reporter, of the war.

Werner’s latest thesis develops logically out of his earlier books. He is certain that we have a better than good chance to win in ’43 provided we engage now in a three-dimensional, all-arms, coalition offensive in the European theatre. The alternative, he believes, is a seven years’ war.

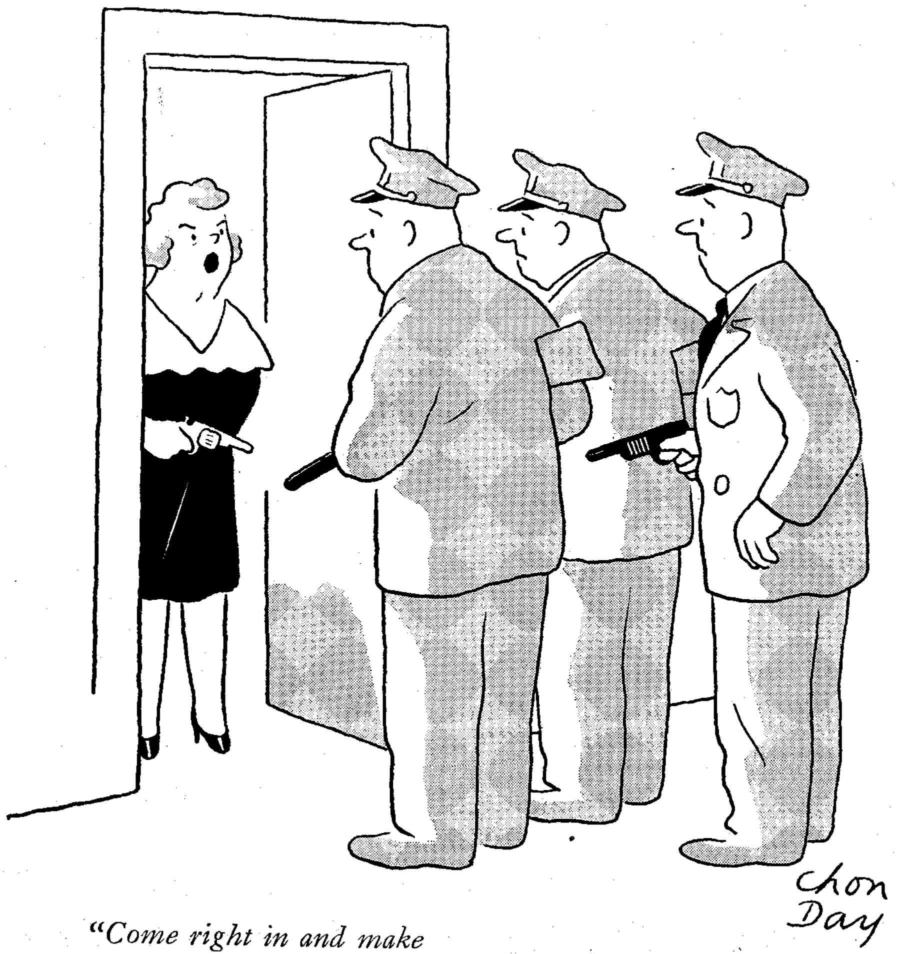
First he demonstrates why the Soviet Union is winning, basing his doctrine on a purely military analysis of the Russian war plan. This, he is sure, is totally devoid of improvisation and does not depend on brilliant tactics or brilliant strategy. “What strategy is in relation to tactics, the war plan is to strategy.” His examination of the Red war plan involves a consideration of its prime concept—that of anti-blitz tactics. “According to the Soviet concept, blitzkrieg comes at the *end* of the war, not at the beginning.” After explaining why the Russians have so far won defensively, he proceeds to buttress his conviction that it will from now on win offensively. He is persuaded that the German Army will collapse not on German but on Russian soil and even goes on to mark out the inevitable zone of decision.

The argument then shifts to a consideration of the Wehrmacht. He points out its growing weakness in morale (excellent documentation here) and the fact that the military and production crisis within the Luftwaffe is gradually attentuating German power to the level of a mere land army. The Schlieffen Plan of encirclement and annihilation has failed. Cannae, Schlieffen’s model battle, has been hypnotizing the Germans since the Franco-Prussian War. It will be their ruin. Hannibal is the one man most responsible, thinks Werner, for their downfall. “The technics, tactics, and operational skill of the German Army are rational, but its strategy is irrational.” Or, as your correspondent once remarked in his own amateur manner, “It is a special talent of the German mind to make no errors except the very biggest.”

But decisive victory, says Werner, can come this year only if the United States and Britain join Russia in true coalition warfare. So far this coalition is still potential. If it is to be made actual, if there is to be true joint thinking and joint planning, we will have to avoid four dangerous misconceptions—the air-power myth, the idea of Pacific priority (“The shortest road to Tokyo,” says Werner, “runs through the British Channel”), strategic isolationism, and overestimating the scope of the performance required for victory. It is an interesting fact—and just barely possibly an accidental one—that our domestic reactionaries are guilty of all four of these misconceptions.

With coalition in the saddle, Werner believes, “the invasion of Europe is no longer a problem, it is an operational task.” He goes so far as to outline the procedure: the main invasion of western Europe from the British Isles, two massive flank operations from England to northern Europe and from North Africa to southern Europe, and a complicated and flexible series of diversionary pushes.

All a rank layman like myself can say is that Werner has made consistent sense in the past and that there is no special



“Come right in and make yourselves comfortable. I’m waiting for him myself.”

First blood from the critics

Crimson Friday

by DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

author of STRAWSTACK and THE BALCONY

→ WILL CUPPY: "Any jury in its senses would hand Dorothy Cameron Disney whatever award goes with the biggest mystery surprise of 1943 . . . This is tall, exciting, full of well assorted bafflement — a humdinger managed with a skill that should make most of the author's rivals gnaw their nails and turn a light green."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.*

→ N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Told with all the skill that Dorothy Disney has at her command. In other words, *it is a humdinger.*"

→ CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "A brilliantly original mystery . . . immensely successful."

There won't be a better mystery story this year than CRIMSON FRIDAY

$2.00, A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

reason to assume that he is now talking nonsense. At any rate, he seems to me the most stimulating military expert—and surely the most lucid—writing today in English.

HAROLD LASKI'S "Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time" echoes the title of Burke's famous essay, but with irony. Burke, for all the magnificence of his vision, could never really accept the French Revolution. I note that Peter Drucker and others of our self-called "realists" are beginning to share Burke's misgivings. Laski, on the contrary, accepts as the central fact of our period the fact of revolution, viewing the war itself as but an episode in a cyclopean overturn vaster than any since the fall of the Roman Empire.

The ideas exposed in this ambitious book (it runs to four hundred and nineteen closely woven and not too sprightly pages) are but a systematic extension of those in his "Where Do We Go from Here?" and his recent essays. The Russian Revolution, the meaning of Fascism, the contradictions of capitalist democracy, the perspectives of postwar planning, and the threat of counter-revolution—all these are discussed from the viewpoint of a democratic socialist. For Laski, the economic underlies the political; therefore he sees no hope in the idea of world federation or in the voluntary abandonment of national sovereignty unless a basic change in the profit system is first achieved. He still hopes that this may be accomplished through a "revolution of consent," which he himself wryly calls "that rarest of historical phenomena." He believes the alternative may well be a bloody world civil war whose end no man may foresee and whose benefits, if any, will be illusory.

The chapter on the Russian Revolution does not blink the errors, not to say the crimes, committed by the Stalinist bureaucracy, but it strives nevertheless to make a just assay of the gains that bureaucracy has achieved. I do not suppose that Laski will please either the Communist Party or the National Association of Manufacturers.

The treatment of the nature of Fascism ("the outcome of capitalism in decay") is modified Marxist in its approach and, to my mind, unsatisfactory. Laski accepts the Churchill-Roosevelt line (we are fighting "gangsters"). He fails to explain why every single one of the tenets of Fascism, without exception, was laid down in Germany and Italy during the nineteenth century, when capitalism was certainly not "in decay" but enjoying a fine, healthy boom

"Don't fuss" said THE OLD FELLOW

An imaginative account of Lao-tze—the Old Fellow who makes the Chinese people resolved against Japan—whose wit and serenity are the strength of China.

"Rarely have I spent such pleasant hours . . . Amidst all the nonsense about the brave new world this Old Fellow offers a delightful respite."
—*Hendrik Willem Van Loon*

By HERRYMON MAURER

$2.75

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

THE STARLIGHT ROOF

XAVIER CUGAT
his Orchestra and Choir

TITO GUIZAR
at Supper

MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper

Cover from 10:30, $1...Fri. & Sat., $2
Luncheon $2.00 and à la carte

SUNDAY DINNER ONLY
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra for Dancing
Selective Dinners (no cover)

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

1·2·3
Roger Stearns
Open Daily and Sunday 5 P.M. (Closed Mon.)
TABLE D'HOTE DINNER from $2.50
also A LA CARTE
Miss Myra Kingsley, Astrologist
123 East 54th St. - PLaza 3-9131

INVEST in a Berlitz Spanish course — reap big dividends in accomplishment, new friends, new interests. Hours: 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.
BERLITZ
630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416

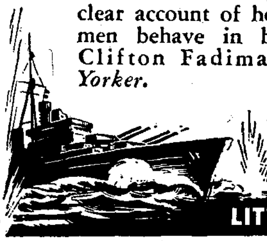
C. S. Forester

Author of
CAPT. HORATIO HORNBLOWER
and THE GUN

writes his first modern sea story, whose heroine is —

THE SHIP

The glorious tale of a cruiser in action on convoy to Malta. "Lucid and thrilling . . . a remarkable feat."—William McFee, *N. Y. Times.* "A triumph of story-telling."—Lincoln Colcord, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "A clear account of how brave men behave in battle."—Clifton Fadiman, *New Yorker.* $2.50



4th large printing

LITTLE, BROWN

"Just as pleasant in book form."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

SOPHIE HALENCZIK, AMERICAN

By Rose C. Feld

Sophie first appeared in the pages of the *New Yorker.* Readers who remember with delight Sophie's way of getting a grip on things will cheer her appearance in a book of her own. "Humorous, gay and gallant."–*N. Y. Times.* New stories, too . . . and illustrations by Alajálov. $2.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

and when there were no "gangsters."

Perhaps the most valuable, and surely the boldest, section of his book is his criticism of Churchillism. No one can admire more than does Laski the superb dynamic vision that enabled Churchill to foresee the war and the magnificent courage that helped to save England and the world. But to Laski Churchill still "does not understand the real nature of this war," does not see that it is "a war against the forces of the counter-revolution." If this is only a war for survival and for the complete crushing of the "gangsters," Churchillism will win it. But if it is truly the kind of war Laski believes it to be—part of a revolutionary process—Churchillism will, on the day of the firing of the last shot, be left without a program. For Churchillism has, according to Laski, already declared itself against the "revolution by consent."

—Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Katherine Christian, by Sir Hugh Walpole. Members of the Herries clan, whom you may have met in "The Bright Pavilions," turn up in this chronicle of the first half of the seventeenth century. The famous Overbury affair comes in for lengthy consideration in the beginning of the book, but just as the reader gets the promise of some new light on this juicy Jacobean scandal, the author moves on to more decorous historical matters, which are scattered generously through the novel like raisins in a prewar bun. Whether he is writing about Cromwell's army or Herries' love affairs, the late Sir Hugh serves it all up in his well-known colorful style.

GENERAL

The Unknown Army, by Nikolaus Basseches, translated by Marion Saerchinger. An extraordinarily interesting and readable study of the development and structure of the Russian Army from the twelfth century on. The author, an Austrian correspondent who has lived in Russia for twenty years, emphasizes the continuity of Russian military tradition from Peter the Great to Stalin. The Red Army, he thinks, had not quite reached the stage of organization the Russians had hoped for when Hitler attacked, but it may do so under the pressure of war. Intelligent, non-statistical, and generally objec-

Praise for the new book by

EVE CURIE

"One of the best jobs of world reporting evoked by the current conflict. Already one of the finest biographers of our time, Eve Curie now establishes herself as a top flight journalist with a remarkable capacity, almost that of a novelist, to illuminate people and places rather than policies and politics."–Clifton Fadiman

"Eve Curie's superb book is a report of battlefronts and people at war, of social change and political movements throughout the world, with which every American should be familiar. No one has seen more clearly or written with greater discrimination of subjects of which every American must in the coming days have real knowledge."
–Wendell L. Willkie

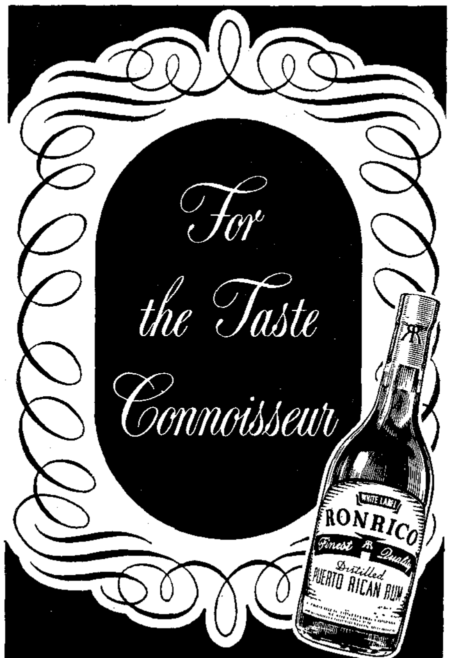
"An engrossing book—full of superb reporting and rich probings into the deeper issues of war and peace. One of the first books we have had from a woman war correspondent, and this gives it added interest."–William L. Shirer

Journey Among Warriors

BY EVE CURIE

At your bookseller's • $3.50

Doubleday, Doran



*RONRICO
*Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (Y) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation

"I'm afraid they know we've got SARATOGA VICHY!"

For Better Highballs
SARATOGA VICHY
IT'S ALKALINE
The Perfect "Club Soda"
Since 1876
Bottled only at the Spring Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
ORDER BY THE CASE—
OR ASK THE BARTENDER
Saratoga Vichy Spring Company
601 WEST 26th STREET
LAckawanna 4-1889

SARATOGA VICHY
WATER

tive, though a trifle arbitrary here and there. The translation is competent, on the whole.

"WILDCATS" OVER CASABLANCA, by Lieutenant M. T. Wordell, U.S.N. and Lieutenant E. N. Seiler, U.S.N.R., as told to Keith Ayling. The story of a squadron of carrier-based Grumman Wildcats and how they covered the American landings and the three-day battle for Casablanca last November. Good, fresh material, effectively written, mostly in the pilots' own words.

THEY WHO WAIT, by Robert Guerlain, translated by Theodore R. Jaeckel. Robert Guerlain is the pseudonym of a French soldier who was released after many months in a German detention camp. Besides his impressions of the camp and the Germans, he gives us a hint of what the six million-odd prisoners now forced to work in Germany may do when the bars are down. Well written and in general well translated.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, by Lewis Sowden. South Africa's rôle, more or less ended now, as the chief way station on the convoy route between the North Atlantic and Egypt, plus some history, a more or less detailed study of Smuts' influence in the political development of the Union, and a review of the swift changes in South African life since the war began. Up-to-date information, but rather listless writing.

LETTER FROM NEW GUINEA, by Vern Haugland. Narrative of an Associated Press correspondent who bailed out with the crew of a B-26 bomber lost over New Guinea and spent forty-two days in the Papuan jungle before he was brought by his rescuers to Port Moresby. Written with a simple, awkward sincerity, plus a good bit of evangelizing.

•

All the fuss this week in connection with "Junior Miss" at the Royal Alexandra seems to have centred around Cora Sue Collins, just because she's the daughter of Pat O'Brien, Claudette Colbert, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Colleen Moore, and a sister of Tyrone Power . . .
—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

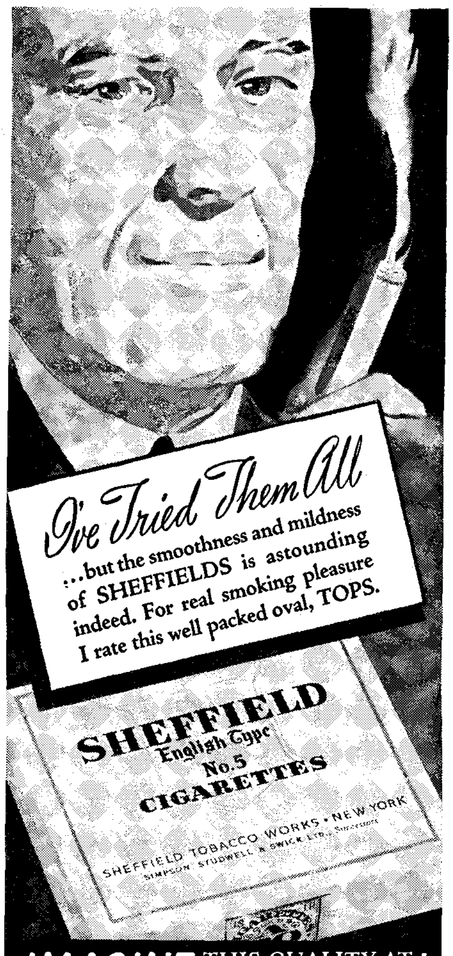
It's enough to arouse passing interest.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From Yachting*]

For instance, if you build for a nearby yachtsman, he may be underfoot so much as to get in your hair.



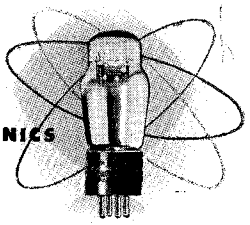
I've Tried Them All
...but the smoothness and mildness of SHEFFIELDS is astounding indeed. For real smoking pleasure I rate this well packed oval, TOPS.

SHEFFIELD
English Type
No. 5
CIGARETTES
SHEFFIELD TOBACCO WORKS • NEW YORK
SIMPSON STUDWELL & SWICK LTD., Successors

IMAGINE THIS QUALITY AT POPULAR PRICES!

St. Regis Roof
Open for luncheon,
dinner and supper . . .
Larry Keyes and his orchestra
Theodora Brooks alternating
Informal—cover one dollar
(No cover for service men except Saturday)
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET

Lovely!
LAVISH
DAZZLING
REVUE
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
DELICIOUS FOOD AT MODERATE PRICES
LATIN QUARTER
B'WAY AT 48TH ST.
Res: CIrcle 6-1737



BRAHMS . . . BY ELECTRONICS

The concert stage is bright. Applause, as the great artist enters, then a hush. She sings . . . and instantly the air is alive and golden with the mellow beauty of Brahms. . . . Such is the power of the Musaphonic to create an illusion of concert hall and theater, that you almost seem present in person. For this magnificent instrument, born of electronic research, reproduces the human voice, the piano, violin or full orchestra with superlative clarity of tone. Produced before war claimed the total resources of General Electric, the Musaphonic is now opening to owners the brilliant worlds of radio and recorded music. After victory is won, today's advances in the science of electronics will make this radio-phonograph with FM (Frequency Modulation) an even finer instrument.

Rose Bampton, concert artist and American soprano of the Metropolitan Opera

The distinguished Chippendale model with built-in recording unit. Equipped for FM radio reception. Musaphonic prices from $300 upward. . . . Send for 32-page book, in color, "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." Electronics Dept., General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y. . . . Listen to the General Electric Mazda Lamp program on Sunday evening over N.B.C.

MUSAPHONIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION, AND ELECTRONIC RESEARCH

Same old proof of friendship...

● 100 proof, smooth, bottled in bond—that's what has made Mount Vernon for years the patrician of American ryes.

That's why present supplies are limited—so you may have *good* whiskey *continuously* through the duration.

With the distillery engaged in war production, present stocks must be distributed carefully, so come back later if your dealer has none now.

Mount Vernon
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY • BOTTLED IN BOND

Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond

This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

100 PROOF

THE SAME SQUARE WHISKEY
. . . BUT IN A ROUND BOTTLE

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Mount Vernon fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

COPYRIGHT 1943 • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK